

N. R. PRICE, Mayor.

July 7, 1927.

Major S. Whipple,
West Point,
New York.

Dear Major Whipple:

This is to thank you for your letter of May 28th and to inform you as to developments in my son's case.

On June 2, the War Department informed me my son was definitely excluded from entrance, reciting the original reasons given by the Academy Board for refusing entrance by certificate. Nothing was said as to the action of the Board or review of his case. From this I infer no recommendation was made.

This final notice reached me on the tenth anniversary of my reporting for active duty in the the war, a service that continued nearly two years, and a rather melancholy reminder of that indiscretion when at the age of 41 I first joined the war.

The thing that irritates me is that my sons' Alternate, (Matthews), was admitted by conditional certificate granted six months before his qualification at the boys prep school where he was a student; also his schoolmate, Caraway, (Son of the Arkansas Senator of that name.) I probably overlooked my hand by not filing a certificate when my son first applied for admission in 1926.

Altogether, two years of determined effort to break into the U. S. Military Academy has resulted in humiliating failure, and I have advised my son to turn his attention elsewhere and work out a career. As for myself, I have forwarded my resignation as Major, Med-O. R.C.

Very sincerely yours.

N. R. Price, Sr.

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON

IN REPLY
REFER TO

AG201 (Price, Norman Randolph) Res. 12-20-23

April 30, 1924.

SUBJECT: Appointment in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

Through: Commanding General, Fifth Corps Area.

A 0-199200

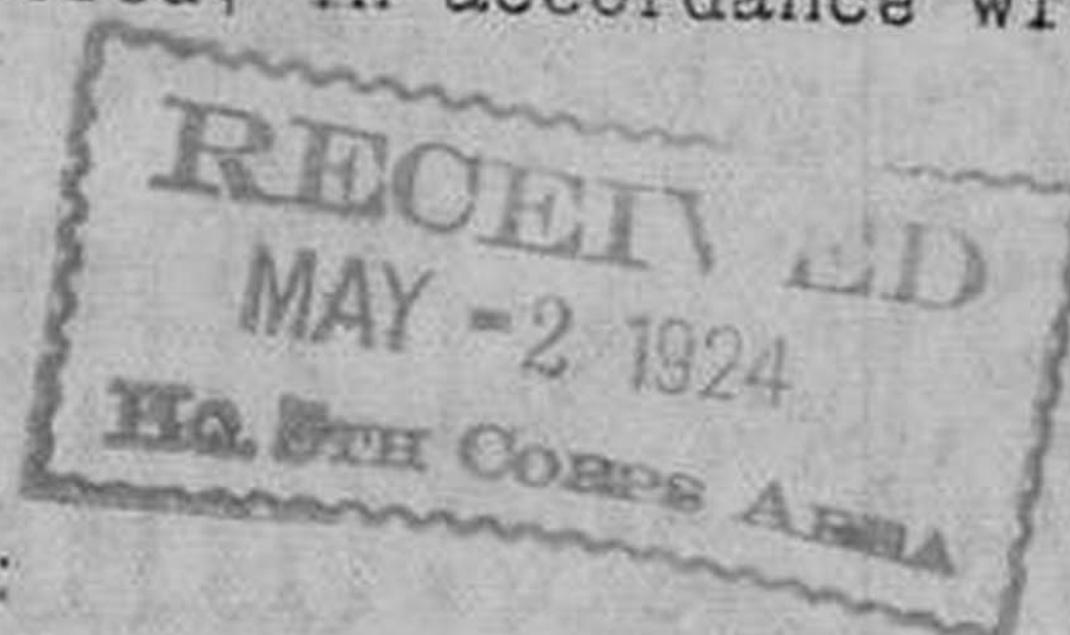
To:

Major Norman Randolph Price, Med-ORC,
Marlinton, W. Va.

B None

1. By direction of the President you are appointed in the Officers' Reserve Corps, effective this date, in the grade and section shown in address above. Your serial number and length of active service in your present or any higher grade are shown above in A and B, respectively.
2. You will not perform the duties of an officer under this appointment until specifically called to active duty under competent orders.
3. There is inclosed herewith a form for oath of office, which you are requested to execute and return promptly to the agency from which it was received by you. The execution and return of the required oath of office constitute an acceptance of your appointment. No other evidence of acceptance is required. Upon receipt in the War Department of the oath of office properly executed a commission evidencing your appointment will be sent to you.
4. It is important that there be no delay on your part, otherwise it will be necessary to cancel your appointment after lapse of a reasonable time.
5. Your attention is especially called to the importance of notifying all concerned each time that you change your permanent address. For this purpose please use the forms inclosed, in accordance with instructions thereon.

By order of the Secretary of War:



4 Inclosures.

Copy to Surgeon General.


Adjutant General.

1409 Colonial Avenue,
Norfolk, Virginia,
July 9, 1925.

N. R. Price, M.D.,
Pres. of The Greenbrier Med. Soc.,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dear Sir:

Your recent article relative to the situation of medical education which appeared in "The Evening Sun" of July 1st was read with great interest by me, as medical education is something that I am interested to the extent of aspiring to be a country doctor--a calling that four generations of my maternal ancestors have followed in this country.

Unfortunately, however, I have learned to my sorrow that the door to all medical is now closed to poor boys--worse, the deans of many of the medical schools are advising the poor boys to keep out of the medical profession. This statement in the face of the much heralded claim that we the citizens of America live in a democracy is rather disconcerting.

Nevertheless, it is very gratifying to learn that there are a few physicians left of the "old school" who can peer ahead and discern the impending dangers now threatening Orthodox Medicine.

Previously, I had come to believe that Dr. Pusey was playing a "lone" hand in the suggestive reforms that he cited in his presidential address of last year.

Situation

What has been done about the matter since then? I have yet to learn a single fact in connection with this matter! Why?

You know, and I know, Dr. Price the reason of all this inertia! So why discuss the matter any further.

However, I think it fitting to state that there are plenty of qualified students who are only waiting for the chance to enter the medical schools and qualify for country practice. Just now, however, we cannot work our way through medical schools because we have no night schools and part-time attendance is not permitted under the existing laws.

No change need be written into the present preliminary requirements, provided The Council On Medical Education And Hospitals would be a little tolerant toward our financial shortcomings. We are not seeking a doles system--nor scholarships, or loan funds.

The alleged claim that enough scholarships and loan funds exist to care for needy students can be dismissed with the statement that they only exist in the proportion of two to every thirty students. To prove this statement all you have to do is to count the number of students enrolled in the medical schools today and divide the number of loan funds and scholarships against them.

Much has been written about the inferiority of the old time medical school and yet most of the present leaders of Medicine today are products of these institutions. In addition to this, the old time medical school could make more concessions toward needy students than the present highly endowed universities.

A study of medical education in Maryland for the year 1884 reveals the fact that of the six schools existing at that time, three of them made a seventy percent reduction in tuition for poor students. This was not confined to one or two students, this was a concession made to all who could vouch for their indigency.

It is not my intention to comment on the "desiderata" of the present day medical schools, since that is a matter for the medical pedagogs to debate. It is significant to note however, the dearth of medical geniuses under this new system of teaching--a subordinacy not in keeping with the expectations of its sponsor--a layman.

A survey of the University of Maryland under this new era reveals no achievements which the late Eugene F. Cordell could add to his book: The History of The University of Maryland. If the University of Maryland could graduate such men as Councilman, Abbott, Hemmeter, Williams, and Carroll under the old system of teaching, why cannot the University under this new regime, increase this famous progeny.

1885, the period which produced these famous men, discloses some interesting facts in connection with the University of Maryland. In those days the faculty consisted of ten professors--twenty-four weeks a school year and three years a graded course. Today, under Flexner's dictates the University of Maryland requires 87 professors, 103 instructors and assistants--a grand total of 190 individuals to impart the knowledge that an ordinary medical student is supposed to amass.

The writer, in 1913 qualified as a medical student under the then existing medical laws as a medical student in Maryland. On the basis of a high school diploma. I completed a year, and then was forced to leave school because of financial reasons. In 1917 I attempted to return to school but was refused admittance on the grounds that I had no standing as a medical student until I satisfied the new requirements. Since that time I have repeatedly attempted to reenter the medical school with no success. My contention is that since I satisfied the requirements in 1913 I should be governed by the laws of that year. What do you think about this? Are medical laws retroactive? Can a enrolled student be legislated out of school?

The only choice I have in the matter is to either enter a Class C school in Boston or do two years premedical work. Therefore I am most anxious to see the outcome of this present discussion regarding medical education. Trusting that you will continue your articles regarding medical education I am with best wishes for your success in the matter I am, believe me,

Respectfully,

William McCaffrey Dillon
William McCaffrey Dillon.

Office of

Dr.

..... Dec. 14, 1911.

Dear Mr. :-I have written you twice recently concerning your account with me, but, strange to say, I have heard nothing from you. Suppose I should treat you in such a way when you are sick--what would you think of it? However, I will be charitable with you, and will conclude that you have been too busy--or perhaps you have been saving up the amount to bring to me in a few days. I assure you that it will be very welcome, for doctors have more expenses to meet than most other people.

After settling this account you will feel better--you will feel easier in mind, and that will make you feel better in body. You will also know that when you or any of your family get sick, you can get prompt and willing attendance. This in itself is worth much.

Confidently expecting to see or hear from you soon, I am,

Yours for a Square Deal,

N. R. PRICE, Major.

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-9.4? July 7, 1927
July 7, 1927

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-O.R.C.

To : The Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

Subject: Resignation# of commission.

1.-- I hereby tender my resignation of commission as
Major.- Medical Officers Reserve Corps.

Norman R. Price .
Major,-Med., O.R.C., 325th Engineers, 100th Division

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and
MANUFACTORY
at
CLAYSVILLE, PA.

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(This Contract subject to Acceptance of Home Office)

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Inscription on

JEAN KINSEY - PRICE
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Set in Washington Cemetery name of
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To be erected in

Washington M.C.

Cemetery by

John Reeling 192

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\$ 87.00

Wm. R. Davis, M.D.

[SEAL]

[SEAL]

TO R.R. 2 Doe Monument Co. W. Va.

MARLINTON W. R. Jones
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STATE MEDICINE.

By Norman R. Price, M. D.

In the two English-speaking nations the trend toward socialism in medical practice is very widely discussed in medical journals, as well as in newspapers and magazines. The prospect of state controlled medical affairs is not pleasing to the more individualistic members of the profession. The increasing cost of medical and hospital care to the public is a related matter of great popular interest. England already has her panel practice, and in America the ever widening activities of national and state boards and bureaus and county medical units tend strongly toward centralization in some form of state controlled medical practice.

During the past three decades, men of great wealth, and with zeal but not according to knowledge, have poured out their surplus millions to endow the higher schools of medical education, and to initiate the so-called surveys and classification (notably the Oil and Tobacco Kings, Rockefeller and Duke), and as a result there quickly followed the elimination of the slowly built up and established system of centuries. The medical schools from which we of a former generation derived such knowledge of anatomy and medicine as we possessed at the start of our public professional careers were quickly put out of business by means of the state educational laws that followed.

There is good reason to doubt that this has been a benefit to society at large, and the members of the medical profession as a body. The slowly developed principles of medical education acting under the law of supply and demand and the customs of the people for centuries, cannot be suddenly arrested by the power of huge sums of money suddenly applied without danger of disaster. A frequently referred to result, accomplished in a decade, is fewer practical general practitioners, and a multitude of specialists and surgeons. Few of our youth, except the pampered type with plenty of backing, have the spirit or hardihood to endure the years of incarceration within the halls of learning necessary to obtain the degree, and many of these emerge sapped and lifeless, devoid of initiative or vitality for the battle of building and enduring the strain of medical practice. Some one has remarked that the country doctor is dying out because he ought to die, there being no longer any need or room for that type in the scheme of modern life. Be that as it may, the fact is that the vast majority of the newer graduates are remaining in the cities and large industrial centres.

As it used to be, at least the rural physician was a rather long-lived animal. The mortuary tables of the American Medical Journal prove that a host of physicians are giving up the ghost between the ages of forty and sixty years, in what should be the prime of life, not living to an age when it could be said of the individual that he died full of years and honors. Ambassador Choate once remarked that he had set the age of seventy as the time when he expected to really begin enjoying life, and he expected to hurry up and get to seventy as soon as possible. Arterio-sclerosis, kidney and heart lesions, suicide, and automobile accidents are taking far too heavy toll of medical men who should be in the prime of life at the time of theirs.

leaving what to them has often been an inhospitable world, in which they seemed to fit awkwardly in the scheme of things. Replacements of of newer men, practicably educated, and of good habits and strong constitutions are not by any means available from the farms from which we should look for such materials, and to which environment they should return, to assist in a more equitable distribution of medical men in this country.

~~##commentary## Henry incomparable poem "The Old Men," which should~~
 Kipling in his incomparable poem "The Old Men" which should be committed to memory by every medical man, and others as a prophylaxis against premature senility, states the case:

This is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the end--
 That we outlive the impatient years and the much too
 patient friend:
 And because we know we have breath in our mouth and
 think we have thoughts in our head,
 We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are
 really dead.

We shall life up the ropes that constrained our youth,
 to bind on our children's hands;
 We shall call to the waters below the bridges to return
 and replenish our lands;
 We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses) and
 scholarly plough the sands.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out, but we shall
 subsist on the smell of it;
 And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our
 gums and think well of it;
 Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that
 is the Perfectest Well of it.

A painful result of the modern trend of State Medicine is a lack of esteem in which the medical profession as a whole, and as individuals are held by the public generally. Henry L. Mencken has recently taken to praising medical men, and commending medicine as an interesting profession. I will admit that it is an interesting occupation. This is proof positive that the average man has the opposite view. Comparing Medicine to the Law, Mencken says that if you employ a physician to do the best he can to help you, without interference from anybody. On the other hand, he says if you employ a lawyer to defend you in court another lawyer on the opposite side is doing his damdest to hang you.

To complicate existence and multiply jobholders is characteristic of American life. And always we have the jobholders long after the emergency for which they were created has gone and been forgotten. Recently a fantastic disease known as psitticosis has been seized on by the sensational news vendors. As a result the health department of certain cities have proposed inspection of and registration of all parrots imported into this pure country, where barnyard fowls and filthy diseases such as colon infections are of course unknown.

The great increase of quacks, negro medicine vendors (of which type Pocahontas county has a star of the first magnitude, rationalized by our best people); chiropractors, christian scientists and such like charlatans, with their notable financial success, against whose operations the most stringent medical qualification laws--particularly in our own state of West Virginia--are powerless is another case in point of the adverse workings of modern medical education and regulation. Far better would it have been to have allowed the medical schools to evolve along rational lines than to be thrown into the confusion and violent uplift of the Rockefeller Foundation (with millions to favored schools). The old Deans and Professors of the Baltimore Medical Schools, whom I consider it a privilege to have known in the early years of this century, saw the handwriting on the wall, and the end of the practical, workable middle-class medical education in this country, and the fantastic system of legislation relating to public health that would follow,

The result in public health activities is comparable to the change wrought in the economic life, and otherwise, in this country of the adoption of the 18th Amendment and its legal legitimate offspring the Volstead Act, and concurrent state legislation. This may well be a matter of interest to medical men, for as is well known and embodied in the State Coat of Arms Mountaineers are always free to still moonshine or manufacture home brew in the homes for their own use, but spiritus frumenti is not recognized as a medicine, nor may it be prescribed legally by a physician.

Far too much of our medical regulation and legislation belongs to the class such as President Hoover designated the 18th Amendment--a "Noble Experiment." -- and which, because of their questionable value, or downright detriment to the health and well being of the whole country, should be of particular interest to medical men.

The Doctor and the Public Health Service in their
Relations to the Public.

The most successful persons I am acquainted with are those who most persistently attend to their own business. Welfare work, uplift, and new legislation ~~that end~~ seems to be a mania with many people of the present day, in the face of widespread lawlessness and moral degradation among the people. The question arises, would it not be better to lay off some of the activities of the day, and ~~leave~~ ^{let} the public work out its own salvation.

The daily press "discovers" a laborers' family living hard in the minesection of this state, and proclaims that famine and pestilence is raging in the mountains of West Virginia; while we, who have lived here for many years, can discover only the usual percentage of privation which has been our lot for generations, and on which we have developed endurance and retarded the extension of the abomen. A certain amount of hard times is good for a critter anyway.

Our medical press is getting ~~all fussy~~ ^{alarmed} because there are signs that the public is getting suspicious of its medical advisors, even while it requires their services more than ever, and on the slightest pretext. Having the doctor in, or trying a little of his medicine, is no longer the historic event in the average "mil" that it once was. The doctor, too, is at fault, with his fussy diagnostic stuff persisitent treatment and added expense in trivial matters. The public employs, yet fears, the specialist and physician, and on slight pretext resorts to the absurd manipulations of the chiropractic, or other cult.

Economic pressure is partly to blame for the armed neutrality that seems to exist between the public and its physical and spiritual advisors. It is the custom to demand all the luxuries and attentions,

whetehr the individual is prepared to pay for them or not. They tell us there is a scarcity of physicians in the rural sections. My own observation is there are enough to do the necessary work, if only the public would discriminate between the necessary and unnecessary. at any rate the average man has little trouble in getting the medical attention he needs, or at least all that he is able to pay for.

Then comes the public health service, state health service, and welfare workers. In theory they reform and regulate the race, with annoptimism that ignores wind and weather, and all the ills that flesh is heir to. But an unhealthy season comes, or circumstances that seems to be unexplainable, like the outbreak of influenza in the perfectly saniatary army camps during the war, and the old percentage of mortality is right on the job as usual, or a little worse, apparently to make up his due.

I verily believe that if it were possible for our genial director for the suppression of venereal disease, working in conjunction with the doctors, to eradicate the last diplococcus and spirochete in the whole state of West Virginia, and they were to be declared extinct, like some of the prehistoric animals, that some germ of the same nature would evolve again under the grime and filth that exist today and have existed in all ages. Our culture and civilization is, no doubt, doomed to extinction. What good reason can be given that this nation which had its cradle in the forests of North America should not reach a stage of development, and then sink in chaos and oblivion that has been the history of all tribes and nations

The races of man have moved from one part of the world to another, and as their numbers increased they have devoured every green thing, and over-population has led to extinction; or some neighboring state has envied them their riches, and has invaded and carried them away captive.

Fussy laws, fussy welfare work, and fussy medical attention and diagnosis, will not cure shiffliness, natural born ignorance, or common laziness. Hard time, if not too hard, will act as a tonic, and some will rise equal to the emergency. Fat and flabby politicians will advocate cure-alls for public evils, all tinctured with gifts from the public treasury and plain graft, but ~~there~~ is no cure except in hard work, and each and all attempting to mind his own business. The desire for luxurious and easy living, so characteristic of the times, (and I might add, particularly so of the female of the species) which is not attained by downright hard work and achievement, can lead to but one end, and that the weakening of the physical and moral fibre of the people. Fundamental rottenness in the scheme of our civilization can not be eradicated or cured by any amount of inspection or welfare work by the government bureaus.

At present, as always, the public is accepting and struggling along with an unlimited amount of bunk, loaded on it by the legislative bodies, ranging from Volsteadism to our State Bureau for Negro Welfare, and I can only wonder when the burdened public will arise and scrap a great mass of this fantastic law stuff.

"We make the laws we flout,
We flout the laws we doubt;
Until we wake the ^{thundering} guns that have no doubt."

The experience of the Red Cross shows malingering on the part of the Public, which asks to be received into hospitals, to have their teeth fixed, for medicines, or a change of climate, and do many other things for them. Nursing the general public deprives the individual of self respect. He no longer tries to look out for himself, or meet his obligations; it paralyzes his energies and ambitions.. Social insurance and accident insurance have not brought contentment to the

working classes, as promised. It has been demonstrated that the period of recovery and convalescence has been lengthened because the individual lacks the incentive to early recovery. The pension system which follows all wars, and particularly in evidence since the World War, is bad, for it helps to destroy initiative and self-reliance, which otherwise would be much in evidence among the Veterans.

Let us discard this flowery bed of ease stuff, and get back to the fierce fear of dust spirit of the pioneers. The load of Welfare work and Government Bureau activities threaten to paralyze the successful functioning of our Government, and do the public no good at that.

"Then welcome each rebuff
Which makes earth's smoothness rough;
Each sting which bids not sit nor stand, but go;
Be our joys three parts pain; strive and endure the strain;
Dare, never grudge the three."

N. R. PRICE

Marlinton, W. Va.
April 7, 1922

Marlinton, W. Va.
December 15, 1925

Dr. Wm. Allen Pusey,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Doctor Pusey :

Replying to your letter, I submit the following.

There are twelve practicing physicians in this (Pocahontas) county. Of these five are located in the county seat town, a village of 1500 inhabitants, and the largest in the county. In addition, four retired physicians live in the county. The same figures approximately apply to other rural counties in West Virginia, and in others there is an increasing concentration in any city or county seat town.

The average age of practicing physicians in this county is fifty-five years. Fifteen years ago eighteen physicians, for the most part young men, served this section, the population at that time one third less than at present. Three have died, 4 retired, and two removed, possibly more. Several physicians have moved in and out again.

No recent graduate has located in the county in 15 years. One graduate (1924 C School) not yet licensed, nor under our state law, likely to be. About 6 of our county young men have studied dentistry in the last decade, as being a more practical career. No lack of dentists in this county.

Pocahontas is a county of large area, as can be observed by reference to a map: approximately 80 miles by 40, and very mountainous. The adjoining counties of Greenbrier and Randolph also the largest in the State.

I enclose a third article by myself in the Baltimore Sun of recent date, dealing with the generally unsatisfactory state of affairs as applied to medical education and health legislation.

-2-

Please pardon long delay in replying to your request for such information as I have been able to give you in the foregoing. Any further statistics bearing on the general subject - will be glad to give. I was away from home at the time your letter was written, in attendance at a Reserve Officers Camp, at Camp Humphreys Virginia.

Allow me to congratulate you on your able and complete exposition of the whole subject of Medical Education in the Journal. I have specially filed the numbers containing your series of articles.

Sincerely,

N. B. Price, M. D.
(President Greenbrier Valley Medical Society)

September Volume 2
1959 Page 1

John and family returned to Paducah, Ky.
Wednesday, August 26th, where they
arrived, safely, Friday, 28th. The annual
1959, visit successful, and enjoyed by
all of us, whatever the pains and
expense of travelling, entertainment,
and gifts. Jean Jr. - scholarship at
Cincinnati University, where she has
completed the first year; ~~at~~ ^{and}
requiring my financial help.
Whatever the outcome of present day
higher educational trends may be.
While here, Jean typed 269 pages ~~of~~ ^{of}
my narrative, approximately 10,000
words, (544 pages script.)

Today, resume my story, with
Page 1, "second volume". Arose at
3 A.M. the days shortening.

Left off (Page 544) my story at Camp
Custer, Michigan; called out as Surgeon
10th Infantry by Major J.C. Adams, M.C.,
but continued with the Regiment as
Surgeon 1st Battalion.

Camp Custer, Michigan, ^{is} ~~was~~ a Military
Reservation for Troop Training in the
Recurring Wars of America, ~~is~~ located
on an elevated sandy plateau.
Showing glacial erosion, marked
by large and small ponds, ~~which~~
with numerous muskrat "houses".
The camp located six miles from the
thriving town of Battle Creek (name)

because of some forgotten conflict of the
pioneers with the Indian residing of
the valley. a world center in all
production of cereal foods, typified by
the names Post and Kellogg. There
also is located the famous Hortarium
of the Christian Scientists; also
a cutting Vegetarianism in diet.
The Bottom lands of alluvial soil
produce celery as a principal crop.
Abandoned farm houses marked the
sandy plateau of several thousand
acres; the soil appeared thin and
worn out by unskillful cropping;
adapted to grape growing; each
farm had a small vineyard of
neglected appearance. Prevailing
winds from the west, and ~~and~~ the
trees and shrubbery about the houses
a lean eastward due to constant
gales off Lake Michigan, an inland
sea.

The nature of the country is well
described by W. B. Miller, in his
book "I found no Peace"; 1936,
where Gray-Wood house was
near Dowagiac, Michigan;
A famous "War Correspondent" and
"Isolationist" - not a pacifist, his
writing not approved by the war-
mongers, and Makers, Churchill
and our own F. D. Roosevelt -
Miller was found killed by a "Fall"

From a train in ³ the London yards,
in 1942, shortly after the entry of the
United States in the war in Europe.
As Miller had been strongly writing
and opposing the war, he had met
the same ostracism by internationalists
as had the ~~Warren~~ Colonel Charles
Lindbergh by the Roosevelt-Churchill
faction. It is therefore probable -
certain - that Miller was snuffed
by agents in the employ of the
authority in Britain and America.
The cause of death officially written
off as an accident, with the usual
hypocritical "regrets" of the inter-
National Press and Politicians.

W. B. Miller, shortly before his
death in early middle life, had
married an English woman. His
book, little known, and almost
forgotten, may yet be given the
credit that is its due, a clear
and sensible commentary on the
wars of empire in the first years
of the twentieth century, A. D.
His death was timely, perhaps;
as undoubtedly he would have been
"suppressed," as was Lindbergh
and retired, as has the latter, to
comparative obscurity. By good
fortune, Colonel Lindbergh still
survives, though looked on with
suspicion as a Divergent!

His life has been happy and successful, though marred by the abduction and murder of his first born son - Mrs. F. Moberg (Came Morrow) appears a gifted and able woman, though handicapped as a member of a family of great wealth. She is the author of several books, though not brilliant, are sufficient evidence of talent and morality. - a good woman, who has done her husband good and not evil all her days. Let her works praise her in the gates.

The friendly murder of the Friberg Infant typical of the degeneracy of the larger cities and villages of America - an inheritance from the sophistication of Europe and the East at last corrupting the Americas.

In September, 1918, looking about for quarters to lodge the family, as it appeared we would winter at Camp Custer, while the 1st Infantry Division was being recruited to war strength and processed for "over seas". I had observed a vacant farmhouse near our encampment and drill grounds, on a highway leading to Battle Creek, named "Harmony Road," typical of the Pious and

including an ox
and sheep

Peaceful rural community was
once inhabited here; the spot now
devoted to the study of War in the
School of Mars.

The house was ~~found~~ an well
built and sound, though never painted;
an iron cooking stove abandoned by
my former occupant and owner.
The gunsmiths agreed to my plan
in ~~lieu of~~ quarters in kind, and
supplying ~~some~~ fuel, a few utensils
and tools and bedding. With the
help of Mr. Gary and Arthur we
contrived a table and benches from
boards salvaged from Camp refuse;
four mattresses spread on the floor.
I met the family in Battle Creek
October first, moving immediately
into our new home on the Harmer
Road, which we occupied quite
comfortably until my "honorable"
discharge from the Army the following
February, 1919.

The winter, fortunately, proved
mild with little snow, compared
with the preceding "hard winter"
of 1917, marked by gales blowing
from the Lake and drifted snows.
On pleasant days, and off duty, all
of us took walks in the country
with its adjacent woods and small
lakes or ponds. Occasionally we
visited Battle Creek, where for a

Couple of months Norman attended
Public School. Part of his sketching
formal education until his final
graduation from Marlinton High
School, age 18, in 1925.

Mr. Hobbs, a kindly grocer, in
Batts Creek, was ~~personally~~ kind
in delivering food stuff not
obtainable at the Camp Commissary.
I recall that Mr. Hobbs, a family
man, apparently in a good way in
business, as the saying goes, was
quite openly admired for his high
spirit and acceptance of our
Nomadic Army life, with its
inconvenient aspects on the Army Road
person. frequently delivering groceries in
person. At our departure from
~~the Army~~, Mr. Hobbs took charge
of two letters and a young dog
the children had taken in. In
connection with the final disposition
of this live stock Mr. Hobbs wrote
before our return to Marlinton.

At Christmas we visited Kalangon
where Lewis Brothers Macera was
employed as a boy-scout executive
for the local Scout Camp.
Taken all together, our winter
with the Army at the house on the
Army Road, more than endurable
and routine for both ~~with~~ a few
and our young children. Perhaps

With my usual matter of factness
spent too many evenings until late
at the card games in Officers Mess.
But Jean, as always in our family
life of twenty two years did not
complain of my absence or business
or otherwise, except once when
I staid unusually late and failed
to meet her on return from town
by street car, she and the children
getting "home" as best they could
in the rain and mud. This was
mexcusable, on my part; Deeply
regretted.

I do not mean to say that I was
neglectful of the family comforts;
~~but~~ they, as always, labored hard
and long for this comfort, and
supplied every comfort need;
fortunately, I had other means than
the meager pay of a Captain, U.S. Army,
style 1917. Never incurred a
debt during entire ~~active~~ active service.
Undoubtedly, Jean missed her
accustomed social contacts
during this time, although 35,000
human beings and their camp
followers inhabited the Army Camp.
Captain Lee, Co. B, brought a bride
from the East, and following me
example also set up these
kitchens in another form.

* and also comparing

Have a quarter mile on the Harmony
road. An exchange of calls
did not lead to cordiality between
the families, particularly between
of the Lees bearing in mind the part
terrible turn-out of marriage
~~later~~ "Pioneers"; and Captain
Lee and wife soon took in apart-
ment in town.

Once again gave shelter to a
young woman, a camp follower, &
married to a ~~former~~ sergeant, who
did not remain long. We
learned the young soldier was
Corn had been "Burt" for neglect
of duty; it being evident that
Marriage in his case had not shown
much way to promotion and pay.
At Thanksgiving Jean prepared
an excellent and elaborate turkey
dinner, and we had in Ft. Hawley
my friends of Rock Island Camp,
Captain ~~Vauter~~ Eugene Vauter,
now with the 40th Regiment, formed
from the 18th. Captain Vauter
in full dress uniform in honor
of the occasion. Moreover, ~~Captain~~
~~Vauter~~ a native of Albemarle County,
Va. - and a gentleman born, single
and even thus approaching middle life
in his thirties. He was living at
last alone; married a retired officer in

Saturday
September 5, 1959
3 AM.

9 This day marks my
74th year residence
at Marius Boston.
James and I con-
sidered our trip in the "Carry-all" from
Rockingham County, referred to, at length,
in a preceding chapter. I am very
tired. Both brothers departed
aged 47 (1946) and 59 (1930).

Our first night in Brentwood County
at the home in Huntersville of
Dr. S. P. Patterson.
A change in plans and extensive
alterations being made in the drainage
and sewerage system under Main
Street - at added cost. As the
whole street is to be paved with 2 feet
of concrete complemented by the sewer
and water systems under-lying will
have to be good.

The young woman, wife of a soldier,
that I had sheltered in our home
on the Harmony Road; as a Companion;
Perhaps, with her genius for Coaching
~~and Managing~~ young women in
this settling in life, hoped to save
the marriage. However this young
person proved to be "Natty Marrying
brand," and soon disappeared from
our household; perhaps to become
a part of the "Natty Marrying brand."

On the arrival of the Battalion at Camp
Custer, in August, 1918, we found a
large number of negro draftees running
at large, encamped adjacent to
our Cavalry Regimental Encampment.

The colored recruits were charmed
by the order and discipline of our
~~Reg~~ Regular troops; many chose to
try the "knee doctor" in camp,
and appeared in number for treatment
of their many diseases, though having
their own Medical Detachment
Physicians.

I found it necessary
to turn these away to seek their
own medical facilities. One
of their Lieutenants (white) called
on me as Regimental Surgeon
and audaciously threatened to "Report"
me as refusing his men medical
attention. Telling him to "report
and be damned," he did report me
to the Division Surgeon, but I
escaped with a mild reprimand
from Colonel Wright to be more
diplomatic in future in handling
the colored troops.

One day appeared at Burke's ^{Jackson} ~~House~~
a colored boy who had for a time
worked for me in Marlinton as Porter
and field hand. Burke had been
swept in by the draft, and hearing
of my presence, called to pay respect

Always willing and obedient, but extremely dense mentally, he was found quite unable to learn the rudiments of drill, and consigned to the "Delaware Battalion," the dumping ground of army misfits, where he was kept for his ninety days. I found him "loyal" to his old boss, or "master," and as a homesick negro, particularly glad to see me. ~~He~~ The family had not yet arrived at Camp Custer. After his army hitch, Burke became a railway track negro, and so continued to his death some years back. On occasional meetings, Burke rarely failed to inquire about "the Boy" (meaning Norman) and "the Girl" (Jennie) their welfare and where living. Totally lacking in money sense, his wages expended for trinkets or lost to his associates.

Not able to read, after his return from the army, Burke exhibited with pride his "S.C.D." Discharge ("Surgeons Certificate of Disability"). The cause of Discharge was written "Impossibility". When informed of this ~~his~~ he felt hurt; ~~but~~ ^{and} exhibited the discharge paper no more. Burke did not drink, was not vicious, and never in "trouble," only weak mentally. He had a good heart. Peace to his ashes.

The 10th Regiment, recruited to full
was strength, autumn 1918, and the
Fourteenth Division, ~~whose~~ ^{whose} ~~should~~ ^{oversee}
insignia, the Wolverine, alerted ~~for~~
"overseas" and routine examinations
made of men and officers for that duty.

At the same time, Colonel C. C. Creighton
M.C., devised two specially irksome
activities for medical officers,
designed to test and improve
whatever physical and mental qualities
we possessed.

The first, "Pop drill," specially
for those assigned "overseas": a
young medical lieutenant, who appeared
to have recently been a football
player and coach, was assigned
to drill us; of fierce facial expression
and mental density typical of his class.

Daily the squad reported on the
athletic field, about forty in number
and in tennis shoes and fatigue dress.
~~and~~ were put through all paces,
consisting of setting up exercises,
including short runs and leaping
low hurdles. ~~and~~ ^{an officer} ~~and~~ ^{who}
seemed a bit slow or stiff in the
knees ~~was~~ ^{was} singled out to ~~do~~
run a hundred yards and return
and jump a hurdle.

~~and~~ A middle-aged and dignified

13
Major, M.C., who in civilian life had
probably been a distinguished man in
the community, dared to protest,
with some heat, this ignominity,
destructive to moral; his protest
received in stony silence by our
"Coach." It appeared for the moment
one of those tense moments,
not unknown in the military life;
but we were soon dismissed without
noting.

Another ~~here~~ ^{bore some duty} desegued by Colonel
Creighton was a weekly quiz
~~designed~~ to test our professional
fitness and scholasticism. All
Divisional medical officers assembled
and required to recite; ~~individuals~~ ^{some of us}
called on at random by the grilling
officers. It is readily seen this
could be embarrassing and
destructive of true moral in the
military service.

Once when called on to describe
some intricate detail involving the
blood circulation, I rose and
stated I was not prepared to
recite; ~~but~~ that I held a medical
degree from a University and
had practiced medicine and surgery
for fifteen years just past, including
one and one half years active
military service. This I did

rather than attempt to escape from a defective memory. Memorized details. Having had my say, I sat down, and was not called on again by the "Professor" detailed by Creighton to quiz us.

Ambrose Pare, noted Military Surgeon of the 16th Century, was largely ignorant of scientific details. I hardly not yet described the circulation of the blood.

Mid-October and premonitory symptoms of the onset of the great Influenza epidemic of 1918, ~~as~~ and well as ~~onset~~ of winter, ~~and~~ the "Armistice" of November 11th, put a final quietus to the Creightonian nagging. His Medical Divisional Medical Staff.

Alarmed by the increasing numbers of ~~soldiers~~ ^{soldiers} reporting with temperatures and Catarrhal symptoms at sick calls, Colonel Creighton was inclined, at first, to suppress the percentage of sick in the camp, even directing the diagnosis "Influenza" be used sparingly. However, I continued writing "Influenza quarters," where indicated. ~~at the~~

Sunday, Sept. 6, 1914 13-
4 AM.

"September Morn," an
idyllic season; warm sun; cool nights.
Ripening fields; some corn already in shock.
Slept a little late, rising at 4 AM. Some
weed cutting in the lot; Price Run.

"The distemper" spreading, and large
numbers in quarters and hospital, and
the night cool, the men began to close
the windows in Barr Crowded Barracks
already full to suffocation with
smoking, coughing sick soldiers. ~~One~~
A duty of the officers of the day to keep
open a certain number of windows
for ventilation.

"Pop" drills and "quiz" classes for
the Divisional Medical Staff heard
of no more in the onset of the epidemic.
Futile efforts made to make the sick
comfortable; more straw provided to
stuff mattresses on the iron cot beds.

The Hospital was crowded and extra
barracks made available for the sick
and partial isolation. A good deal
of confusion as to the number reported
daily as present and fit for duty.
Numbers went to their near-by homes,
or overplayed leaves of absence, and
not missed at assembly. ~~Others~~ Others
could have done so, without being
reported absent.

Soon the dying began - as many
as fifty in one day, from pneumonia
and complications, besides the per-
manently disabled by flaring and.

16
tubercular infections. (Many a
prisoner is living today - Forty years
after because of early diagnosis tubercular?)
I do not know the exact mortality
at Camp Curtis following the "flu"
epidemic, but many hundreds died.
Mortality in the 10th Reg., alone,
exceeded one hundred.

Influenza extended to civilians
also, and the virus infection deadly.
It is recalled the thousands of fatalities
among ~~the~~ ^{the women} who bore children, and
those ~~who~~ gave suck in those days.

A number of men died in barracks
quarters, though the officers of the day
supposed to get the sick to hospital,
at least, before death came.

Still, there was no panic in camp.
Criminals and armed men have a
certain ~~certain~~ fatalism in the presence of
death disaster and death.

"They also serve who only
stand and wait."

Many appeared to have partial immunity
- did not contract flu. Myself and
family staid well. Possibly due to
having had influenza the winter of
1917, at Fort Harrison.

Following the "Armistice" of Nov. 11,
and due to epidemic disease, there
was a let down in morale and the
movement set in among the men and
officers to "go home," ~~combated~~ ^{opposed}

for a time by higher authority. The
movement extended to "over seas" and
in January Detachment began to arrive
for discharge at the "Base", ~~every~~ very
snooty with their over-seas caps,
serap leggings and "Gold" service
strips. Some name-calling and
even fights occurred between
individual soldiers on a point of honor.
The soldiers of my old Rock Island
detachment especially beligerant on
the subject; ~~as~~ all young volunteers
at the outbreak of the war. A ^{SAFE} ~~safe~~
point freely expressed; that every
permitted in general orders of
"strips" for Voluntary service, ~~that~~ ^{when}
~~that~~ decorations were handed out
freely for every imaginary
~~that~~ distinction ~~other~~.

Army Bureaucracy reached a
all-time high in stupidity in this
play-up, advertising an unpopular
foreign war.

The disease epidemic subsided
in December, 1918, to break out with
renewed virulence Spring of 1919.

I had early falloronty the
"Armistice" of Nov. 11th put in an
application for discharge, feeling
the urge to get out of the Army and

back to civilian employment, to
restore personal finances, much
depleted. This was finally granted
to take effect January 27, 1919. I
had been duly examined in the field
by a board of Medical officers
and pronounced perfect physically,
presumably, also, mentally unmarked
and unscathed by a year, seven
months and twenty-seven days
"Home service" in ~~active~~ war time,
including about eighty months
"Field service" with the 10th Infantry, 45 Army.
Like thousands of other soldiers
and officers, in my anxiety and haste
to get home and ~~into~~ business in
a "War Market" I ignored or
concealed injury or illness that
could have been pensionable at
a later date, or even retirement
pay as a Reserve officer. The ~~entire~~
Railroad accident at Blue
Creek, in particular to both legs.
Incidentally, I may add, that
the number of Medical officers
granted "retirement" status after the
war of 1917, became a national
scandal shortly after, due to favors
granted this or that kind by a Medical
retirement board. (Comp. records)

Friday, Sept. 11, 1959 19
Thirty days of almost continuous heavy weather
around 190 each day; cool weather and
fall signs. Corn being cut; locally the
average was 120 x 14 on the Road
and bridge progressing; but delayed by
extensive ditching for sewerage. Each
day a typical "September Morn." a long
distance call from Mr. Jensen, of Charleston,
of United Fuel Gas, regarding renewal
of leases Campbell Ry. Mineral. It is
evident they are still interested in
this gas field.

Following the Armistice of November 11, 1918,
the 10th Infantry Division was convinced
the war was over, and the Pentagon of
the day agreed, and settled down to wait
discharge. There had been no deaths or
serious illness among the officers of the 10th
and 40th Regiments during the influenza
epidemic, and all of us relinquished early
his hope for promotion and pay in the war.
Leaves and the family by this time were well
enough quarters in his old house on the
Farmers Road, with more space and
freedom of movement than most families
in the Army enjoyed. We made visits
to town, saw a show occasionally, and
even in hope of early discharge and relief
to Marlinton. No more Pop drills and
gung classes by Colonel Bright, a
Division Surgeon much distressed by the
heavy mortality during the epidemic.
Moral in the Camp was low; no Poker
games nor playing, and playing for Pops
was rapidly rising to unjustified

20
Losses to many officers, as for the men, their
losses usually confined to any money
they had in hand. Credit of "Jaw-bone"
in gambling not popular among the
authorities. Every time the game
brought out at night the Barrack windows
of officers mess covered with blankets and
lights were supposed to be "out". On
such a draft note. He was so far as it
concerned the citizen soldiery, ended.
Thus passes the glory of the earth.

Thorne made my financial clearance with
the Government, the Commissary and the
officers mess, early in February we left
the farmhouse and returned for home.

During the second day in the evening
resuming practice in my profession
after long absence, in my case, was
comparatively easy, as I had retained,
and paid out on my office in the Bank
during my absence I was able to begin
immediately, and it is a matter of some
pride I earned a dollar the first day.
I also made a deal with Ford Peabody
and friend James Baxter for a Model
Y and to work. Influenza was still
rampant and home attendance of cases
of old birds the usual thing. It is
true the mud of late winter was
almost bottomless, but I and
my model I and a horse purchased
valiently tried to answer all calls.

Just as I had been accustomed to doing
before my tour of the War and its clamors.
It is a singular fact that in the Spring of
1919 none of the five Physicians in practice
in Marlinton was equipped with either
horse or auto transportation; ~~except~~ except
myself; the others relying on hired
conveyance or conveying the horses
by the clients. I had thus first call
on country practice, and kept busy.
Many Physicians returning from the
West not so fortunate as I; some
finding their places filled by claim
jumping Doctors, or otherwise occupied.
"For emulation has a thousand sons,
Who stand in line; if one be gone
another takes his place."

It is true I missed my Power and
place as an elected County official,
but hoped to regain that or some other
public office; at this time having, as I
thought, a justifiable belief that the
returning Soldiers might be welded
into a voting block of influence in
the elections as supporters of former
officers and comrades. The elections
of next year, a Presidential year,
together with woman suffrage, pretty
well demonstrated confusion of Veterans
Politically, in a foreign war.
The sad case of my class-mate and

and war ~~crusade~~ - Captain George A. McQueen, M.C., is cited as a ~~leader~~ to the fertility as a political asset of service in that war - a brilliant student and prominent in the class of 1904, B.M.C. - latter University of Maryland, and a native of Summersville in Nicholas County, Do. McQueen was quickly successful as physician and surgeon in Charleston, W. Va. & happily married; and before 1917 had served as Mayor of the Capital City. ^{a native county} After honorable service he aspired to the office of Governor of the State with ~~superb~~ ^{respectable} personal and financial backing; his grandiose figure in uniforms featuring his campaign posters, as justifiable appeal to the "expected" soldier's vote" expected in the elections of 1920. This proved a delusion, of the ~~highest~~ ^{most} magnitude, the "Soldiers" voting as personal and political opinions dictating, as heretofore, before and after the war - Do. McQueen, running as a Democrat, failed ^{of the} nomination, going to some "Civilian" Politician, who was in turn, defeated by the Republicans and slide of 1920. The losses of a Political Campaign were heavy and the Doctor lost out in ~~the~~ profession as well. The death of his

Beloved wife affected Dr. McQueeny
adversely, as well, and he partially
succeeded to the use of alcohol.
My last meeting with my friend Doctor
George A. McQueeny was at the meeting
of the State Medical Association in
Huntington, W. Va. May, 1921, and
at a Country Club I observed George
himself, under the influence, half tipsy,
shooting dice on the floor of the
card room; as for myself, I was
sitting in a game of stud poker,
one of the participants and on my
left no other than the elderly
first mayor of the town of Huntington
Peter Reine ~~Buffington~~; and even in
old age enjoyed the society of
the comparatively young.

A singular incident of the poker
game. A visiting sharp shooter had
for some reason singled me out
as a special contestant, and in one
round, the play narrowed down to Mr.
~~Reine~~ ^{Huntington} the sharper, and me; and as I
held three kings and no special
danger in sight, stood several ^{rounds} ~~times~~
on a daily limit. It seems that
Mr. ~~Reine~~ ^{Huntington}, who was on my left, staid
in deliberately, as he resented what

he considered "tiddying or bluffing"
tactics of of the sharp-shooter directed
at me in several plays previous.
His quite obvious "tiddying" nettled
and discomprized my opponents, who
dropped out on the next bet. Mr. ~~Stine~~
commented to me after the game, in
which I was a small winner, what
the gentleman had against me.

Because of alcoholism, after
a few years, Dr. McQueen lost
out professionally and politically
and died aged about 40 years.
Unusually gifted and promising
in early life, his end I fear was not
peace. I trust he was in the
Covenant of Grace; though wandering
not last.

The death of a brother, a Doctor
McQueen, Dentist at Summerville a
few years since was tragic. He
fell into an open hearth fire; it may
have been while dozing, and was
fatally burned.

Further, I will record that in the elections
of 1920 I was nominated for County
Commissioner, as a Democrat, and
defeated by Mr. Edward C. Williams,
prominent Lumberman and Banker. ~~for~~
I opposed the amendment to the state
constitution enabling the issue of Road Bonds.

Puttling too

Saturday - Sept. 11, 1939 ²⁵⁻ Rose at 3.30. The
Mummy Coal; requiring fire in the Bath room -
very usual "sitting down" in early morning
and eve. Arthur has come - they winter.

It seemed unreasonable to me - then as
now - that people the Voters - men and
women - under the leadership of tax-
wasters in the Legislature, would
call at the Pells and vote an amend-
ment enabling the State to borrow
vast sums to be used internal
improvements. The Mothers State
of Virginia, Reminiscent of the
"Internal Improvement" bonds dating
to a period before the Revolution
of 1861; the West Virginia part of
the "Virginia Debt" until recently
a political issue, in 1920, finally
settled by payment of Fourteen
million Dollars with interest; elected
to "pay as you go" in Road Building.
In the elections the "Good Roads
Amendment," with its borrowing
"Revolving" fund, carried heavily;
particularly popular with the need
women voters; ~~again~~ the ladies
as always, insufficient for progress,
regardless of public debt. The
Debt Amendment helped to defeat me
in the elections; besides the trend that

Year was Republican. Wilson Paralytic and Senile, held on to the Presidency to his last gasp for death in the White House.

I was aware of the voting trend - not going my way - My defeat for County Court not unexpected. The Campaign was lifeless - without interest.

Not in the least daunted by defeat, I was soon after elected to the Town Council, and later Mayor of Marlinton. Meanwhile I was practicing to the limit of capacity, enjoyed a good income, sufficiently ample for all present needs.

With the year 1920 began the ten-year onset of the incredible 18th amendment, with moonshine traffic in hard liquors, and the home brewing of filthy country wines and liquors, along with Judicial and Police Tyrannies, graft and Hypocrasies. Our home, like others in Marlinton, was marked as a filthy brewery of Malt liquors and fermented assorted drinks, with Norway, aged 13 years an enthusiastic helper in bootleg operations, thus early acquiring a taste for illicit alcoholic Beverages. With my customary aloofness, I

gave no need. Signs of danger, even
when, at times, I found at the house
an assorted drinking party of men
and women. I was personally there
and through life a total abstainer.

Always early to rise for a breath of
morning air, and busy with my
practice of medicine, and gardening.
Land-surveying and forestry, I ignored
as did not observe the plain signs
of disaster in the family life.

From early life I had been
accustomed to social drinking on
occasion; now for a considerable
period - about three years - excessive
and habitual, until the onset of
ill-health, in 1924, and anxiety
about Norman's alcoholism, put a
final stop to her drinking, until
~~her death~~ ~~few years later~~

About this time the activities of
Mr. H.S. Ruelar, an attorney, and
for long operator of a part-time
gambling commercial paper place
in an apartment over his office; he
was also notable in the Moonshine
and home brew business, as an
adjunct to his paper game, and
as a business.

"The Judge", as he was often called
by owners and customers, possessed

28
An ancient auto - a "Peep" or
other extinct brand, the operations of
which required the expert attention
of Henry Hines, and who drove the
car on Judge Ruchers frequent
trips to Anthony's Creek, where resided
one Hoptlett, a lead miner who distilled
of moonshine. Many times Henry
accompanied ~~the~~ Ruchers, ~~also in~~
~~the~~ the expeditions. It was on
returning from a trip to the North Fork
of Anthony with the Ruchers that I
first observed Jean drunk in the
Autumn of 1923. The unpleasant
incident is fixed in memory,
because Jean ~~proper~~ exhibited a
long knife, or stiletto, I did not
know she possessed, and stated
fiercely that if I objected to her
conduct I would be killed then
and there.

I was silent; felt no fear, nor
fled or made resistance; she put
away the evil looking stiletto;
and nothing more said of the
incident. Nor was the threat
repeated. Doubtless I have always
thought of the right of a woman
to kill her husband, if she cannot
live with him, and should not
be penalized. It may be this

be considered one of the risks inherent
in the state of matrimony. I know
the incident was deeply regretted by
Jean when she later came to her senses.
She had a good heart, and would
normally ^{have} died, literally, for her
husband and children.

Many years later, and following
Jean's death, Brother James told me,
quite casually, that he had ^{then} expected
Jean to kill me - about 1923.

Except for an occasional incident
as the foregoing, ~~it is not~~ ^{it is not} ~~our~~ ^{our} domestic life ~~was~~ ^{is} unhappy;
~~actually~~, actually, we lived well,
decently and in harmony. My
single, and doubtful, diversion was
the Weekly Village Paper game,
generally ~~usually~~ all night, which was
interrupted by a call, usually of
an abstract nature.

It is related of the great London
Physician, John Hunter, 17th Century,
that on one occasion returning late
to his home after a day's work of
research and practice, found his wife
presiding at a mixed party, or
"fick-up", as he described it, and
dispersed the gathering, thus
exhibiting his authority.

Sunday, Sept. 13, 1909 ³⁰ 30
14 A.M.

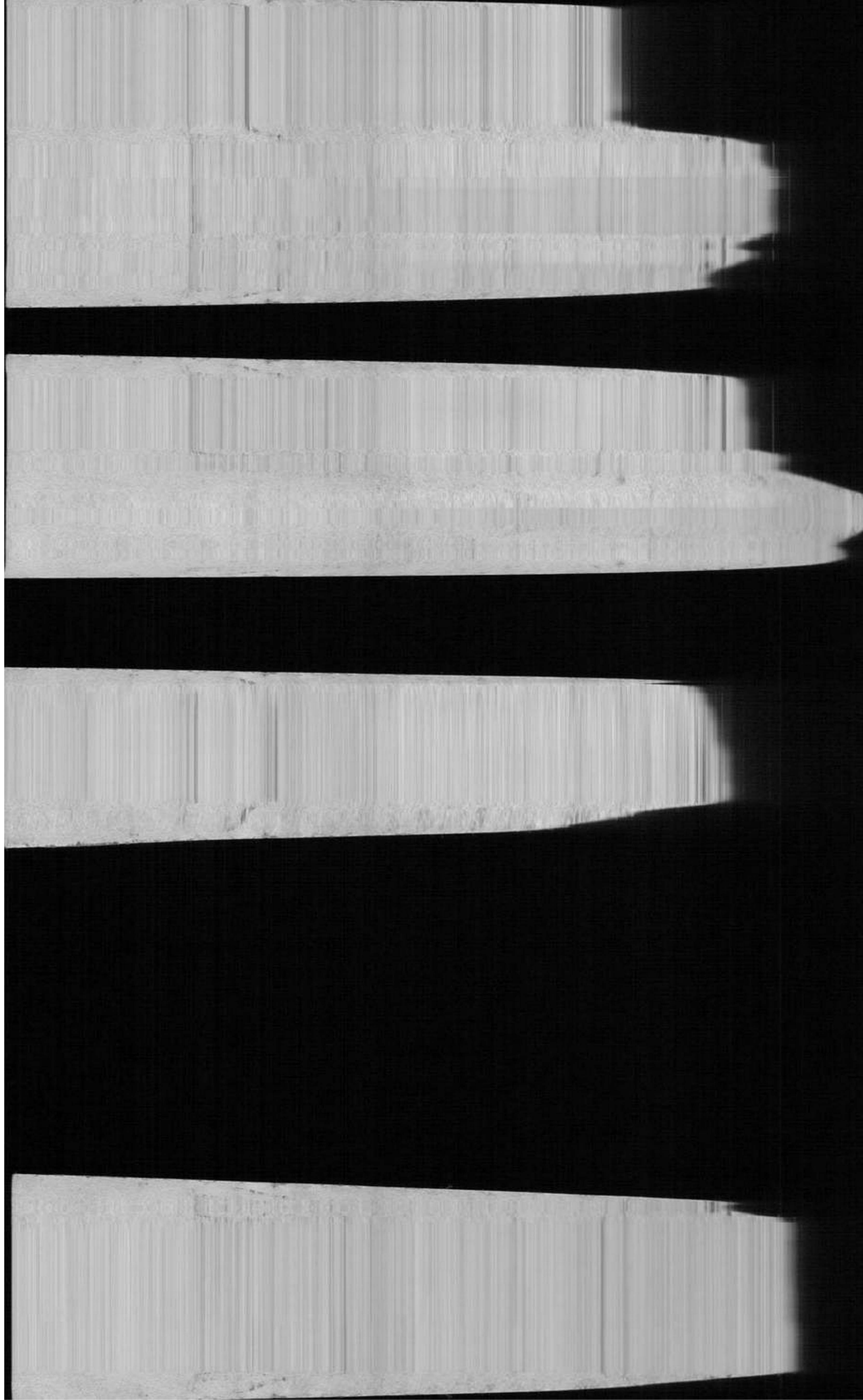
I arose from dreams related to the complexities of modern life, including local, state and inter-national government and political life; the dream even included a complete National election - style of about 1970. Personally, such problems are complicated by the advance of age and weakness.

The youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall;
But they that wait upon the Lord
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run and not be weary;
And they shall walk and not fall.

A recent letter from Amos L. Herold of Austin, Texas; two pages written in legible, almost indecipherable script. I will advise Amos, who is seventy-five, even at this late time to practice round letter writing, with some wrist and forearm action, - "even as you and I."

Once Dr. John Hunter had a call to attend a noble patient in London. He was at the time engaged in some research regarding the body temperatures of men, animals, and even vegetables; but impatiently said: "I will attend him, because if I do not make the damned

(446) Hunt and Hunt Aug 11
14 A.M.



Further today, I will be over to
need if tomorrow, I will be over to
It is clear that the same
than that on the same
with the reference of the
It is clear, however, that the
demonstrate the effectiveness of
as a cure. he has not yet
"Benevolent" as a reference to the
great mass of people
which has been accepted by the
myself to the approval of the
Jensen (University of Chicago)
A. Scott Becker was one of the
of Dr. William Becker, a
Vigilant and devoted, who was
both physician and leader. all
the way were largely one, but
common in spirit, and it was this
well as a guide, and it was this
reference as a guide to the
Mying River, which is
The same, which is
and have been, that I
just the same, since 1805;
mainly the same, since 1805;
Michigan.

Mrs Elizabeth Scott Rucker, a
 handsome lady of large frame, the
 mother of three daughters; a native
 of Amherst County, Virginia and of
 excellent family and culture.
 Her brother, Samuel B. Scott, attorney
 and journalist, practiced law in
 our County and edited the Marlinton
 Journal for several years. In
 1899 he married Miss Fannie Yeager -
 daughter of Henry M. Yeager. Mr. Sam
 Scott had University Education, was
 literate, even a genius; but was
 dissolute, slothful, and alcoholic -
 all of which is another story.

During this married life in Hunterville
 and Marlinton, over a period of about
 forty years, Attorney and Mrs. Rucker
 "separated" a number of times, due
 principally to ~~the~~ Rucker's frequent
 affairs with certain Native Concubines
 of the period.

On more than one occasion when
 Mrs. Rucker was seen driving at
 a fast gait the team of two cross-
 bay horses, with her three daughters
 in the large family carriage, the
 village would remark that Mrs.
 Fannie Rucker was leaving Scott

Rucker, again ³³

When an attractive woman of middle age leaves her husband, and does not find another man of means to take her up, she is lost.

A lady of high Principal, Mrs. Rucker, on these recurrent separations invariably went to the home of her father-in-law, Dr. William P. Rucker, at Lewisburg for refuge. After a time, a reconciliation would be patched up, and Mrs. Rucker ~~and~~ and the children would drive home. One such incident occurred about 1907, and the old Dr. Rucker having died, Mrs. Rucker took a small hotel or boarding house in Norfolk, Virginia, in anticipation of expected ~~business~~ activity connected with the ~~taxation~~ ~~taxation~~ & position of that ~~state~~. Due to a minor business recession that year, or to public indifference, the ~~taxation~~ ~~taxation~~ & position proved a failure, or "flop," and in due time she returned to her home in Marlinton. On another occasion she removed herself, (My girls grown, and all teaching or doing secretarial work) as far as Mobile, Alabama, but again returned, about 1912, to reside

with her wedded husband until his death in 1924. Throughout her married life my dear lady in whom could not bear the least reproach "infidelity". He did not drink to excess. Provided well for and educated his daughters. His success as a lawyer was principally depending on those accused of major crimes, such as murder; also popular in matters of divorce from the bonds of matrimony. In the latter, he was popularly, at times, accused of supplying the necessary grounds for divorce from wrong wives, if other evidence was not to be found or proven.

Irreparably affected with the gambling fever, when by reason of advancing years inevitably slowed down law practice, Mr. Rucker converted his card room over his office, a building adjoining his residence near the Court House, into a "Poker Palace"; draw Poker preferred. The joint gradually lost its atmosphere of gentility as a resort for all hours discourse by fellow attorneys and gentlemen, and at last became known as a "Rake-off" game, resorted to by lumberjacks, even Negroes; with a bit of bootlegging of drinks on the side, as previously referred to.

The County grand jury over a period of years, would chronically attempt to "indict" Mr. Rucker gambling "joint".

The Prosecution ³⁵ was usually unsuccessful
for lack of direct evidence. The game favors
not usually cooperation in suppressing
"law and order".

On one occasion, the late William Dearing
was asked by the Grand Jury foreman if he
played Poker, replied he "did not know
how" - in the sense that he was unskillful
and unsuccessful at the game - ~~and~~
and had no luck. This from a
veteran soldier of the 1st Cavalry,
Exported Merriment, and no damning
evidence from Bill Dearing -

Another time, my friend and schoolmate
in boyhood, Wallace Lange, who yet
lives a retired and plain life in
Marlinton at an advanced age,
supported for the most part by his
"Social Security". Married late in
life to the Widow Mary - Ellis - Thorne,
who has recently died. For many
years Wallace Lange followed
the life of a woodsman in the Sumner
Quadrangle, was known as "Pete", and his
luck and proficiency ~~with~~ in Cards
games to some extent. Proverbial
when asked by the jury foreman and
Prosecutor, he admitted having played
in Ruckers apartment; interrogated
further if he had seen money pass
commercially in the game, "Pete"
replied he had seen "Donations"
to provide utilities, Cards, light, heat,

father's services and other survivors
surroundings of a gentleman's game -
The jury returned no indictment.

To fully appreciate this anecdote
our needs be familiar with Walter
Lange, his personality, eagle eye and
and beaked nose, altogether a hand-
some man not often seen, even in
age and adversity; correct in his
language, although not regularly
educated, his education that of a
man of the world endowed with
intelligence. I believe had fate so
decreed, Wallace Lange could
have been a leader in war and
peace. True, a lifetime in the
Lumber Camps - like unto soldiering,
he may have spent too many hours
studying the history of kings, and the
favors of the Goddess of Chance.

At present friend Lange lives
alone in his cottage at the base of
Price Hill in West Marlinton. Kind
Providence has granted him length
of days following an active life in
the open and forest places. He was
born on the lofty top of Buck's Mountain
overlooking Marlinton from the west.

Now he can review life as vanity;
"the shadow of a dream"; at the same
time real and earnest. ~~He goes back!~~

In the autumn of 1904, and Jean being detained at home, our young son being an infant of eight months, I desired to visit the exposition at Jamestown, and with Jean's consent travelled alone by rail, and by way of Baltimore, having a nostalgic wish to again ~~see~~ recall student days, after a four years interval, that had witnessed my marriage.

In the city I chose to board for two days in a student's boarding house west Fayette Street, and mingle with students assembling at the University of Maryland Medical School, where I had already passed for one of them, with the reserve of new acquaintances. The Medical School had recently opened for both men and women - an innovation. - a woman medical sat near me at table, who appeared to speak German by choice. I did not rate her as near the equal in beauty and charms as Dr. Alice Steffian of the early days. I travelled by boat from Baltimore to Norfolk, part time out of sight of the shore - an inland sea.

Arriving at night, and before leaving the boat, who should appear looking for lodgers at her rooming house than Mrs. Fizzi Rucker, who had recently "left" Scott Rucker as her wedded husband, again! Mrs. Rucker either did not recognize me, or a student

appearance of doing so; she may have
felt something near sighted, or other
over-sight. As she had seemed to
look directly at me without recognition,
I chose not to introduce myself, and not
long afterward I heard that she had
given up her logging business and
returned to her home.

After Mr. Ruchers' death in 1924, Mrs.
Ruchers went to Alabama for a while.
Before her departure she enlisted Jean
to arrange and dispose of the household
effects, by barter or sale, and otherwise,
including some debts the Ruchers
owed, medical, funeral, etc.

Prenatal symptoms of Jean's
long illness had already appeared
in the fall of 1924, but she labored
long and hard on the Ruchers
disposal of effects, though not
feeling well. This she did from
some feeling of association and
friendship for the family over many
years; although at the time I did
not think she owed them much,
either in association or in
friendship; especially in the matter
before referred to in the Automobile
expeditions for ~~the~~ foot-leg
legions, wines and home brews
of the early years of Prohibition
beginning in 1930.

This trafficking by Jean of the Rucher
 community and effects continued for
 about a year, because as late as
 September, 1925, I paid Mr. Rucher
 for books and some furnishings. By
 then Jean's liver and Pancreas was
 failed to function markedly, together with
 hardening of the arteries and emaciation.
 An abnormal craving for Carminatives -
 Cloves, pepper, Cinnamon, was a symptom.
 A collection of wines in jugs and some
 matted drinks in bottles no longer craved
 as nature had revolted against such
 abuse of appetite for food and drink.
 It was necessary to keep the "wines" under
 lock, as by this time Norman was quite
 willing and eager to dispose of the lot
 in short order.

Next spring, 1926, as a general state
 police had begun raiding private houses
 in Marlinton in search of alcoholic
 beverages, I persuaded Jean to dispose
 of our "cellar" contents, some gallon
 jugs of wine being cached by me
 among ~~the~~ ^{the} rocks on the hill-side.
 Some years later when I ~~was~~ ^{looking} ~~for~~ ^{for} this treasure I could not find
 a single jug - six in number
 but it had exploded, or else
 I had not marked the site of
 burial ~~treasure~~ sufficiently well.
 Anyway, the brew was not of a vintage
 exactly improved by "age."

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Saturday - 1/9/1960 a mild winter - this
morning a balmy "forty". wrote five pages
letters. Perhaps with "Memories"
completed. I may fill in with letters,
Diaries, or Essays. Having begun
"a dog's life", continue to the end.
- writing.

Snow, clear, at 7 - not even heavy
frost. Rain, or snow, in the offing.
There has been little floating (canoes)
in the Green River winter 1959-1960.
"The Weather" important in human life
on this earth planet.

Wednesday 1/13/60 Rain in the night
4 AM - Mild

Woke at 2 AM, tried to get back to sleep,
failed. This is not surprising, as I
slept eleven hours right before.
Got up at 4 AM, with a crew to
write some letters.

Yesterday morning made some
progress removing old wire fencing
from the garden lot, and early spring
cleaning leaves and shrubbery.

The Bridge Rd. walk completed -
all that remains the metal guard
rails. The wooden bridge still
in use. River remarkably free from
ice and high water past months

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Thursday - 1/14/60 - Full Moon.
 5-ans! The weather continues mild.
 got on, yesterday, with spring cleaning
 household. Removed broken down furniture -
 a letter from Jean, Jan. 4. All's well.
 Jean, Jr. - Returned to school - Nashville Tenn.
 Andrew Jackson's "Hermitage" new city.
 It is announced Governor Underwood
 and staff will attend the Bridge "opening".
 In election year, no bets ever looked.
 If I attend, the "kick up," ~~if~~ because
 of "Seigniority" - Not "Popularity"

Joseph H. Buzzard

(1862-1942)
 (1862-1942)

J.H. Buzzard was born on Anthony's Creek, the
 son of a Confederate soldier's claim in the
 War (25th Va. Infantry) in 1862. From
 earliest youth in a post-war period
 accustomed to privations and hardships of
 a pioneering community.

In early Manlywood his left leg
 was so severely fractured at the knee
 by a falling tree that two or more
 physicians debated amputation of the leg.
 Dr. John M. Ligon, himself a Veteran, one
 of the surgeons.

Joe Buzzard recovered without loss of
 limb, but ever after walked with a
 notably distorted gait, his foot inverted
 outward, but without aid of cane or
 crutch. Using neither cane or crutch.

By nature intelligent and Personable, he used his, crippling adversity as an asset, becoming a self educated business Man and public official; for several terms the respected assessor of Pocahontas County, and for more than one term Treasurer - Sheriff. As a youth known for his trading ability in live-stock and doing a full man in supporting his mother widowed in the war (1861).

Apparently, a hopeless cripple, in his young manhood Joe Buzzard persuaded Mrs. Jennina Alderman, noted, belle of Derithum Creek, to marry him. Which of itself speaks volumes about Joe's business ability and strength of Character.

Mrs. Jennina Buzzard has recently died, ~~at~~ (1958) at her home near Huntersville, aged 96 years. A personal friend and client for fifty years, I could relate incidents of Aunt Jennina's good sense and strong ^{individuality} character. Usually, in summer, she could be found at her house or in the garden bare-foot; strong and capable, though far advanced in years. At ninety known to walk to Stillwell - seven miles - to visit her daughter Mrs. A. Lee McCorn.

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On one occasion I was called to treat
Mr. Buzzard for injuries received
while assisting the ~~20th~~ ^{20th} Edwin in
corralling the ~~wild~~ live stock at
his camp on the Deep Run of Williams
River. At the time he was at the
home of his daughter, Mrs. Howard
McClure in Marlinton. The injury
several fractured ribs and bruises,
having been run over by an antelope
wild cow.

On this, and other occasions, Aunt
Jemima greeted me with the homely
saying:

"Pills, Pills; and Doctor's Bills!"
I have long thought the name "Jemima"
should be adopted frequently in naming
girls.

Through strong ~~independence~~ ^{independence} notably
independent & an intelligent strong-
minded woman, apparently indifferent
to public opinion. Through her long
life Mr. Jemima Buzzard deferred
to Aunt Joe's superior education
and worldly knowledge. Her
usual address to her was a firm
"Jemima!"

At the very last, far past ninety years,
Aunt Jemima consented to brief visits or
calls in the County Hospital, but by
younger physicians than myself. I ad-
vised retaining mentality to the last. She

~~28~~438

Survived her husband many years -
Her family four grown sons and two
daughters. Tragedy had a place in
her family, endured with Stoic philosophy.

The eldest son, ~~William~~ Joseph, had been
~~for~~ was a soldier in the Regular army -
a sergeant, at the beginning of the war
(1914). ~~He~~ and served with the First
Division in France. Following the
armistice, Nov. 11, 1918, Master Sergeant
Joseph Buzzard was striped by a
French Soldier in a brawl and killed.
This occurred ~~while~~ at a French
port while his ~~Regiment~~ was preparing
to return home. Sergeant Buzzard
left a wife in America, but not located
at last report. His death was rated
in line of duty. Burial in an
alien soil.

The youngest son, Harry Buzzard,
also a Veteran (1914) died by a
self inflicted rifle shot in 1940,
while residing on his farm. A bold
Active Man, his rash act and
untimely end, aged forty years,
is ascribed to a fit of temper.
Harry was employed at the local
lumber and farming as well. His early
premature death lamented, leaving a widow
and children.

Wednesday 2/3/1960 439
Weds, Jan 14-31, 1960. No recording, last two
a volume "January thaw," following all deep
cold wave Jan 16-26, 1960. The Bridge opened
for traffic February 1, 1960 - a fine sunny day.
By invitation of District Engineer Sprangle,
Constructors Engineer Faulburey (Foley & Co.,
Kentucky) and Road Foreman Arnold Burris
were conveyed the message, I drove my car
first over the Bridge, - the third on this
location over Green River. No special
ceremony - but the Remembrance and
courtesy of the Engineering Department
to me as a Senior Citizen appreciated.
The history of the three bridges, over a
period one hundred and ten years (1850-
1960) has been recorded.

William Davis, colored, age 71 years,
was found dead in his house January, 1960.
A veteran of 1917, drifted while living in Ohio.
A few days before his death I met William
Davis on the street, observing the benevolence
of his countenance, "the image of God done
in clay." Pleased by his kind inquiries
about my health and family well fore.
His wife and family, several children,
living in Washington, having left William
living alone in his house, foot of Martins
Mountain, almost the last of his race in
Martins available for odd jobs, house
cleaning, janitor service, repairs, and so forth.
Also the last survivor of Joseph and Esther
Davis, formerly ex-slaves, heirs of a small
and dreary of ways. Also lived in Martins
Vaya Con Dios.

Joseph H. Buzzard was repeatedly elected Assessor of Pinal County, early 20th Century, filling the office acceptably, with notable dignity and justice. Plainly dressed, he usually rode a mule on his official journey. In election years I have ~~often~~ heard my remark "Joe and his mule were running again;" the inference was that he was ~~unbeatable~~ for the office. At a period when taxation was a touchy subject. I have rarely heard assessor Joe Buzzard's decisions and judgment questioned.

Joe Buzzard was Sheriff of the County during my ~~term~~ first term as County Commissioner - 1911-1916 - and our official relations were pleasant; he seemed to fully approve of my efforts to build roads and bridges, at a time when full responsibility rested with the County Court in this respect.

Never a large land-owner, though his term unusual opportunity to acquire valuable lands, in the late years of the 19th Century Mr. Buzzard bought the Michael McFarrell place, formerly known as the "Jack" McCallum place, presumably on favorable terms from the Pinal County Development Company, though none was heard to criticize, and was public confidence in Joe Buzzard's honesty and justice. About the same time an unfortunate partnership in a feed and supply business in Maricopa caused losses, and his

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Last year, remembered by Buck Logan. However, Sheriff Buzzard's public account were in perfect order throughout, until his retirement from public life as assessor and Treasurer - Sheriff of the County. For several years before his death his health declined, largely due to a moderate oxidation in the lungs; acutely sensitive to the air - and wearing heavy woollen even in summer heat. On at least one occasion when calling on him at his home, I found him sitting up and sorting out voluminous papers. His death was sudden. Summoned to his home, I found him, fully clothed, lying dead on his bed, aged 77 years. Without formal education, Joseph A. Buzzard was self educated in contact with his fellows - a reader and thinker. Vaya Con Dios.

His son Rodney Buzzard, who yet lives (1960) diverged politically, and elected as a Republican Sheriff of Pinal County. At the present time, (1960) Joe Buzzard, grandson, William Buzzard is running for the Republican ticket for nomination as Sheriff. A veteran of 44th war (1941) Bill was nominated in 1956 for Sheriff, but beaten in the election. Because of a preponderance of Registrars going for Buzzard will need support from the Democrats, from whom I am sure he will get it. I remember Joe Buzzard - Democrat.

441-A

Rodney Buzzard, son of Joseph H. Buzzard, elected as a Republican, served a term as Sheriff, acceptably, during the Reconstruction period, ~~following~~ the army and following the third decade of the century. The Sheriff's brother-in-law Mr. Howard McEleece was jail deputy. He and ~~his~~ Mrs. McEleece having held the position for many years previously ~~and~~ notably during the terms of Sheriffs Williams, Gibson and Lucien Cochran. Both live at an advanced age in Marlinton. During this period many human derelicts, some aged "white pine" lumbermen, were housed in the jail annex, no other house of refuge, or "Poor Farm" being available at the time. From personal contact with some of these public charges I can testify to the uniform kindness to them shown by Mr. and Mrs. Howard McEleece over a long term of thorough many seasons.

Howard McEleece in youth a "white pine" lumberman and log driver on the Green and River. At past eighty years, "his age is at a lusty winter-frosty yet kindly."

I can also testify to the efficiency, personal courage and faithfulness of Sheriff Rodney Buzzard performing his multiple duties of his office. The personal dignity of his father, Joseph H. Buzzard, reflected in

441-B.

The son, Mr. Rodney Buzzard still lives aged and alone in his small house near Huntersville; with the appearance of a man to be reckoned with, as becomes the son of Joseph and Lemima Buzzard. He is lame, but walks erect, using a cane. I do not recall ever observing a "silly look" on the faces of any men or ~~and~~ boys of the J. H. Buzzard line.

Mr. Rodney Buzzard died many years ago, about the time Rodney served as ~~sheriff~~ County Sheriff, leaving quite a large family, children and grand-children. Unprofitable business resulted, also, in the loss of ancestral lands.

The low estate of government in the present era, undeniable, office holding seemingly inextricably tangled in a multitude of private interests, wellfare agencies and "Pressure Groups", or Labor Unions if you prefer -

It is altogether fitting that some of us (Democrats) support Young Bill Buzzard in his ambition to hold the office of County Sheriff, once held by his father and grandfather, Joseph Henry Buzzard, the latter a Democrat.

A sober, industrious, intelligent young man, who resides on his own ancestral acres on Cummins Creek near Huntersville. Farming and as a job delivers the widely circulated Beechey Post-Herald to all parts of Rockingham County. As a diversion and social position, also Recording Secretary of the Huntersville Mens Club.

It has pleased me to write this testimonial
 - unsolicited - Passably a surprise
 to the Buzzard family connections.
 (Incidentally, there are, or have been
 recently more than one Bill Buzzard
 known in the county through the
 years.) ~~Durham~~

During the Political Campaigns
 of 1956 - ~~four years ago~~ - I recall
 there was some confusion as to the
 identity of the Republican Candidate
 for Sheriff - Young William Buzzard
 of Cummins Creek, and grandson of Joseph
 P. Buzzard. By this time (1960)
 there should be no mistake in
 identity.

As a student of faces, William
 Buzzard of the third generation, looks
 to me to be a chip of the old block -
 Joseph and Jeremiah Alderman
 Buzzard

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The Rickwood Paper - Hillbilly -
Prospering because of plain printing
of facts, and forthrightness, Edited
by Crustock and McClung. It
remains to be learned whether the paper
can "stand prosperity" or no. The
editor recently remarked, regretfully
that it appears "Dog owners (People
who like dogs) usually are neighbor
haters." To the Editor of "Hillbilly"

My letter to the Editor of "Billbelly" appears in the current issue - attached. Full reports of the Regular (1960) Legislative Session quite remarkable, especially the first week.

The fixed star (Sun) Arcturus visible early morning at 5-am, high in the North-east.

Saturday - 2/6/60 443

Heavy rains - ~~stilled~~. Have

written several long letters past two days.

D. Lyon Price, Aspen, Colorado; Mrs Mary

Bosworth - Fling (Formerly of Elkins)

Richmond, Virginia - referred to the best families in Randolph County, and of Jacob Warlick descent.

East installment (typed) - (432)

An informative letter from C. A. Dixon about affairs in Eastern Kentucky, and

check for one hundred dollars, Royalties

on the Wooten Creek Mine (Coal) - Wooten,

Leslie County, Kentucky. (Kyoga Coal).

January 26, 1960, The Chicago Tribune featured the 80th day of birth General Douglas MacArthur, old and diseased,

a millionaire, who dwells in a ten-unit

apartment 37th floor of the Waldorf Tower;

(When not in hospital); Figure-head

Chairman of the Board of a Corporation

(Rand-McNally); Portrait attached painted many years past ago.

Colonel Robert Mac Cormick attempted to

boost for the General for President in

1952 - for what reasons not made clear.

Defeated, his army destroyed (by Bataan)

the Philippines (1941); leaving his second

in command in captivity (Gen. Wainwright)

According to "Regulations in Modern War"

- he escaped by air

Again defeated and his army lost in

North Korea (1950), again deserting.

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Keft Historians will have difficulty
~~even~~ in building a National Hero of
two armies (which he deserved) destroyed
in the Orient, to be replaced by a draft
without limit, and Billions of War Dept.

A handsome soldier, the son of a
Civil War (1861) General, and a "West
Pointer"; General MacArthur has been
"successful"; and a thoroughly
disillusioned old man, kept going
by a squad of Medical and Surgical
"Specialists" - including "His" personal
Physicians - and a whole of Hospital
Corps nurses and orderlies.

When in age Cincinnati was sought
to return and Command the armies,
the old Roman was found plowing
with oxen.

It is written: "King Azzarius trusted
in Physicians, that they might cure him;
and Azzarius slept with his fathers."

Political economies in Modern United
States of America is well summed up in the
phrase: "Spend, Spend; Tax; Tax; Elect
and elect."

The saying first credited to the cynic
and Court favorite Harry Hopkins, and
will not down.

During the Administration of "He" -
when everybody likes - the spending
philosophy has been elaborated and improved.
Where it goes nobody knows!

Monday 5 AM. 445-

2/8/60

(Fixed star) visible at 5 AM. Snow-flurries
all the day - Sunday. Red Dawn -

General Douglas MacArthur, early
Lieutenant, went in August, 1932, troops under
his command dispersed the "Bonus
Marchers" and burned their encampment -
Huts on the Anacostia Marshes.

In 1932 - an election year - "Depressive"
conditions had become desperate; Herbert
Hoover a candidate for re-election.

The President, once famous as "Food
Administrator" for the World, appeared
apathetic, paralyzed, when confronted
with an "emergency" at home and in
a "free" Country. Fortunately, food
was plentiful and "Dust Cheap" despite
Dust storms in the "Bread Basket" of
America - Kansas.

New York financiers seemed helpless
because of financial shock - J.P. Morgan
of Morgan Company bankers - first to
extend loans to "the allies" because of
personal losses in stocks, paid no
income tax in 1932.

They say the Lion and the Lizard Keep
the Courts where Jamsyd gloried and
Drank Deep;

And Bahram the Wild ass
Stamps o'er his head but cannot
Wake his Sleep. - Rubaiyat.

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For several years, there were no strikes or other "labor" disturbance; the unemployed exceeding those who held jobs a dollar per day and upwards.

Many large fortunes were formed by those who either held on to stocks and bonds in their possession or bought at a few cents on the dollar "gut-edged" securities - even "Liberty" bonds exchanging ownership at eighty or less - Cash offer.

My modest personal "flier" on a depressed market, Silver at 25 cents per ounce, as related heretofore and at length. (Montgomery Ward Stock would have been better at four dollars a share, or Anaconda Copper (three dollars), et cetera.

"God pity the rich; the Poor can work," as intoned by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, before the war (1914).

Throughout the "Depressive years," I continued busy in practice as usual, though cash income reached a near vanishing point. In the year 1932 I (who had been an alternate Delegate at the Convention in Houston, Texas, 1928) achieved a total cash income of eight hundred dollars, on which I was expected to maintain my household (a cook, colored) rent an office, maintain a Model A-Ford and dispense medicines; also hold my gun, well as possible in the regular Saturday night poker game in the Silvers. Net result naturally, was a debt of

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two thousand dollars, interest bearing -
by borrowing on life insurance, (indeed
latter Government bonds.)

Fortunately, Norman was at Long
Island in the army in Honolulu - not
as an officer, and then in training
at Joseph's Hotel, Baltimore, therefore
self-sustaining for the most part.

Card playing, soon abandoned, for
good and sufficient reasons. Though
practiced as a diversion - mainly - since
the war period - 1917.

For a time the small cash used
may have had in bank was doled out
to depositors - the so-called "Bank Holiday" -
could business and financial integrity
reach a lower stage of degradation?

President Hoover - a vastly over-
rated man - was duly propped from
his perch in 1932, and March 1, 1933,
President Franklin Delano Roosevelt
began his long reign - another story.

Sister Anna's husband, Frank Benick
Hunter, died in April, 1932, having
been executive Vice-President and Cashier
of the Bank of Marlboro since its founding
Autumn of 1899. His age 72 years.

My parents buried sleep with his father
in the cemetery Old Pine Church, Levisburg.
Age and illness coming on, several months
before, and preferring to end his days
"from a stormy life / unblest" at this home

of his elder brother, Carter Hunter,
Sweet Springs, Virginia. - the home place
at one time jointly owned by the
brothers and a sister, Mrs. Traynham.
Our parents long dead - Pa in
January, 1921, and Ma January, 1924.

In the year 1932, or about, Mr.
Anna V. Hunter began a long career
in Building and Business promotions
extending to the present, a period of
nearly or quite thirty years -
Quite remarkable in their extent
and variety - at times even spectacular.

A portion of this mighty work I will
later refer to, briefly. Another story -

In August, 1932, I first was affected by
~~an~~ a troublesome and unsightly skin
inflammation, resistant to the usual
remedies, and affecting only the
face and hands, even the scalp.
This I correctly diagnosed as "Allergy,"
but resistant to usual remedies, as is
often the case. Medicines recommended
and tried only increased discomfort
and therefore harmful. Shaving
was difficult, and I even tried
growing a beard!
I had used tobacco habitually

Since the war period (1917) and in
 desperation, after attempting dieting,
 abruptly ceased smoking. Almost
 immediately the deep lesions on face
 and hands lessened. By good
 fortune the sedimentary deposits
 of the Sweet Chalybeate Spring
 was applied freely, with almost
 instant relief and quickly healed.
 The value of this "Healing
 Spring" has been known from
 the earliest times. Traditionally
 known to "the Indians", who
 applied the mud freely for sores
 (including smallpox), also wounds
 and Burns, - in the latter quite
 effective. Among other contents
 the water carries in solution and
 deposits a reddish sediment
 on the stones, Iron, Sulphur
 and alumina.

I am still "allergic" to tobacco,
 therefore only occasionally smoke a
 "Ceremonial Cigarette", as did the
 people who discovered and ^{first} used
 tobacco - the American Indians.
 Addiction to the Poison tobacco is
 world-wide, and abandonment of a
 Needless habit necessarily slow.

Wednesday 45-0
2/10/60 - 5 A.M. Mild - cloudy - Awoke
at 4 A.M. Because of an open winter
some color remains in leaves and shrubbery -
The autumn not unusually heavy -
Spring not far behind.

More about the "Allergic" Dermatitis of
the Summer 1932-1933. In 1916 I first observed
patches of leuco-derma on neck and
hands, a phenomenon frequently seen in
the Negro race, when it is very the spectacular,
- a colored boy turning white! In my case
especially noticeable during summer tan
by contrast. During the years following
after quitting tobacco the leuco-derma
cleared with return of normal tint to the
skin of hands and facial parts.

Unquestionably, this was the type of
skin discoloration of which Cleopatra,
the French War Minister, was sensitive,
causing him always to appear in public
wearing gray silk gloves.

The Napoleonic "Fily" has been
commented on at length in the section of
"Diseases of the great," and the peculiar
and affects of infections which prove
degraded humanity in all ancient and
Modern times.

In his valuable book "May the unknown";
Dr. Alexis Carroll exerted the resources of
an enlightened, imaginative, intuitive mind.
- but did not solve the riddle - himself dying

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before the allotted three score and ten.
from heart failure; perhaps Cancer.
He may have used Tobacco; undoubtedly
used much animal fat in his diet (Cannibalistic)
and did not till the soil. Moreover, I
find little evidence in his "intuitive" work
of interest in evolution of the soul, or spirit.
Nevertheless his life work and writings
added to the sum of human knowledge,
even wisdom, therefore valuable; good to read.

The Arabians say that Abdul Khair,
-the mystic, and Aba al-Sienna, the
philosopher, conferred together; and on
parting the philosopher said, "all that
he sees, I know; and the mystic said,
"all that he knows, I see." (Indirections)!

The wisdom of the East (Yogi of
India) offers ^{at least} a solution of human life,
and dealing in the theory of reincarnation
of souls. More than is offered
(~~solutions~~) by the West.

"God is a Spirit; and they that
worship him must worship him in spirit
and in truth." - John vi

All flesh is as grass; in the morning it
is green and groweth up; in the evening
it is cut down and withereth.

"METEMPSYCHOSIS" - the word used to describe
transmigration of the soul.

Early Dental Practice.

At nine years there was decay of the "permanent" teeth, with severe toothache principally affecting the ~~the~~ lower six-year Molars. I have related visiting Dentist Purtzer in August, 1885, and, having two Molars drawn, suffered not at all without a cry; never after having such toothache as before removal of the two molars. No local or other anesthetic was used in this extraction, or any anesthetic succedaneum observed, other than rinsing the mouth with water.

Dr. Purtzer was a skilled artisan who made "dentures." A complete set, upper and lower fitted for my mother about 1880 of such excellence worn all her remaining years until her death in 1924.

The set of teeth probably complimentary to the family of the local Minister. In any event not more than twenty dollars.

The wife of a "Peasant," - (Reliepers) lately passed to me, she had four hundred dollars worth of dentures in her mouth.

At age sixty I had lost all the remaining teeth, nearly all extracted by my own hand and without local anesthetic. Unquestionably, the after effects are better, with less bleeding - or post-extraction pain.

I have never had fitted, or used "Dentures;" have enjoyed ~~excellent~~ a good appetite and excellent digestion, subsisting on suitable foods - largely vegetarian, together with eggs and dairy products, and for

the most part doing my own cooking.
 For aesthetic reasons, I prefer to dine
 alone; likewise avoid public banquets, or
 even continue eating in "harshness".
 Cosmetically, facial mobility is largely
 a subject to control, thus avoiding
 muscular atrophy; it is possible to
 smile without grimacing, and the "social
 laugh betrays the vacant mind". Facial
 Massage helps

not being cannibalistic, an eater of meat
 and animal blood. Canine and the molars
 of a horse not needed.

Of a horse of Russia, called the "Gnat,"
 is said to have habitually dined alone
 at a square table. Perhaps his teeth
 were bad - or absent.

General George Washington often
 ate in private. Certainly, did not appear
 at banquets. He had difficulty
 in getting properly fitting "dentures".
 Once he used a pair connected, but
 upper and lower, by springs.

at age seventeen I was concerned
 to find decay in upper incisors, also
 cavities in bicuspids and molars.

at that time (1892) the only resident
 dentist (not in actual practice) Dr. Esbridge
 at Hillsboro

It was customary travelling dentists
 to visit the county and set up office
 for a few weeks, usually in private
 houses or inns. Such a one was

D. James H. Weymouth, whose home was in Elkies. He usually located for practice at the home of Mr. Clark Kellison Dry Branch of Swago Creek, a home noted for hospitality and good living.

Clark Kellison had served in General Philip Sheridan's Cavalry in the War (1861); afterwards in Indian fighting and roundups on the plains - a "Regular" of the 7th Cavalry. (a Battalion of the Seventh was wiped out under Colonel Custer in 1872.) - the so-called "Custer Massacre."

I have talked with Mr. Kellison at some length. It was evident that some reminiscences of the war were distasteful to him; the burn and home burning and driving off livestock, the women and children subsisting on rabbits and such nuts, berries and salads the woods and fields afforded. He once stated, with emphasis that General Philip Sheridan was "a very bad Man."

Sheridan's Army, in burning and desolating the Valley of Virginia in 1864, effectually cut off the principal source of supply for the Confederate Army.

A recent book "Appomattox" is a vivid biography of Philip Sheridan, the Genghis Khan of the War (1864). A bachelor and a "loose liver" through life; black Irish; short in stature; a general

45-5-

Who exposed himself in the front of
battle, moving at a hand gallop.
He once described the ideal cavalryman
of the period as eighteen to twenty-four
years of age, light in weight, not married,
and properly equipped.

In July, 1896, while in Washington, on
being examined for the Medical Reserve
Corps, U.S. Army, I visited the Arlington
National Cemetery. In a section
reserved for officers I observed the grave
of Sheridan, which is on the slope
before the Mansion House. Marked by
a small marble stone, the scene remains
in memory.

On the day of death I was called
to visit Clark Kellison, his age about
seventy, ~~the year 1912~~. He had
suffered an attack of "Heart block,"
and died, the month October, 1912.

He was a just man, industrious and
respected. His wife had died from
a cancerous affection ten years before,
and Mr. Kellison had married again,
a lady from Harrison County, not
too young.

Vaga Con Dies -

Dr. Weymouth, the Dentist, a man of weight
and stature, native of Randolph County,
had served in the war, probably in
state troops. When I visited him, at
the home of Mr. Kellison autumn of 1891

I found him at leisure. He received me kindly and consented to work on my teeth immediately. I was nearly seventeen; had appeared voluntarily at the Doctor-Dentist's office, not previously consulting my parents, without any money of my own, if a bill was rendered my father I have no knowledge of it.

Dr. Weymouth expertly filled several missing and decayed teeth with gold, of which I was very proud.

Dr. William Campbell ~~visited~~ of Monterey, Virginia, also visited Martinsburg in the 1890's, the village still without a resident dentist. A Quaker, pious man, also a Confederate veteran, he ~~also~~ made extensive repairs on Maltese teeth, probably without charge to Pa, as a Minister he had known in his youth.

From an early day Country doctors were expected to extract teeth and supplied with necessary forceps, though not trained to the business.

Brother James in practice had become an expert tooth drawer, and observing his technique, and supplied with both "upper" and "lower" instruments I soon became more than usually skilled in pulling teeth. Continued over a

Period of many years. Twenty-five
Cents per tooth was the standard fee, and
the operation done without either local
or general anesthesia. Occasionally
a "Nervous Nellie" - male or female -
required Chloroform for Mass extractions.

It will be readily seen the extraction
of painful, ulcerated and infected teeth,
indiscriminately, was important in the
prior history, long before resident
dentists were available in our County,
with all the refinements of the Profession.

Dr. ("Cedarail") George Ervine.

John Wesley Ervine and George Ervine
(brothers) resided and reared families
in the rich Verdant Valley, north of
Marlinton, following the War (1861) in
which both had served with irregular
troops in Western Virginia, C.S. Army.

George Wesley Ervine, the elder,
is said to have habitually carried
his Mountain rifle, on foot or on
horse, for many years following
the war, as though still expecting
separals. (He may have been prepared
to kill any wild game encountered.)

His son, the excellent Dr. Ervine
just briefly, lives in Marlinton now.

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in his deluge; rather unusually
stout, sturdy and firm, as one who
looks forward to joining his beloved
"Blanche" "in the air." Very deaf
and almost blind - totally blind from
an early injury to one eye, wears
neither hearing aid or glasses.
Yet walks as one assured of the way.

Joe Ervine has won his "bachelor's
Night-Cap" plaudits for all his
eighty years. For many years he
worked as surveyor's assistant to the
late County Surveyor, Adam Baxter,
and himself has a working knowledge
of the Surveyor art.

Referring to difficulties offered
surveyors by the steep, rocky
hills of the Annapolis Creek and
Western Pocahontas County generally,
Joe once quoted to me something
about "the Redoubts of Hell" of the
region - with apology for the
"profanity"!

Joe Ervine and Miss Blanche Dean
of ~~Annapolis~~ Cochrans Creek, kept steady
company for forty years - a union
of souls. Miss Dean has recently
died, leaving her small property to
friend Joe; who has published
some creditable memorial verses to
his beloved. Page 101 D.D.S.

45-9

Dr. George Irvine and his excellent wife Mary reared a large family on his portion of ancestral land in the Verdant Valley, high on the slope of the "Sleepy Hill", adjoining the extensive Jacob Sharp, Sr. lands. Two of the sons with native genius remained bachelors through life, living and dying on the home farm.

With native genius, Dr. Irvine early gave study herb medication and surgery, without benefit of the schools. His researches resulted in the "Discovery" of Cedar oil, not previously recognized in botanical medicine, and for many years prepared and sold "Cedar oil" in a watery solution, especially for tooth-ache. As the Cedar tree is not native here, the Doctor made journeys to Eastern Virginia for stumps and coats of the tree from which he distilled a tar of execrable acrid taste; offered for sale in decanted "Extract" bottles in 25 and 50 ct sizes. The production and sale of Cedar oil, late 19th Century, required long absences from home and farm, leading to a somewhat nomadic life, traveling by horse cart, or Murfat wagon. In later middle life Dr. and Mrs. Irvine

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lives apart, The Doctor may "sustain
by an unwavering faith" - and unprovoked
became something of a bum and a cast.
unworthy of his excellent family heritage.
of strong-minded, he early developed
skill in drawing teeth, expertly using
a single straight small straight forceps,
seen by me some years before his death
in 1913 was devoid of metal veneer
and blackened by use. With this
single instrument he had extracted
thousands of teeth.

An old man, occasionally seen riding
a lean, spavined black horse, perhaps
leading or driving an emaciated, aged
cow for trading purposes, the Doctor's
end was not peace. His body was
found on the ~~log~~ roadway track on
Anthony's Creek, apparently killed and
dragged by ~~an engine~~ a log train.
Foul play was suspected, the body
lying there for some time, and badly
decomposed.

Placed in a home-made coffin,
in ragged and torn clothing the body
was brought to the Sharp Cemetery
Verdant Valley, for burial. A detailed
autopsy was demanded by some of the
dead men, and I was summoned
to the Cemetery on a Sunday to view
body before placing in the open grave

Monday

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Feb 12 - 4 am.

The "Deep" snow -

About 6 inches at Marlinton. Feb-13, remains frozen the night cold - near zero -

Arose at 3 am. To inspect the plowing, which is intact. A warming house (Full Feb 12) cutting 6.30 am. over Price Hill.

Feb. 14 (Sunday) Spent before the open fire, and in shoe paps and My legs in the open air. Walked to the office and Post office.

A letter from Jean dated 11th - I wrote her on the 12th of February.

Viewing the body of Dr. George Erwin, badly decomposed and in its coffin beside the open grave, I could learn little as to cause of death, presumably that of an aged man, about eighty, Mauled by a logging train, afterwards found on the track, although the train crew had observed nothing.

Acting as Physician - Coroner, my decision was that death was probably due to being knocked down and ~~sent~~ dropped by the train, the time of death unknown, but evidently some days before. No objections being offered.

The body was buried the dead from the death was buried from our sight.

"Antcasts always Mourning."

Aged Hatter, gray and grim,
Here is Custom Come your ways
Take my ~~heart~~ and lead him in,
Stuff his ribs with Molley Hay.

0257110

Dr. Grime would recite on occasional
verse in couplets describing his profession
as botanist, Surgeon and tooth Drawer.
New lines added as desired, endlessly:

"Old George Grime pulled teeth free;
Here's eighteen he drew for me."

"I pulled her teeth with never a groan,
And then she baked me a sweetened Pone."

(~~All infinites~~) & it. Clarus, ad infinitum.

A scene in the life of this old Man remains
vividly in memory.

~~But~~ I encountered him on the road, a
year before his death, riding his spavined
~~mare~~ and driving a cow on a rope, the
cow ~~feast~~ exhibiting ~~at~~ a large and repulsive
tumor on the jaw, evidently Anthrax,
or "Lumpy jaw". It was plain the
Doctor proposed to treat ^{the} animal surgically,
or ~~with~~ ^{by} "cedar oil", - his universal
remedy, and so condition ^{the} for the market.
A striking tableau of age, weakness
and ~~disease~~ ^{disease} in Man and beast.

"Who knoweth the spirit of a man
that goeth upward; ~~or~~ the spirit of a
beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

George Grime never exhibited the stigma
of a drunkard and a dope. With a natural
bent for medicine and surgery, his error
was to ~~live~~ ^{live} the easy way, as he saw it,
by the ~~practice~~ irregular practice - quackery -

Tuesday - 2/16/60 463
5-AM - Clear, Cold - Near Zero.

Breezes, North-west, North
and North-east, - Most severe, with much
snow, of the winter.

The Philosopher, Immanuel Kant, as an
aged man and recluse, was wont to remark
(to himself) especially when seeking repose,
'How comfortable I am.' He died at
eighty-two, active in body and mind until
a few years before death.

A feature of the John Wesley Grove farm
foot of Slippery Hill is a depression, or
"bowl" of several acres, very fertile.
Traditionally, good grass and had has
grown in the bowl for one and a half
centuries, without rotation of crops or
fertilization, other than drifting surface
soil from the higher hills.

There is no outlet, nor does water
accumulate in this bowl. Quite evidently
there are subterranean caverns or
caves, (limestone) in this region.

A somewhat similar formation at
the "Roser Place" on Red Lick Mountain,
is known from the earliest days as
"Tallow Hill." The origin of these
place names is obvious. Due to the
'greasy ground' of steep alluvial lime-
stone when cleaved for grass.

Verdant Valley once famous for the
enormous growth and size of its white oak.

(Especially Red oak) Maple, Sugar and Poplar trees; "Washed" by the pioneer settlers William and Jacob Warholic Sharp and permitted to thus die and decay, as 'Clearings'.

A tract of about twenty acres 'Virgin' white oak forest remains on the portion of William Sharp land, owned by the late Mrs. Catherine Sharp-Barlowe. This forest surrounds the Sharp family Cemetery, and was still intact at the year of death of this estimable lady (the widow of Neal Barlowe) in 1956) when last observed by this writer, and admired ~~by me~~ when ~~after~~ passing on frequent journeys to the Pigeon Lake and Clover Creek regions.

Two sons of Dr. George and Mary Irvine ~~lived~~ their lives, Edward and George Junior, lived their lives (unmarried) on the home place, ~~but~~ ~~usually~~ ~~employed~~ ~~as~~ ~~laborers~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~farm~~ ~~of~~ ~~neighbors~~.

The death of Edward, about fifty years of age, in 1935, was tragic. The brothers were returning from work on the higher portion of their land, ~~they~~ George observed a large flat stone suitable for a door - steep ~~of the hill~~. and ~~begin~~ ~~to~~ roll it down hill. ~~and~~ ~~begin~~

The older brother was some distance ahead of George and did not observe the rolling stone bounding in great leaps, and, ~~was struck so~~ with the "Purvisity of the inert," was struck squarely below the Right Shoulder-blade, with fracture of several Ribs, extending fringes, and concealed hemorrhage in the pleural cavity. A large, heavy ~~man~~, he was knocked or thrown ~~a hard fall~~ down hill. Falling hard - with ~~the~~ stoical indifference of ~~frontiers~~ for bodily injury, little was done by the brothers for the severely injured man, and several days went by before I was summoned to attend him at his home; when a neighbor ~~summoned~~ called me; (Mr. Neal Barlow who saw the injury and complications were serious.

Note: I can well understand the type of endurance in bodily injury practiced by those living in primitive surroundings, having survived without serious injury, ~~crippled~~ ~~several~~ wounds, bruises and festering sores - without benefit of surgery, other than first aid.

Climbing the Slippery Hill, on foot, from the old Wesley Grove Place, I found the patient in extremis; Traumatic Pneumonia and septic infection, from laceration puncturing the lung, the Pleural Cavity.

Filled with Blood Clots. Little could be done by ~~way of treatment~~ medical treatment; and Edward crumpled on the seventh day following his injury.

Afterwards I was called to attend the brother George, in July, 1937, when struck by lightning, the only case of injury by a "fire ball" I have seen. ~~At that time~~ I have seen that the electric current, or bolt, goes upward from the earth, and not ^{down} from the clouds, as ~~supposed~~ thought.

At the time George Brime, Jr., was employed as farm hand on Cousin John Poage's Poage Lane, in harvest. A storm came ^{up} and George took refuge from rain under a large Red Oak, knocked out by the electric shock, and when found was thought to be fatally injured. He had carried a gun to the field to shoot groundhogs, and held it in his hand. The gun was loaded and bent, but may have served to conduct the current away. The sole of a heavy shoe, studded with nails, torn from the upper part, and blown from his foot. A red mark about one inch in width from sole of foot to upper thigh, where there was an explosive wound of exit, apparently.

When I arrived the injured man was able to stand up, and recovered from shock,

Without permanent injury, although the
patient described the exceedingly ill
and weaknesses as ~~beginning~~ initially
having begun by being struck by lightning.
Injury to humans being by lightning
is an awesome thing, but comparatively
rare. More frequently animals taking
refuge from rain under trees are
killed; frequently reported, though I have
never seen the body of an animal thus killed.

Friday (2/19/60). Ten days of wide-brand
snows and cold. Feb. 13. (Saturday) Sub-
Zero - the coldest of the winter; an eight-
inch snow at Marlinton; again on the 18th
seven inches. (February 2, 1960, Clear
throughout).

"If Columbus Day be clear and bright
winter will take another flight"
Deep snows and cold waves reported from
the north-west and north-east, and extending
to Florida and Texas.

"All bitter chill it was, the awe for all his
feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped tumbling through
the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.
— The Eve of St Agnes"
(Wordsworth).

Saturday - 2/20/6⁴⁶⁸ Cold; rising winds.
4 am - arose at 4, in part to
replenish fires and prevent freezing water.
Electric service crippled; the linemen and
electrician - and road crews - working
day and night.

The McCloud (McLeod) Clan.
Mary, daughter of Dr. George Ervine, much
resembled her mother, also named Mary.
First married William McCloud (McLeod)
and bore twelve children. The large
family noted for Native intelligence and
industry. Though not a "Landed"
family, each, usually, has acquired a
small farm, or a house, to which they
have clung tenaciously, in which to carry
on the simple life of living.

After the death of Bill McCloud - in
early middle life, Mrs. Mary Ervine-McCloud
married Anthony Dominice, a native of Italy.
And they both live, past eighty years, in
their own house on Carrick Ridge, Big
Run, near the site of the one-time
"Italian Settlement," of which more will be
written. Mr. Dominice lost a leg a few
years ago from a circulatory ailment.

A good woman, Mrs. Dominice has
showered members of the McCloud Clan
when misfortune has overtaken any,
notably Mrs. Virginia Dille who tragic
life has recently ended - by a stroke - Paralysis

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An unusually handsome, but a Woman
of a pure Scotch type, she in early life
parted from a "a good husband," because
of human frailty and perversity. Her
former husband, Russell Dille, was again
married, and has recently died.
For more than fifty years Mrs. Mary
Dominici has been my loyal friend;
and by nature and inheritance kindly,
poised, and courageous through thick
and thin. Vaya con Dios.

Italian settlement at Big Run
Patsy Anastasio and his wife Anita in
youth emigrated from Italy to America.
Far above average Italian peasantry, devout
Catholics, intelligent and handsome in person.
By industry and thrift a family was
reared - American born - and Mr.
Anastasio became a minor contractor on
Railroad track building; rearing the
family on an "Italian" standard of
living; - and better.

At about fifty years, Mr. and Mrs.
Anastasio had saved some money.
They decided to settle down and dreamed
of founding a "settlement," where retired
people with a Chapel of their faith,
where far removed from the customs of
a strange land they might end their
days in peace and plenty.
Land was bought at Big Run
and "Carroll Ridge," recent site of a
Lawn-Mill, near the Railroad at one mile

Below Clover Lick - H 70

It is interesting to recall that Jeremiah O'Fall, Bond-man and kinsman of Jacob Warwick, in the 18th Century and ancestor of the O'Fall relationship, who, according to Price County History, settled first on "Curry Ridge" on land given him by Jacob Warwick.

In line with the standard of Italian Peasantry the well watered land looked good, though not up to the standard American standard of what makes good farm land, since rocky ridges with a predominantly northern exposure. Neither did the Green River Valley possess the genial climate of the Mediterranean, an inland sea, or whose shores ^{and adjacent} civilizations have arisen in ancient times.

However, rapid progress was made at Big Run; saw-mill shacks converted into comfortable houses, and native stone used freely in Italian architecture of a peasant type or style. Good water and fuel was abundant. By patient labor a mile-long road was dug out up Big Run and Curry Ridge - steep - but passable for a Ford Car. I have driven to Big Run in my car many times. At the time, I was impressed by the

Intelligence and dignity shined by Mrs. and Mrs. Anastasio as they labored in middle age to construct a little Italy. A flock of milk goats had been added to their live stock, and once when detained at Big Run, the only time I have fed on goats milk, which is excellent.

My hosts were unlearned in bookish lore, but rich in living, word travel and good sense - written in their remembered faces. Mrs. Anti, especially, had a truly Madonna-like face, in late middle life. The marks of getting and giving had gone, leaving beauty and benevolence.

"Big Run" was not to endure for long. In the 1930's the auto age in America ~~was~~ had got going, and the second generation, took to second hand machines enthusiastically, with the usual result - idleness, extravagance and debt.

Some integration of the younger set with a predominantly Protestant people bewildered the Anastasio's Elder Anastasio - devout Catholics.

The times hard; plagued by debts incurred for autos by the sons, "Patsy" Anastasio shot and killed himself. His body rests on Cemetery Ridge, marked by a handsome inlaid plastic Holy Cross, along with several of his family and country-men. Vaya Con Dios.

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In after years, Mrs. Anita Agostasio went
with a son to California, and ^{and there} buried there.
Her spirit in the air.

Monday - 2/22/60 - 5 a.m. Milder weather.
Sunday, over-cast by "morning clouds". Dressed
in "Nylon" Blue. At home, the open fire
going cheerfully. - Bank Holiday, so decreed
February 22, as though a weekly Holy Day
by politicians, as though a weekly Holy Day
were not sufficient for human needs, if
properly observed - in fasting and prayer.
Probably the lowest form of human ~~character~~
~~behavior~~ ^{interpretation} to be an elected official in a
Ci Devant Republic.

The Stone Age in North America.

At an early age - ten years - in 1885, I became
intensely interested in Stone Age ^{artifacts} (Indian)
and for many years searched diligently
for "Relics" in ploughed fields ^{and in} eluded by
Spring Rains.
My search was stimulated by my eldest
brother, James, finding a fine Celt in the field
near my present residence; and November 8
1886 I picked up near the Big Walnut Tree my
first Indian Relic - a flint "edge" about
three inches in length, ~~the~~ such as was
used in fleshing fells of animals.
I soon discovered signs of an ancient
encampment on the plateau foot of Price
Hill, Price Run and the Limestone Run.
And soon had the beginning of a much prized
collection of Indian Relics; not temporary
boyish collecting, but a true

Archaeologists. Life-time study of the stone remains, burial places, and way of life of a most interesting, vanished, race. I was later to find among a heap of field stones on the River bank a dozed or more "Celts" which may have been collected in my grand-parents time, and heedlessly discarded in "Clemmy house" after his death. ~~Little~~ Price was not interested in Indian Relics - "sharks teeth" also searched for fossils - The late Andrew Haiman, the "Acorn" - who lived on the old field fork of Elk, and Joseph McNeill, of Bucks Run, generously gave many specimens; Indian stone relics as well.

At the James Sharp Spring, on the Jericho Road at Green Hill, there is plain evidence of a "flint" quarry. Exposed limestone ledges, pebbles from flint nodules. In the nearby fields, heaps of flint "spalls" and implements - for the most part broken, and while being fashioned, have been exposed by the plow. ^{and Warren Hill in} The Sharp boys, Elmer, and their sisters Mrs. Talbert Sharp and Mrs. Harvey Bright, traded me many a relic from this ancient quarry and encampment - a mound once ~~remained~~ near-by, which was partly leveled when the Jericho road was graded, early 19th Century. It was at top of hill near the Adam Moore house.

Called (474)
My attention to the Jericho Road Mound
~~being called to my attention by the late~~
William B. Johnston, I at once dug a
trench through a portion remaining at
the road-side. Only the usual signs
of cremation-burial at the ancient
ground level - a strata of ashes
judged by the quantity of ashes and
burned earth remaining, that a lot of wood
had burned.

I still possess a large number of fine
stone-age specimens, to be carefully
preserved by posterity, or deposited if they
be in the ~~Lewisburg Museum~~ Greenbrier
Valley Museum, at Lewisburg, W. Va.
Among the collection of exceptional
interest a partly broken war club head
of Hematite "Venez" - The broken part
exposing a water-worn pebble of the
Oriskany or Medusa period, about 1 1/2
by 3 inches, overlaid with one-quarter
inch ~~thick~~ Hematite (Iron oxide);
to be ~~later~~ found by a stone-age
man and adapted to his use in
war and the chase.

It is quite evident that the warrior's
ancient owner was unaware of what
lay at the core of his implement -
unless broken while in use. The specimen
is of the greatest interest and value, both
from a geologic and ethnologic ~~view~~ view.

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Hematite was a favorite material
utilized also for ornamental tokens -
and ground with oil for ~~skin~~ wall-
paints. The conical stones of iron oxide
or "paint stones" are well known -
Presumably, ever warriors and hunter was
supplied with a paint rock.

My library once contained a complete
set of Henderson, profusely illustrated,
Reports of the ~~American~~ Bureau of Ethnology
Period 1885-1900, when the Bureau
was under the excellent Major J. W.
Powell, as Director.

Major Powell lost an arm as a
Northern Veteran of the War (1861) -
It is quite evident - aside from his
position as Director of the Bureau, -
that he had intense interest in
Archaeology. He is also remembered as
the first to ~~discover~~ ^{explore} Cañon of the Colorado
River in Arizona, by a perilous trip
through the mile-deep crevasse.

Though I never met Major Powell,
I considered him a personal friend,
who never failed to respond to my
annual request for a copy of the
Reports. These and other historical
and geographic volumes, are now in the
Library of the University at Morgantown
W. Va. for safe keeping.

Wednesday - 2/24/60 - 4.50 out. Three deep snows and
12-24, 1960. Milder; but much snow remains.
The rising sun near the base of Marlin
Mountains; sitting far beyond the Kee Knot
of Buck's Mountain.

A heavy package, two dozen "Blood"
Oranges received from Mrs Lillian Minnie Levene -
Grice, ~~Box 2~~ Route 2, Box 66-M - Chandler,
Arizona - (Postage \$1.40). Mention has
been made of a similar package sent by
Norman, December, 1959. It contained also
fruits and commissary goods - the postage,
alone, about equals the value of the ration.
All very good, perhaps, as a gesture, but
impractical - expensive - and fruit perishable.

I would prefer that neither had done this.
Both Norman and Lillian (Minnie) are
employed in the public schools of Arizona;
probably as efficient as most, as both have
scholastic credits from the University of Tucson.

Norman an alcoholic, with twenty years
service with the "forces" as enlisted man,
~~and now commissary sergeant~~ and may yet
be afflicted with drinking bouts - I do not
know.

Lillian - about fifty - "Schizophrenic";
with homicidal tendencies - judging from
eccentricities exhibited over a long term of years.

She and Norman were married in
Honolulu - (California) about 1936.

In psychiatry, Schizophrenia has many
shades of meaning applied to mentality and
human behavior. It is frequently observed
in recent times - in the United States of America.

Edward Shepard

2447

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The uses of some Stone age implement
are not much explained in the literature; the
conoidal stones of hematite, referred to by me
as "paint rock", not so called in ethnologic
nomenclature. As a matter of fact, no
description is attempted as to the probable use
of this most interesting artifact.
Differing explanations are offered as

Differing explanations are offered as to the meaning of the Discoidal Stones, of which fragments are frequently met with by antiquarians, though whole specimens

are rare. I possess a fragment of
one fashioned from quartz, ~~stone~~, but
most are made of ~~stone~~ ^{fashioned from} fine green sand-
stone. Of a uniform size, about three
inches in diameter by one inch thick
with a central perforation, the implement fits
 snugly in the palm of ^{my} hand.

There is no question in my mind
the stone was used to reduce to meal
parched corn and other seeds and nuts,
~~which~~ away from camp or village, and
the usual mortar of wood and pestle
of stone not available.

The stone age man developed through many generations a high degree of skill chipping
 arrow and spear heads from flint, Jasper,
 agate, obsidian and even quartz, although
 the process differed in no respect from
 the early chipping of gun-flints used
 in fire-arms before the ~~discovery~~ ^{invention} of
 percussion caps.

"As a child, my early preference for a
"primitive" way of life has been superceded

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to in this memoir, and which fitted in well
enough with the deprivations of the Price
family life on the frontier, late 19th Century,
with my cherished 'Drop of Indian Blood',
~~and~~ early cultivated, quite successfully,
a real or assumed indifference to physical
pain, as in wounds or even dressing
teeth, which has endured through life —
— an ordeal by fire, if necessary —

"A story of the woods;

A man without a bear."

— Campbell's "Last Man"

The driving out of the Eastern Indians from
Appalachians by the White Man, is comparable
to the ~~conquest~~ conquest of Canaan, across the River
Jordan, by the Israelites ~~begin~~ under
Joshua, and ~~that~~ that continued over
a long term of years.

"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass;

And as thy day; so shall thy strength be."

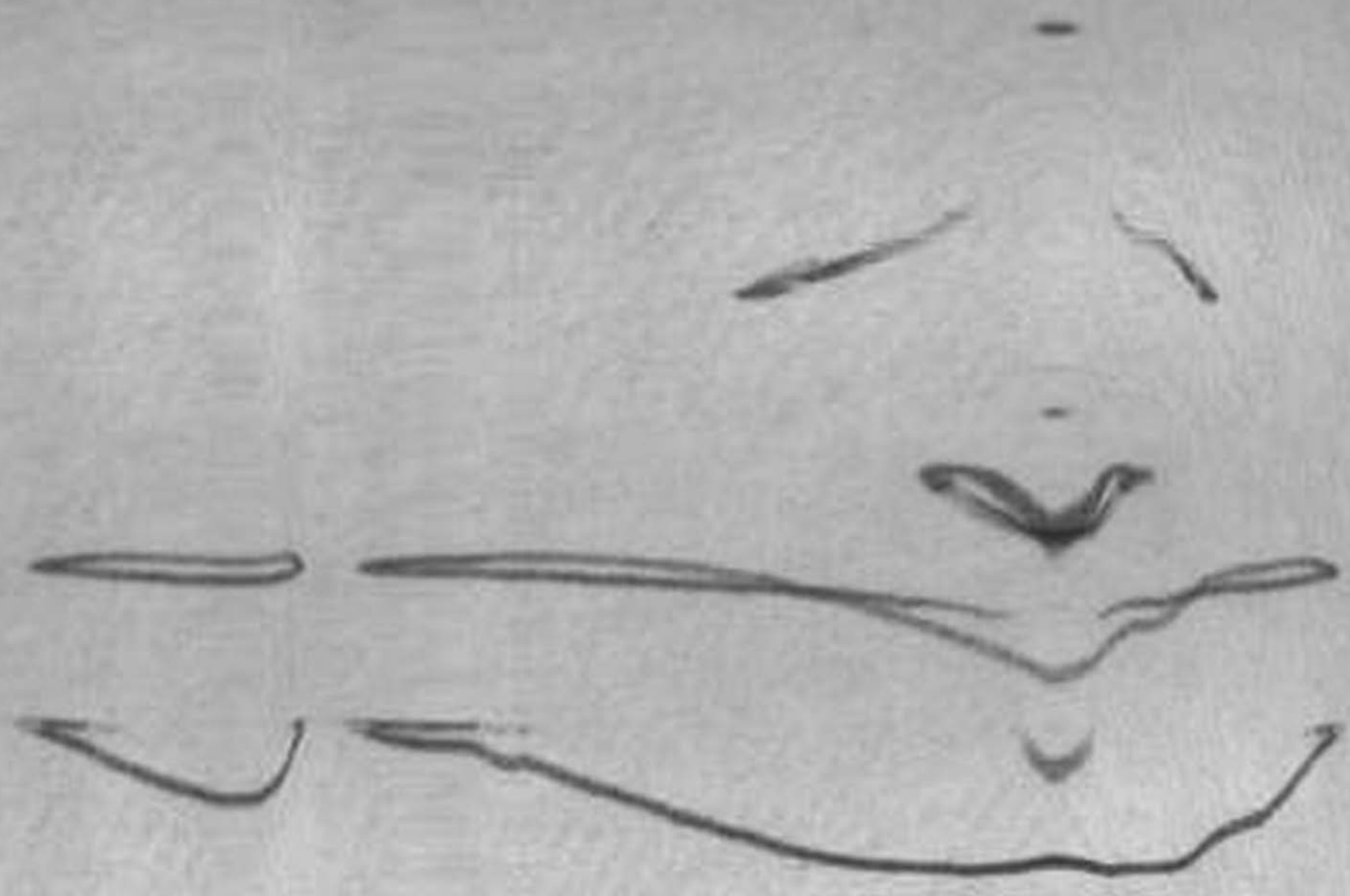
— Blessing of Moses, Deut xxxiii

"Be strong and of a good courage, for
unto this people shalt thou divide for an
inheritance the land. Only be thou
strong and very courageous"

— Joshua iii

The ancient Comanches (Mowbits, Muttits,
Iturrits, and so on) had a warlike
qualities also; an agricultural people,

Living like the
the one before
with a
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Living in local cities (Berlin), therefore
like the strongman, at the bottom of the
water, among the trees, I have
with good of them and good, outside
trees and trees, with little difference.
A long, extraordinary history of both
for by nature, and some (of the)
of the same the community, they
long and from the same and their
fore; also the great power of these
great and the great nature of the
emerged by the destruction of these
female mothers, living and destroying
them trees; killing and burning and
the trees, from the death by the same
extinction.

"For the Door must be
~~that~~ must be
 does go ~~up~~ shortly after
 hears him in the "Wine"
 of course
 of course

[illegible]

"This is the source of all human fate
To find the source of the fate." — Byron

As growing family. After a time
 the ~~fringed family~~ returned to the
 "Civilization Cities" and with Keel
 liquidation of "Little Blue Books"
 about 1940. I heard no more of my
 author I liked. His style is excellent,
 and while not psychoplastic in writing
 of eminent men and women, ancient
 and modern, does full justice to all.

That he admired those of whom he
 wrote is proven by the fact that he
 studied their lives to begin with.

Probably, in the course of human events
 Charles James Fingers' spirit has joined
 the innumerable host in the air - "Tito
 at wine with the Muses Nine" - ~~Vaya Con Dios~~.
 Not forgetting Haldeman-Julius and
 Ed Howe, of Kansas: "Their spirits
 purged of pride, because they died: -
 They prove the worth of their bays."
 Vaya Con Dios.

John McKeel - Little Level
 1844 - 1826

The interesting life of this early pioneer of
 the Little Level, and his descendants is well
 written of in Price's History of Pocahontas County
 (1901) in which it is hinted that young
 McKeel at about twenty years, fled from
 Frederick County to the wilderness
 because of a shooting duel or shooting.

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Scrape. His life threatened, because his
opponent supposed to be fatally wounded
Names and other details not known to
history. Permit me to write that early
Biographers could well have followed
old Testament example and supplied
Names and details of the loves and
dates of ancestors unnumbered.
It is told the wounded ~~he~~ wounded
duelist recovered, and after a time
oblivion; Young McNeil returned to
Frederick County, married Martha Devies,
Wash immigrant, ^{thereafter} living and dying
(1886) Near the bold spring where
McNeil's first camp was located in
our County. Both lie buried on
the elevated knoll, McNeil Cemetery,
their graves marked by flat, elevated
lettered slabs, the work of Thomas
Bruffery, of Brufferys Creek.
Jacob Warwick and John McNeil
were contemporaries. The years of their
birth (1844) and deaths (1886) being
the same, or nearly so. Both bore
rifles in Gen. Andrew Lewis Army
that assembled at Leesburg, 1774,
and marched to Point Pleasant to
fight a bloody Indian Battle with
allied Indian tribes, under
Command of Supreme Chief Cornstalk.
As before stated in this memoir, my

418
Paternal Ancestor Jacob Warwick,
as Contractor - Indian Scout and fighter,
drove half on the hoof to supply the
Army of about twelve hundred men -
commanding a squad of herdsmen in
his employ, who were also armed
men and prepared to fight, which
they effectually did in a plausibly
attack on the day of battle, Oct. 10, 1794.

It is plausible that money earned
in this rugged manner in part was
applied buying more land of the
vast estate of Grandfather Jacob
Warwick, in three adjoining Counties
Bath, Pocahontas and Randolph - His
holdings - I am pleased to repeat -
included the 640 acres at Marlins
Bottom, wedding portion of Mary
Leut-Grandmother, Nancy - Gatewood-
Poage, whose grave is in the Poage
Cemetery, Hamultons field.

The John McNeel line for two
hundred years large landed
Proprietors; his grandson Colonel
Paul McNeel, associated with -
William Admiston and John Yeager
located and pre-empted the vast
"Wilderness Country," rich in coal,
timber and wild game, later known
as the B. & O. Lands, in these Counties.

But in land-owning Jacob Warwick
 exceeded his comrade John McNeel;
 his advantage born in what is now
 Pocahontas County, at ~~Summers~~ ^{(named}
 for Gov. Lord ~~Summers~~ and interesting,
 to begin with, more than almost from
 his birth, more than fifty thousand
 acres, patented by his father, a crown
 officer named Lt. Warwick, as attested
 in my paternal ancestry memoirs.
 In writing of the John McNeel line
 I am to some extent ^{more} to rescue from
 what appears to be partial oblivion
 the name of Lt. Colonel John Osborne
 McNeel, M.C., U.S. Army (1905-1951)
 Reserve Corps. (1941) Reserve

Born at Mill Point, on ancestral lands,
 eldest of three sons of John Lanty McNeel,
 and Grace Wilson-McNeel, his father,
 late President of the Bank of Marlinton;
 and nephew of Matthew John McNeel,
 (an C.S. Army) and first President
 of the Bank of Marlinton, until his death
 in 1934, aged 94 years - a large
 landed proprietor. M. J. McNeel seemed
 destined to leave most of his wealth
 to great nephew John, himself leaving
 childless, - and so it proved.

Monday 1/4/1960 42° - Frosty - clearing - storm -
Blizzard in far west - Snow north and east.
Charles F. Frugis "The Ice Age in America"
related the scientific fact that "Heat is a
necessary precedent to the formation of ice -
supplying moisture - The Phenomena of
a receding ice cap appearing in cycles of
about ten thousand years; hence a change
in climate.

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine;
The deaths you have died I have
watched beside,
And the lives you have lived are mine.

Three physicians and Surgeons of more
than ordinary eminence and wealth,
and their wives, have worked and
had had their being in Marlinton in
recent years. I refer to Kenneth J.
Haurick, Mark L. Wilson and John
Osborne McNeil.

By co-incidence all three met
their future wives, employed as Nurses,
while the young physicians served
their internship years in hospital -
in New York, Baltimore and Charlottesville, Va.
All are dead, except K. J. Haurick, M.D.,
himself a broken man, aged and
disabled, Surgeon, and Mrs. John O.
McNeil -

As a son of Mrs. Martha Beatty Haurick
~~and~~ I have mentioned Dr. Haurick in this Memoir.

Wealth, acquired ⁴²¹ and inherited, while
useful in the simple life of living, did not
appear to lastingly benefit the lives of any.

In July, 1903, Dr. Mark Wilson and 15
took the prescribed ~~examination~~ practice,
in Charleston, and returned together to
~~Marlinton~~ Marlinton. Dr. Wilson engaged
in the practice at Wildell for a year,
where the Wilson Brothers operated
a large sawmill industry. Soon
tiring of the monotony of "Company
Practice" in a wilderness, and possessed
of ~~Money~~ Means, and married, Dr. Wilson
removed to Marlinton, in the course of
years became prominent in business,
President of a Lumber Company; also
President of the First National Bank.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson built an elegant
home on extensive elevated ground
in the "Big Bend" of Knapps Creek,
with a background of Hemlock
Forest, Buckley Mountains.

Dr. Wilson also served as Mayor
of Marlinton at his time a tunnel
flume was constructed, complete with
"Water Wheel" to elevate Creek
water to tanks on Marlin Mountain.

Retiring and industrious but not especially
prominent in Public affairs, Dr. Mark Wilson
died in 1955; aged 77 years, Mr. Wilson
surviving with two sons and a daughter.
Mrs. Glend Smith - (divorced.)

Let me say, if I seem to write of her
intimate details in her lives of contemporaries
it is because I consider them worthy of
a memorial; also to "Point a moral
and adorn a tale". Otherwise, these
friends might be utterly forgotten, and
as though they had never ~~been~~ lived.

Mrs Martha Wilson an exemplary
home-keeper, landscaper, extensive
carron and gardener, her interest other-
wise principal parish of the Episcopal
Church, which numbered few members in
the Village - about the year 1912
she actively led a "Crusade" to
banish cows and other live stock from
the streets and commons of Washington,
many of whose "First Citizens," my-
self included, kept a cow, dependently
on common, for range - pasturage.
It required more than one ~~little~~
Annual Village election, with "Cow
pasturage" the principal issue, before
sentiment was built up and a
majority returned, against it. To
the last, as a cow keeper, I was for
"Cows ~~Just~~". But the gradual influx
of the more refined who objected, under-
standingly, to the useful cow least
deserving "Calling Cards" (dime) on
streets and side-walks, prevailed
and the milk-cow banished the city!

Tuesday 1/5/1960 423
Thurs. Thompson O'Chalors
"The American Association for the Advancement
of Science" currently meeting in Chicago.
The Tribune is giving space to its
conclusions, which, together with its
individual foreign and domestic "News"
service, a feature of this great newspaper,
formerly owned and "run" by Colonel
Robert McCormick. I have been a
subscriber to its 6-day Weekly for
nearly forty years.

In the issue of January 1, 1960, of the
Tribune, Reporter Roy Giberson quotes
Dr. Chauncy D. Leake, President of the
A.A.S., warning of the possibility of
a disastrous flood because imminent
melting of the Polar ice cap, preceded
by a "Change in Climate"; caused
through retentions of the sun's heat
through accumulations of ~~diapogers~~
gas in the atmosphere. Carbon Dioxide.
The "Remedy," plant more trees
to absorb ~~Diapogers~~ giving off oxygen.
Carbon dioxide

Following the death of Dr. Mark Wilson,
in 1955, Mrs. Wilson lived in retirement on
her estate until her violent death, in
1957 by gun-shot wound, of the body,
Presumed to be ~~abrupt~~ instantly fatal,
and accidental. Her death of this
Judged Premature

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~~The~~ cultivated and pious lady is regretted -
Vaya Con Dios.

For a period of about twenty years
Kenneth R. Hawrick was Chief physician
and surgeon at the Pocalentes Memorial
Hospital, an institution as its name
indicates, built and effectually administered
[~~though~~ (expensively) as a public trust.
Margitta Dr. Hawrick acquired a
large estate, including the Shearer
ranch of nearly one thousand acres, and
~~other~~ and continuing surgical practice
despite ~~infirmity~~ ^{infirmity} (Bx-Ray) of
his fingers; himself undergoing surgery
in New York Hospital, several times.

Finally (1953) the County was
disturbed to learn ~~that~~ Surgeon Hawrick's
"license" ~~was~~ had been suspended by
the State Board of Health, because of
Confessed drug addiction - Narcotics.

Public protest - extensive - of no
avail, and soon followed chaos.

The fine Mansion and lands liquidated
and Mrs Hawrick (also ~~an~~ addict) and
young son removed to Pittsburg, Pa.
Followed division of the remaining
Assets, of which the lady and son
appeared to get the lion's share.

A "Blue-grass" Kentucky lady of most
excellent family, whose unhappy life
ended in 1958, at her home in Pittsburg
her body buried ~~near her home~~ on

Teel -

Handwritten notes and symbols, including a large 'h' and various vertical lines and marks.

Handwritten notes and symbols, including a large 'h' and various vertical lines and marks.

4-24
The author and his family to register -
Laya Ben Day

for a house of about twenty years
Kenneth J. Haworth, was Chief Physician
and surgeon at the Pennsylvania Memorial

hospitals, an institution as its name
indicates, built and operated by American
[strongly experienced] as a field, built a

practice, Dr. Haworth acquired a
substantial estate, maintained by the proceeds
of much of his earnings, one hundred acres, and

the land and buildings, Dr. Haworth practiced
in New York State, where he resided
in the city (1943) The country was

disturbed to some extent by the Japanese
"license" that had been ordered in
the State of New York, because of

Confederate Association - Haworth
Public protest - extensive - of the
state, and very few other cases;

The five members and their signatures
and the Haworth (also an affidavit) and
young son arrived in Pittsburgh, Pa.

followed during the early and for
years of about the early and for
months to 9-4 The few others
in the - 9-4 Pittsburgh early of most
of the family, where the name in Pittsburgh
ended in 1958, at the time the house in
her body lived now has been in

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Cemetery Ridge, near the home she
built on Hamilton Field, her spirit
"in the air" - Vaya Con Dios!

Dr Hamrick's "license" was restored
in 1956, (Son of Mrs Martha Beatty-
Hamrick, as it remembered) and the
Doctor labors on as superintendent
of the Deemar home for the aged
incurables; though himself partially
disabled by age and crippling injury
to his hands. ~~He~~ Wearying his
Nature note: During "Bachelor
Night-Cap," Dr Hamrick occupies his
own house at Deemar, and offers
hospitality to his friends at his own fire.
A local paper records that last
summer the Doctor landed the
second largest small-mouth
Bass of the season in Greenbrier
River.

John Osborne McNeel, M.D.

On the death, in 1937, of "General"
Matthew John McNeel, age 94 (and
General by brevet Confederate States
Veterans, 19th Va. Cavalry), it was
found that young John O. McNeel
had inherited the large landed
estate of his great Uncle. The terms
of his Will was a well kept secret,
known by the late Attorney Alfred E. Edgar,

Several years before the death of the testator. Always genial, though keeping his own counsel, it is possible and having no descent, it is possible that numerous relatives hoped to share in an estate exceeding by conservative estimate two hundred thousand. Except for a few minor bequests to the Presbyterian Church and allied interests, the whole was left to young Dr. John O. McNeel, who had completed his medical education and had served an extensive internship in the University Hospital, Charlottesville, Virginia, specializing in "Internal Medicine".

Soon after receiving his inheritance Dr. McNeel and a beautiful, cultivated lady from South Carolina, employed at the Hospital, were married; Mr. Wilson had studied art, an accomplished portrait painter. Both Dr and Mrs McNeel continued their employment at the Hospital, the Doctor an instructor in Medicine.

On the outbreak of War (1941) as a Reserve Medical Officer, Captain J. O. McNeel, M.R.C., accompanied the Hospital unit overseas, and stationed in Africa and Italy for (429)

from page
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more than two years, attending the
Sank Lt. Colonel Medical Corps, (as
a cause of rift in families such long
separations is understandable) from
certain things which have occurred
to me. Be it remembered, General U.S. Grant
was married as a Captain, 4th Infantry,
at a desolate Army post on the Pacific
Coast, his wife and three children in the East,
(1850-1852). He became a drunkard,
on "free" commissary whiskey, was
cashiered from the Army and left to
make his way home as best he could
by the Isthmus of Panama, and forced
to borrow money - in New York from
his class-mate Captain Baliver Buckner,
to reach his family in Missouri.

Nevertheless, General Aloysius Simpson
Grant, under Providence, lived to
command the Army, along with
Phil Sheridan - a "bad" man, to
roll like a juggernaut the Army of
the Potomac over the expiring
Confederate States Army. (1865.)

I sent my soul through the invisible
Some letter of the after life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned
to me
and whispered that they are
Heaven and Hell! - Put away at

4 ~~301~~ 28

After the war (1946) Colonel and Mrs
McNeil (still children) decided to
to live in his home County Pembrokeshire,
and begin the general practice of
Medicine, having spent thirteen years
since graduation in Medicine in
hospitals, university teaching and
in the Army.

no other physician was ever to
locate here under equally favorable
circumstances. A large landed estate
and much property, being the largest
owner of stock in the Bank of Marlinton

Brother James Price dying that year,
John Lanty McNeill succeeded as
Bank President, Colonel J. O.

McNell being obviously next in line
in the course of human events as
this hereditary office in the McNell line.

It is true ~~Dr~~ President James W. Price
 is survived by his son Leo, for Leo
 Price, for many years a Director
 in the Bank, but failed to succeed
 his father as President. Brother
 James majority holding of stock having
 been split at his death. May have
 been a cause. But that is another
 story. It is conceded that son
 Leo in his own right, not the equal
 of ~~Dr~~ his father as a practicing "Capitalist."

439 436

Office Personality and independent Means, on Locustway in Marlinton (1946) a profitable practice was built from the start. Truth to tell, Mrs McNeel (a low-lander) did not appear to "integrate" successfully either with Mountain Villagers or her married husbands relatives. Perhaps did not know "it takes a lot of living to make a house a home."

Further, an unfortunate misunderstanding between Dr. McNeel and Surgeon Haurick over referral of Surgical Cases at the Hospital to Dr. Haurick, Dr. McNeel preferring to practice as an internist. This also became a feature cause of Discontent. Carried so far, Dr. Haurick is said to have bought the Alex McNeel Place - adjoining Dr. McNeel's holdings - as a "spite" operation - the lands never came in the Market during "Depression Days."

In about a year the McNeels (still childless) went their separate ways, the Dr. McNeel accepting a well paid position in a Clinic in Portland, Oregon, with occasional "jet plane" visits home on business or trans-continental trips by auto. - ~~usually~~ at top speed.

Followed several years arguing
over a property settlement and divorce,
in which Mrs. McNeel demonstrated, by
excessive pecuniary demands, the
dependence theory of 'lack of a sense
of justice in the female character'.
Finally settled at ~~the cost~~ about
half the McNeel estate, and nearly
the whole of the liquid assets.

Meanwhile Dr. McNeel returned
East, joining a Clinic at St. Louis, Mo.
In August, 1956, the County was
startled to hear that the body of
Colonel John Osborne McNeel, M.R.C.,
had been taken from the Mississippi
River about twenty miles below
St. Louis, ~~the doctor~~ having been
missing about a week. ~~Identify~~
Identification ~~only~~ made by Dental
Clubs. There being no witnesses
to the manner of death, a verdict
of accidental drowning was returned
and rather large insurance claims
settled on that basis.

A will was found, in which Colonel
McNeel specified cremation, his ashes
to be given to the winds on the summit
of the 'High Rocks', a bold peak
on the Stamping Creek Mountains
from which an extensive view is
had of the Little Level and beyond.

432 434

I have not yet learned if this request
(similar to that of Judge G. A. McClellan)
has been dutifully carried out. I hope
that it has. ~~It was also~~ written that the ashes, be scattered at
the ceremonies of ~~a~~ relatives who
visiting the High Rocks locality.

Because of his tragic end, perhaps,
~~and~~ no public notice given of the
funeral, ~~at the service~~, at the home
church (Presbyterian) in Hillsboro;
therefore failed to attend as a token
of respect for the departed. That
the body was represented by the
traditional funeral "urn" of ashes
a touch of the bizarre ^{to} the rites.

At the church service appeared
(uninvited) the widow from her home
in South Carolina, dressed in deepest
mourning, ~~the object~~, of interest to all
beholders.

The Niobe of Nations, there she
stands,
Childless and crownless in her
voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered
hands
Whose sacred dust, was scattered
long ago!

8 am. a deep snow at day-break
pages this morning. (A "Drops life.")

Wednesday 1/6/1960. 4 A.M. Mild - cloudy.
An argumentative session of the County
Board of Mental Hygiene, at the County
Court Session, April 5. The subject,
Charles A. Allen, colored, twenty years old,
colored "Boy" of the Billy Wilson Ethel,
his case first heard in October, when
Dr. Pitman and I declared him
"Mentally Ill". The late Richard
Currence arbitrarily "paralled" him
in care of his family; and brought
before the Board on a new complaint,
an over-grown (a comorbid, or giant)
6 1/4 feet - unemployable and idle -
a public menace, as any idle Negro
may become. Maurice Normal
President Brown Beard insisted his
"Parole" be continued, but objection
on my part prevailed. Through
time had been consumed on this
young nigger. Sentenced to "hard
labor" at the State Hospital at
Weston, indefinitely. A graphic
example of the workings of the
"Welfare State."

Part of the "evidence" leading to his
commitment (mentally ill) turning on the
radio or Tele Vision all hours day
and night, though begged to quit down -
the family on old age public
assistance, in part, was indulged
in radio-TV necessities.

A lecture to President Brown Beard,
(near eighty), on "Modern Trend" in
dealing with "mentally ill misfits"
of no avail - of the same opinion
still; result a divided Board, but
the majority favoring commitment
to state hospital.

By good fortune I have found in a
"Little Blue Book, H. M. Tichenor's
"The Theory of Reincarnation Explained."
In short the "evolution" of the soul (spirit)
it maybe in successive bodies. He
quotes extensively from Emerson,
Swedenborg, Schopenhauer, et al., in
support of his thesis.

Tichenor writes (and I believe) the
Modern Church might well adopt
a doctrine of spirit evolution!
thereby overcoming a stumbling
block as to our future estate -
how else explain the presence
among us in the flesh of superior
persons?

The German Philosopher Schopenhauer has
the distinction, almost alone, to write in
an understandable and pleasing way.
He once wrote 'the chief fault in the female
character its lack of a sense of justice.'

Wednesday 12/23/59 379

December 22, 10 AM - The winter solstice
(and shortest day). Sunrise 8 AM. Light snow
and colder. Sun-set, 4.30 PM. Observed from
Post Office steps. A "fox-dog" far to south of,
no setting sun - a faint luminary with prominent
rays, resembling the rainbow

The William Thurf Family, of Platy Fork
Elk River

The Pioneer William Thurf, and six sons -
occupied an immense estate - several thousand
acres, on the waters of Platy Fork, Laurel
Fork and Big Spring Branch of Elk, extending
as far as Sheep Point on Gauley Mountains.
During the War (1861) the three older
sons were killed in the irregular fighting.
Bernard Thurf falling at Duncan Lane
in the skirmish, under the purchase Captain
Walt Allen with Captain McKee's Company
1st Virginia Cavalry -

Confederate General George M. Lee related
to me that his Company, under command of
Lt. J. Woods Price, in foot march up two of
Creek through his low place at the
Ten Buck Mountains to West Union where
Captain Allen's Company was found in the
Pegar Camp, Duncan Lane. An exchange
of shots and Bernard Thurf killed. The
Gauley portisans retreated by way of Laurel
Creek and Red Lick Mountains, and the
Pegar Company returning the way they had
come. Soldier George Lee appeared to
think a great deal had been made to
put to flight a squad of horse-dealing
portisans under Captain Walt Allen - I could

The names of the two brothers of Bernard Harp killed in 1861, during the fighting in Randolph County, possibly at Ruby, Meriden on the Beverly Road, a defeat for the Confederate army under General Garnett, and the subsequent retreat of General Lee's army in Western Virginia.

An incident of the ~~first~~ Campaign was the death of Lt Colonel John Washington, of the R & Lee staff. While riding with an escort near Elk water the troop was fired upon from ambush and Colonel Washington killed by a rifle ball; quite evidently their assailants being Mountain men armed with rifles.

The dead officer, very Augustus Washington and nephew of the first President, created a sensation. ~~At the time~~ It was said the Harp-Mountain who fired the deadly shot was other than one of the Sharp Boys, of Blatty Fork of Elk. There may have been other casualties; be this as it may, the escort retreated leaving the Colonel's body. Traditionally, some trophies were taken, including an ornate dress sword, or rapier, with hilt and scabbard inlaid with gold. The ~~trophy~~ ^{weapons} was in the possession of Dr. James W. Price, and may yet be in possession of the Price family. No present possessor was known.

The younger surviving sons of the pioneer Westharp, Elias, Hudson and Bush, survived the war - and in this

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 city possessors of extensive timber and coal
 lands, Elk and Guley Mountains. The
 Murphy family closely allied with the
 Harkins family, descendants of the pioneer
 Joseph Harkins, whose history is fully
 recorded in Price's Biographical History
 of Harman Township, portion included a thousand
 acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Guley Mountains.
 Rich in timber and coal. Following the sale
 of Harman Township and family removed to Adams
 Co. Randolph County, where he and his son
 Albert Murphy resided until his death.

Lilas Murphy, whose extensive holdings
 were principally on the Laurel Fork and on
 Elk Mountains, has heretofore been written
 of as the hospitable, good man, whose
 good mothered me on occasional journeying
 to Randolph County, late 19th Century.
 An excellent man, devout, his memory
 is cherished.

Hugh Murphy, whose possessions lay
 in the most part on the Big Spring
 Branch, between Lilas and Harman places,
 and he included the ancestral home.
 High lived and died unmarried — a
 good humored bachelor, who in some
 respects, I have thought, resembled my
 bachelor uncle, Jesus Price, a contemporary.
 As with other pioneer families on the
 Elk water and the keeping of his was

city possessors of extensive timber and coal
lands, Elk and Guley Mountains. The
Thorp family closely allied with the
Hamm family, descendant of the pioneer
Joseph Hamm, whose history is fully
recorded in Price Property History.
Hamm Thorp, portion included a thousand
acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Guley Mountain.
Rich in timber and coal. Following the sale
Hamm Thorp and family removed to Adams
in Randolph County, where he and his son
Albert Thorp resided until his death.

Lilas Thorp, whose extensive holdings
were principally on the Sluty Fork and on
Elk Mountain, has heretofore been written
of as the hospitable, good man, whose
roof sheltered me on occasional journeying
to Randolph County, late 19th Century.
An excellent man, devout, his memory
is cherished.

Hugh Thorp, whose possessions lay
in part on the Big Spring
Branch, between Lilas and Hamm places,
and he included the ancestral home -
high lived and died unmarried - a
good humored bachelor, who in some
respects, I have thought, resembled my
father, Uncle, Jesus Price, a contemporary.
As with other pioneer families on the
Elk with the keeping of bees was
almost universal. With Uncle Hugh
Thorp, a bachelor but not a recluse,

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Bee Culture was more than a utility,
but resembled a passion - of endears
interest and enjoyment. True, his bee
"colonies" were housed in sections of hollow
trees ("gums") or exposed board hives,
before the day of "Super" - hives by ~~W. A.~~ McWarr,
representing the destruction of a bee colony
to obtain needed honey. Much Hugh
permitted the escape of many a swarm "to
the forest, rather than build up an needed
"gums." Also cut many a "bee tree"
rather than sacrifice his ~~family~~ domestic
colonies - his friends.

Mr. Hugh Hurs died many years ago,
and his spirit is roaming with the bees - and
among the bees.

The forests of the upper Elk and Teton
River valleys remarkable for natural
beauty and wealth, - a veritable
land flowing with milk and honey -
its early inhabitants, down to the present,
noted for a "high standard of living" -
including milk and honey, and other
provisions. The sharp corner ~~cut~~ lying
where three forks of Elk converged -
Slute Fork, Laurel Fork, and Big Spring
Branch, unusually strategic and
convenient of access, where everything
seemed to "come to the house down hill,"
as dreamed of by the pioneers.

December

(Thursday) 12/24/59 -

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"Christmas" Day - Remember { continued cold - more
Memories of yester-year { in North-east - same -
A bleak childhood which has no memories
of this season. - The winter solstice - anciently
a pagan festival to the sun - sustenance of life.
The time of giving gifts.

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine;
The death you have died I have watched beside
And the lives you have lived are mine."

In childhood and youth I have wondered -
envied - the bounteous tables set by by Elk
region housekeepers, where honey was
served every day. Aunt Mary McLaughlin's
meals also graced with honey, to which
I applied myself on occasion. Strangely,
none of the Pines kept bees, nor did ~~we~~ I
until Uncle Andrew McLaughlin stocked
me up, in 1892, as told heretofore.

A saying was, 'only an honest man
had luck with bees'. At the very least
a bee-keeper, needs be, enterprising and
industrious! - experienced - congenial
with bees, at mowing time!

Silas Sharp had a son, and daughters,
Mrs. Ellis Hummel and Mrs. George Gibsons.

Grief-memories has been made of the sudden
death of Mrs. Sam Wood while attending a
singing class conducted by Professor
Luther David Sharp, at Slavy Fork, June
1934. At eighty-eight years Mr. Sharp
still leads his choristers with spirit in
singing gospel songs and Psalms

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Active as Merchant and Rancher; Principal
 heir to his father's lands - Uncle Henry as well -
 Mr. Humphrey led an active life. Merrett the
 second time, he resides on the Big Spruce
 Branch, site of the Henry Sharp house. At
 one time ~~at~~ a frequent winter visitor, (and
 investor) to Florida; not too fortunate in
 investment in the South, but his losses, if
 any, endured without complaint.

In June, 1908, while "swarming" a flight
 of bees, and holding a tin pan, Mr. Humphrey
 heedlessly fell in a bramble bush and seriously
 wounded his right eye. I was consulted,
 and attempted surgery for an extensive laceration
 wound of the globe. Fearing complications,
 I journeyed with the patient to Baltimore,
 where he was treated at a general hospital -
 a measure of sight preserved, although
 a noticeable scar remains.

As Union partisans in the War (1861)
 with tragic losses, the Henry Fork Humphreys
 are Republicans. When Mrs. Franklin D.
 Roosevelt passed through Pocahontas
 County, May 1934, by auto, visiting her
 favorite ~~community~~ ^{community} experiment, Ashurdale, the
 Cavalcade stopped at the Humphrey filling
 station for gas. In a friendly manner she
 talked to Luther, inquiring what he thought
 of business prospects; his reply, in effect,
 (not recognizing his distinguished customer)
 was that in her opinion, things would be
 "no better while that Man Roosevelt was
 in the White House."
 The President's wife did not identify
 herself, and only after learning that Mr. Humphrey

know what ^{\$85} he had talked to -
I had a fleeting view of Mrs. Roosevelt
Roosevelt as she passed through, and whom I
instantly recognized from pictures, in this
manner.

I had paused ~~in my car~~ by the road
at a lookout point on Drimond Ridge,
to observe the flowering wood, and was
standing by my car. Three "open" or
convertible cars approached, one in the
middle driven by a woman, from the
direction of West Marlbury. Only when
directly opposite did I know who was
coming, too late to come to "attention",
which I would have done had I known.
(Mrs. Roosevelt's itinerary had not been
announced) she had travelled by the
way of Hot Springs, Virginia. A few
days later I heard of the conversations
with Mr. Luther Murphy at his place in Haines.

Mrs. Roosevelt was then at the height
of her fame, during President Roosevelt's
first term. For many years after
she drove her own car, usually
an open "convertible," by choice. A
very "Democratic" First Lady indeed!

Luther D. Murphy married the spirited and
beautiful Laura Morgan (first wife) the
only daughter of the Rev. Morgan-
Morgan, at that time Methodist
Circuit Rider and Minister at Elm Church.
Mrs. Murphy's family of three young sons

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And two daughters among my first patients in the State of New York, 1905-1906 and after. As the happy mother of a family, Mrs. Laura Morgan, sharp, impressed me by her robust energy, cheerfulness, capable management of the family and endurance under strain of serious illness. Paralytic in the family was treated; also a more serious epidemic of Diphtheria, two or more cases, treated by the new and cumbersome, even painful, "antitoxin" of the period - all this at a distance of fifteen miles, by horse, from my office, while the advent of Ford's Model T about year 1912.

During my tour in the Army, 1917-1919, and after I saw the Sharp family infrequently, they having the children having become grown. Yet almost by chance I was present at Mrs. Laura Sharp's death, about 1930 in early Spring - from a heart affection. Not previously seen by me for several years. I was impressed by her worn, silent demeanor although fully conscious; resigned, she seemed quite willing, even in haste to depart and died without a word or a cry - surrounded by members of her family and her husband at her death-bed, and equally composed.

The youngest daughter, Goldie Sharp, a beautiful, spirited girl of about sixteen years, a student in Marlinton, had died at

her home, about ³⁸ years before her
mother's death (1920) of diphtheria. They have been
septic ever since. The time was ~~was~~
early spring, the road impassable for any
wheeled vehicle. The patient had been
seen by a Marlinton physician before her
return to her home when she became ill.
~~This was~~ This was known to me, and
may have been a season I did not make
my strenuous effort to reach the Sharp
home, when this almost frantic appeal
was made for medical help. Previously
I had done equally strenuous trips, and
now regret I did not make the effort.
I believe another physician by some means
reached the patient, but his efforts of no avail,
and in her agonies and beauty, Goldie died -
youngest of the family, and first to die -
Sara Ann Dies.

The Rev. Morgan - Morgan
Father of the Mrs Laura Morgan-Sharp. This
striking Methodist Pioneer Methodist
Circuit Rider, well known in Preston
and Greenbrier Counties, late 19th Century.
Tall, clean shaven, earnest, Mr. Morgan
appeared to be of the Ashery-Centerlight
School of Methodism. At times
he preached in the Marlinton Community
Church, and my mother, Presbyterian
seemed to approve his doctrines and
pulpit delivery, present ~~when~~ ^{when} possible,

her home, about ³⁸ years before her
mother's death (1920) of about, they have been
septic sore throat. The time was ~~was~~
early spring, the road impassable for any
wheeled vehicle. The patient had been
seen by a Marlinton physician before her
return to her home when she became ill.
~~This was~~ This was known to me, and
may have been a reason I did not make
my strenuous effort to reach the Sharp
home, when this almost frantic appeal
was made for medical help. Previously
I had done equally strenuous trips, and
now regret I did not make the effort.
I believe another physician by some means
reached the patient, but his efforts of no avail,
and, in her youth and beauty, Goldie died -
youngest of the family, and first to die -
Sage Ben Dies -

The Rev. Morgan - Morgan
Father of ~~the~~ Mrs Laura Morgan-Sharp. This
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Circuit Rider, well known in Pocahontas
and Greenbrier Counties, late 19th Century.
Tall, clean shaven, earnest, Mr. Morgan
appeared to be of the Ashury-Centwright
School of Methodism. At times
he preached in the Marlinton Community
Church, and my mother, Presbyterian
seemed to approve his doctrines and
pulpit delivery, present ~~when~~ ^{when} possible,

My preacher, invited to our house,
a distinction worthy of mention. ~~He~~ There
was much that was militant about the
Circuit Rider; he may well have been
a Veteran of the Civil War.

Ma once repeated to me the story he
had related to her of an accident that
befell him as an aged man. He was then
living on Hills Creek; and in his journey
his horse fell on ice, injuring both
horse and rider. The weather was
~~zero~~ zero. Though unable to walk,
Mr. Morgan literally crawled for
a half mile, in snow, until his Henderson
shout could be heard by neighbor
Tom Brupper, who came to his assistance.
My mother seemed to admire his
courage and resolution in his fortune.

There may have been other children
in the Morgan family; Laura only remembered.

8 am - Mums Day - Pages 383-388
The paper dealing with "Electricity".

The three sons of Laura and Luthy Hays
- Paul, Silas and Ivan - successful men
of business, far removed from the old
home on Hays Fork. The elder
daughter, married and living in Richmond
Virginia, has recently died.

Luthy D. Hays, age 88, fully competent
and a leader of music - a valued friend.
Married the second time, living in harmony
for, so, these many years. (Childless).
Vaya Con Dios.

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December 25, 1959 (Friday) The entry of yester-
day - described "Christmas" under the impression
that Christmas always fell on a Thursday -
The illusion held until arriving at my office,
12:30 am, & observed more than the usual stir
of people and autos - business as usual - a
relative informed me (Jane Sharp) that it was
December 25, 1959. - Christmas Day.

As to the sisters of Mr. Luther D. Sharp, Mrs. Ellis
Hammill (Malinda) and Mrs. George Gibsons
(Mollie), remembered as friends and clients
over many years, remarkable for beauty,
good sense and cheerfulness, whether in
prosperity or adversity, good or evil Report.
Under their In their homes I have enjoyed their
hospitality on many times, when journeying
'Down Elk'. Their spirit still lives, in a
degree, in their daughters, notably Mrs. Charles
Beale whose mother was Malinda Sharp-
Hammill; and Mrs. Forest Gibsons, daughter of
Mollie Sharp-Gibsons; who yet live
unimpaired for grace, beauty and a better spirit.
Their Ancestress, Mrs. Elias Sharp appears to
have died in middle age, whose name and
family I do not know at this moment, and
not remembered by me. She must have
been a notable woman to have reared
such daughters and grand-daughters to the
third and fourth generations. ~~Hammill~~
It was at my house Mr. Ellis ~~Sharp~~ died,
several days after an accident ~~and~~ over-
turned wagon, as told previously in these
annals. Mrs. Malinda Hammill was present
during this trying tragic scene, and I had

[illegible]

Could observe her steadiness and strength of character under adversity. Her death occurred when about eighty at her home on the old Field Fork of Elk. About two years before she had suffered a hip fracture, and later moved in a wheel chair. Competent and cheerful to the last; she rests in hope - "in the air".

Mrs Mollie Thurf-Gibson also departed at about eighty years at her home on Elk - half way from Murlinton to the County Line. It was at her gate I paused in the Murlinton Run of September 24, 1898, when Mr. George Gibson brought me a life-saving drink of water (in a two-gallon bucket) in which I plunged my face, and swallowed a mouth-full. George Gibson has recently died (1940) aged eighty-six years. More than six feet in height, 200 pounds or more, a fast player of soccer football in a "forward" position when scarcely fifty years old past forty years. Always noted for his merry jest and ring neck laughter, continued to the last, though preceded by a few years of declining health. His death occurred in his home. On the day he died, being asked how he felt, he replied, "lie still, that he 'felt with his fingers'". Both George and Mollie Gibson were firm supporters of the "Mary Gibson Chapel" on Elk, named for Mrs. William Gibson - their mother; and both rest in hope - Vaya Con Dios -

Both George and James Gibson (King of Elk) enjoyed annual hunts for the deer and bear, ~~not far~~ ⁱⁿ their camps, in Gauley Mountain. In this connection, I mention ~~that~~ ^{the} made of James Gibson, ~~the~~ ^{his} brother of George, sons of "Willie Bill" Gibson, and dominant members of the Gibson family in his generation. Mr. James Gibson also remembered as a tall athlete and player of soccer in middle life. An extensive owner of lands, on which a large family of sons and daughters were settled. In the days of his prosperity a very large frame house was built, which still stands on old Fred Fork of Elk, route 219. This is, undoubtedly, the largest dwelling ever built in the County, and occupied by the family of his son Forrest Gibson.

In James Gibson's dining room the longest table I have ever seen in a house, twenty feet, or more, in length. No stranger was ever turned from his door, or denied hospitality. I have reasons to be grateful for Mr. Gibson's support in my early years in business and the profession.

His death occurred ^{at his home} a few years back aged Eighty-Three years. He was a honest man - the noblest work of God. He had a pious mother, and a statue above the "Memorial" on Elk. was built as her memorial. (40 with God).

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Mrs Mary Hannah Gibson, of the Joseph
Hannah line, reared her large family
and capably administered her large
Baronial Household; she went her
quiet way, not outwardly moved by
triumph or disaster. Though a
frequent professional visitor in her house,
I do not remember ever hearing her
complain of pain or illness. True, my
service as physician in the family
principally for her children and numerous
grand-children.

Quite late in life she underwent operations
(by Dr. R.J. Haurick, I being present at the
operation) for a ruptured gall-bladder,
that might well have been followed ~~by~~ ^{fatally}
~~by death~~. Mrs. Gibson recovered and
lived several years thereafter. Her
daughter Mrs Mary Gibson-Miller now
living on her portion of ancestral
lands, most resembled her mother in
early beauty and strength of character.
Her husband Lieutenant Bill Miller
died recently. He was an ~~veteran~~
over-seas veteran of war of 1917.

In the decade of 1920- speculation in
live stock and land ~~resulted~~, complicated by
a disastrous suit at law, Mr. Ed James
Gibson lost control, temporarily, of ~~the~~ ^{part} of
his whole landed estate of many thousands
acres; yet continued to live on his own

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house and on his own land until his death. This was due, in part, to the Magnanimity of Dr. James Ward Price, who took over a blanket mortgage on all of Mr. Gibsons lands - in amount, \$12,000. This occurred in 1933, due to "frozen" Bank assets, the mortgage originally held by Bank of Marlinton.

Several years before James Gibson purchased the Theurer Lakes, about one thousand acres, on Laurel Creek, foothills of Red Lick Mountain. In this connection he entered into an easy-going partnership with his nephew Pat Gay (now living in Marlinton) to buy and sell livestock, necessitating temporary borrowing at Bank. Mr. Gay also purchased, for the most part credit, the Levi Gay property, near Marlinton. Bad markets, debt, land mortgages and taxes incurred for the most part by Nephew Pat Gay, had the usual result, and the Gay-Gibson "partnership" soon in trouble at the Bank. An instance of Mr. Gibsons heavy effort to pay ~~back~~, a hopeless debacle, his son Clark Gibson having, died on whose life was five thousand insurance, his father temporary. The whole of this went to stem the tide, only to be lost. A notable suit was begun, that finally reached the Supreme Court, with attendant delay and expense.

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Gibson vs. Gay - My brother Andrew
once being attorney for Pat Gay, and also
representing Bank of Maryland interests.
The plaintiff attorneys alleging that Mr. Gay
had grossly exceeded his authority, ~~the~~
incurred debts. The whole case system
of "partnership law" seemed broadened.
At Brother Andrew's death I found
among his legal papers a copy of a "true"
deposition, the latter relating to a appeal in
the case. I was especially interested
to read the deposition of James Gibson,
given forth-rightly, in humble and truthful
manner, but revealing that he had put
too much trust in Nephew "Patty's" diligence
and ability.

It is only truth to tell that in this whole
trying time, Mr. Gibson, now far advanced
in life, received little or no help from
several sons, with two exceptions.
Some of the boys, including the twins
Leimners and Winters, addicted to
drink, and drugs, some times in trouble
with the law, being in jail. Of all
my sons, seven in number, only two
survive.

Forest Gibson, however, and his good
wife, a daughter of George Gibson, have
redeemed a portion of lands and now
live in the ancestral mansion. Also
daughter Mrs. Mary Miller, as previously
noted.

John is gay. My brother Andrew
once being attorney for Pat Gay, and also
representing State of Maryland, interests.
The recently attorney alleges that Mr. Gay
had possibly received his authority from
measuring debt. The whole case system
of "mutualism" has "occurred" to make
of British America's death & tomb.
Among the League Reformers a copy of a "free"
definition, which relating to a "free"
The case - I was especially interested
to read the definition of "free" & "free"
given forth - as they, in history and practice
matter, but evidence that he had first
be much, but on Reform "Party's" influence
and ability. It is only truth to tell that in this whole
fighting time, Mr. Gay, now far advanced
in life, received little or no help from
several sons, with his experience.
Some of the boys, including the young
feminists and others, are related to
dark, and dark, some time in family
with the last, being in fact. Of all
the sons, seen in history, only two
survive. John, however, and his great
brother, John, have
large, a daughter of George, John, have
received a portion of their and also
live in the ancestral mansion. Also
Andrew, Mr. Gay's mother, as previously
noted

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Sunday - 12/27/59 - a windy fog - mild -
4:30 am - 25th century prices. Enjoyed
had dinner - 25th century prices. Enjoyed
Conversations particularly with Loane McNeil, age 55,
son of Dr. Wm. McNeil. For many years
employed by the "State" at Charleston, in various
"Public Relations" activities - Loane supervised
the historical "Markers" on State Highways,
and attendant research - I showed at Hampton
Lydney College. At the present time an aid
to Governor Underwood in Public Relations.
Resides in Charleston. His wife Florence Price.
Mother of two sons, William P. and John McNeil.

The Meurer Lands
Mention has been made of the purchase of the
"Meurer" Lands and Levi Gay place by
his "partners" James Gibson and Pat Gay.
undoubtedly large ~~land~~ borrowings, with the
resultant involvement in the Bank Debauch-
"Holiday" of 1929.

The history of this tract of land, and
its successive owners, is interesting; illustra-
tive of land possession on the lines and
fortunes of families.

Following the War (1861) they came from
the vicinity of Lynchburg, in ^{Amelia} County, Va.
William Henry Meurer with his ~~family~~ ^{young} family of ~~four~~ two sons and four
daughters, together with some negro family
retainers or "hands". Mr. Meurer was
a widower and remained single the
remainder of his life. His "war" history
is not known - Probably a Veteran.
An aged man, he lived retired on his own
thousand acres of land, high on Red Lick Mt.

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The young Shumer ladies, quite evidently
had "advantages" - well educated, very
lady-like and devout - Methodists. All
spoke in marked ~~Eastern~~ ^{Western} Virginia
accent, or drawl, in contrast to the clipped
speech of Mountaineers.

Before removing from ^{Eastern} Virginia,
Mr. Shumer had engaged in clearing, or hacking,
many acres on Little Laurel Creek, and
building, settling on his land about 1880.
and continued to "hack" dense forests of
hemlock and hard woods; the potential
value of this timber, even for local
building, does not appear to have entered
the mind of the Shumer pioneers. Result
much grass land, little timber when early
in 20th Century the latter became valuable.

A vivid recollection of the Shumers, September
1885, just arrived in Pocahontas County,
the hilarious marriage of young W. H. Shumer,
junior to Miss Lallie McClure, aged sixteen,
daughters of James and Elizabeth McClure, head
of Rocky Creek; assembly of the clans
with feasting and "Chari Vari"; continued
for as Marlinus Patton - where we had
just arrived and begun "Pioneering", we
knew also from Eastern Virginia.

Unfortunately, I have not the names
of these cultivated, devout Shumer sisters,
only one of whom ever married -
another story. Each was by nature
emotional, of the "Mountain Methodist"
type, but restrained by true piety.

There ~~has~~ must be a "downy" member of
 the family, named ~~Margaret~~ ^{Margaret} I think, whom
 I recall as the author of a clever Allegory
 printed in the Times entitled "NOT NIKRAM"
 (MARTINOT) which may be found in the files
 of that spunky paper. Printed about 1894
 (The article has a place in my "Odey-book".)

The lives of the Murer Fishers, or their
 elevated ranch were full of deprivations
 and renunciations, but they had mental
 resources and strong family affections.

Later, the Sisters ~~then~~ conducted a
 school for young ladies in Willbore,
 and were so identified when I was a
 student at Prof. Proctor's academy
 in the session of 1891. All are long
 dead - their spirits "in the air".

Our sister married, about the year 1885,
 her husband a "Renegade Jew" named
 "H. Nathan" whose fortune it waste drift
 into the mountains and become a tiller
 of no soil, also to be a "gentile".

The late J. Luther McNeill related to me
 that in his youth he was sent, horse-back,
 to summon Mrs. Elizabeth McClure from
 her home on Stony Creek to attend as
 midwife Mrs. Nathan in child-birth;
 Mrs. Liz McClure being one of that noble
 band of pioneer women Physicians
 (obstetric) nurses and midwives that
 I have referred to with appreciation.
 Traveling in haste, Mrs. McClure and

Young Luther McNeill splashing through deep mud in dense Hemlock forests at night, reached the Mease house with its beacon light, the ~~family~~ ^{father} in a high state of excitement, and the patient at the climax of a journey birth to the first born. Mrs Margaret appearing in the lighted doorway with a fervent "Bless the Lord" - Bless his ~~holy~~ name; Hallelujah" - as quoted by Luther.

On a more serious note, I will relate that at a later date the Jewth. Nathans was accused of "rustling" a black steer from his "~~Clifton~~" place head of Jerry Creek, ~~and~~ Jimmy and cutting up the same. A search warrant turned up a black beef-~~steer~~ hide, positively identified by Mr. Hay as that of the Jimmy Steer. At a resulting indictment ^{three} cattle theft - a high crime and a ~~misdeemeanor~~, Nathans was cleared - with reservations! This family scandal - in part - resulting in removal from the family lands, after the death of the Patriarch H. H. Meares, Jr. A study in psychology, the history of the Meares land, on Laurel Creek, and the McClure land on Stony Creek is given. ~~interesting~~ Tenaciously held on to, and encumbered with mortgages, by W. H. Thure, Jr, husband of Lallie McClure, for many years. Later these lands immensely ~~valued~~

(Belongs to Mr. Laver Gary)
* (Griffin) Place

Valuable, being well in timber. After
brief ownership by the Gibsons - Gay "Partnership"
and Supreme Court litigation these tracts
together about eighteen hundred acres,
held by Bank & Marlborough for many years
for debt - unprofitable. Henry bought
in 1842. Dr. Kenneth L. Henry bought

for Dehl = unprofitable. Hamrick bought
in 1940, Dr. Kenneth J. Hamrick bought
the Laurel Creek tract, proceeding actively
to fence, stock and improve the land
with lime. As a "Gentleman Rancher,"
and actively engaged in the Counties
leading Surgeon, it did not prove
a profitable investment for Dr. Hamrick,
and eventually sold, at a loss -
to Dr. H. Theurer, D.

* The heroic efforts of "H. Theurer, Jr." over many years to administer the lands ended in failure, and he died ~~peacefully~~ bankrupt, but uncompromising, about 1918, to his very last year endeavoring to buy and sell live stock.

The home of Henry and Lillie Meares was
on the Indian Draft, where their family of
four sons and two daughters were reared.
Mrs Meares has recently died, a cordial
friend to ~~the~~ ^{their} ~~the~~ ^{their} life (Vaya Con Dios.)

At this instant Minister Perry Hunter
a substantial citizen (the same who
"torn down" thirteen months (in 1918)
and never fired a gun) lives on the
very peak of Elk Mountain, a section
of the Red Fox tract.

+ It was my sad duty, as a coroner's physician
to find Henry's body

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His brother, Henry Meares, third, also
an over-seas soldier, but not a "Tourist",
who later found Civilian life too com-
plex to be borne, killed himself with
a rifle head shot, about 1934. This
occurred near where 219 crosses Elk
Mountain through the "low place" elevation
3550 feet. Henry had ~~evidently~~ con-
templated death by hanging, a rope
found suspended over a limb, but
decided shooting was best for a soldier,
and blew out his brains.

* "When wounded and left on a tighams
Plains,
and the women come out to cut up
what remains,
Then call to your rifle and blow
out your brains."

And go to your death like a soldier's

Thus it is seen that generations of the
Meares family have lived, and died.
On Little Laurel and Red Lick lands.
All were honorable men and women, if at
times unfortunate in land holdings.
At the present ~~over~~ the Laurel Creek
tract part of the extensive holdings of
Mr. George Edgar and son, Captain Thomas
A. Edgar, who lost both legs by shell
fire on Normandy Beach June 6, 1944.

Wednesday - 12/30/59 401
4 AM -

The weather @ ad -
a light frost. 1959
As measured by the Gregorian Calendar, drawing
to its close; a year measured in affairs
of mankind a new "high" achievements
scientific, and a "Low" government
and economics. As to the low estate
the Public Service has become locally, a
"disabled" Coal Miner, Prefector of a disreputable
boot-legging drink tavern, Gilbert Jack,
the put announced Candidate for County
Treasurer, or Sheriff - in the election 1960.
The approaches to Bridge and street
fence ~~put in~~ built preparatory for use,
though unfinished, the wooden Bridge
removed as a menace in winter ice
and ~~floods~~ high water.

A March Ride (1913) in Elk.

1913 As member and Chairman of the County Court.
Thirty years past, I was attempting to give
personal attention, to far as possible to
all details of County government ~~for that~~
lay in the field of the Board. Long
before ~~the~~ State House for the aged,
a Board of Mental Hygiene, or even a
County Health Officer, usually a physician.
Commitment to "Weston" was a rare occurrence,
totally denied to the merely aged and senile aged.
The County almshouse, or "Poor farm," the
sole house of refuge reserved for the
most extreme cases of destitution, at that
time rare.

In March, 1913, James Gibbons called my attention to such a one. An aged recluse Mrs. Josephine Griffin existed for some time on the charity of neighbors, and ~~suppose~~ mentally ill. As District member and executive of the County Board it was my duty to investigate (without pay other than the \$2. two dollars per day when in session ~~at the Court's~~ ^{in the} Chambers at the Court House.)

Such cases today are heard before the "County Board of Mental Hygiene" by the ~~County~~ Sheriff and deputies, with two physicians and two lawyers in attendance (paid) all constitutional rights of the "Defendant" scrupulously observed.

A "mud throw" had rendered the road impassable in places for my Model T Ford, so mounted on a ^{western} buck-skin pony from the West, commended for at Wilbur Clark's Livery Stable I set out, the March day ideal.

Accustomed to taller horses, I had doubt of the ability of the Buckskin to plow the ~~mud~~ level sections, the hilly parts comparatively dry, but was assured by Wilbur the pony was "tough."

As a matter of fact was able to "lope" tirelessly considerable distance on the more level portions, especially in the

Folds bordering the road, gates being left open for the convenience of an occasional horseman or team in winter and spring. My mount proved a genuine, plucky Buckskin, soan in color, tireless and easy on the lope. It is sufficient to say, that I made the thirty mile ride, going and returning, without pausing for provender, horse or rider.

I found Mrs. Griffin alone in her small house near the mouth of the Big Spring Branch, and not far from the present site of the large public school building at Fleetly Fork. Aged and gaunt in appearance, she did not utter a word during the interview; emaciated, almost starving, but not helpless. At times she appeared to grope in the ashes of a fireless hearth for fragments of food; indeed I observed crumbs of corn-bread and ~~bones~~ meat bones ⁱⁿ the hearth. Otherwise no food visible in the house.

~~Some time~~ Previously she her son and family had abandoned her, ~~or~~ or had been driven from the home, by the recluse, who also had refused to leave, though offered refuge by neighbor Luther Mark.

At the time her son and family were
living on the Greenbrier at Harpers, a mill town.
Aged and mentally ill, Josephine
Griffin exhibited a residue of strength
and instinctive ability of a wild
animal to survive, long as shelter
and food were to be had.

Considering her situation urgent,
I assured the kind Mrs. Fuller that
she would be given shelter in the
County House of Refuge - the "Poor Farm"
in the Little Level, at the time being
conducted in a more than ordinary
cleanly manner by my friend David
Gladwell.

I may here state that the excellent
Dave Gladwell, originally from
the Dry River section of Rockingham
County, near my birth-place, met his
death some years later by accidental
gun-shot around while hunting
rabbits on the farm, and crossing
a fence. He was one of those
lastners, including Sergeant John
Payne, 62nd Va. Infantry (Wattsburg
Veteran), who came to our County
following the war (1861). Sergeant
Payne was born in 1843. He was present
with our squad at the Fishkill reunion
July 1913, where I formed a friendship
lasting until his death. Payne was Div.

His home was west of Hillsboro in the Caesar Mountain Section, a soldier of slight build and height remarkably youthful in appearance at past seventy years, able to do a day's work on the farm until a few years before his death, past eighty, and his wife dead, he returned to his birth-place and resided with a son.

Talking to Sergeant Payne early in 1917, the subject was in Europe which had become somewhat stale from this distance, and my possible "calling up" as a Reservist, in case America declared war, he did not appear at all enthusiastic about the war, remarking: "Once burnt, twice shy." I think this attitude was quite general, in 1917, among numerous ~~survivors of the Civil War~~ ^{living} survivors of the Civil War. ~~Soon after my return to Marlinton from my inspection visit~~ March, 1913, at my request Sheriff Lingen Cechum (Republican) drove to Flatty Fork and persuaded Mrs. Josephine Griffin to accompany him to the "House of Refuge" in My Leavelle, where she resided until her death a year or so after -

I never saw this ⁴⁰⁶ old Spartan woman
thence, but was assured by Mr. Gladwell
she "gave little trouble," did not
become bed-fast until near the end;
rarely attempting to speak, making
no complaint, ~~exactly~~ entering into
death without a cry.

I have written in detail of the Buckskin
horse, and one of my last long rides in
the practice, year 1913. Mr. Clark
continued in his livery business, but with
less success, until about 1920, and I
occasionally hired a horse when the roads
were impassable for Ford cars, I having
used nine "Model T" in succession
1912 - 1926 inclusive.

For several years the "Buckskins"
even appeared to be a favorite mount
for amateurs and riders at the County
Fair grounds; then faded from memory,
sold or traded, with the decline
of horsemanship locally.

In 1920 the Army Remount experiment
with Arabian horses, with the view of
improving ~~Native~~ ^{purebred} stock by infusion of
blood of this beautiful horse - with Nubian
"Chicasso", "Palomar" and other breeds.
Three "Arabians" were placed with
Mr. Clark for a time, but the use of
autos was so advanced together with

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building of hard roads, the breeding of horses among the things that were before.

I believe the Army Remount Station at Front Royal, Virginia, had some success in cross breeding with Arabian horses. Mention has been made of the beautiful Gaited Dark bay Mare, of medium size, ridden by me while in Active Reserve training at Fort Belvoir in August, 1925—

~~In~~ The year 1928 saw the introduction of the Ford Model A, — the most practical, enduring and economical car ever built in America. In many respects it is regrettable that the "evolutions" of the motor car did not pause with the "Model A" for a time. It is said that Mr. Henry Ford was satisfied with the performance of this car, and objected to the more radical changes of later models of the Ford ~~car~~. Attaining the robustness of the present day, which like the reptiles of the Pleistocene, appear to be declining because of over-weight, deadliness, — and expense! The last tax cent may well break the motor cars back!

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Mr. Marion Burr, who died in 1958,
aged highly, kept a Model A Ford
1931 in use until his death, and
it still being driven by Mrs. Bessie Burr

Literary Note → 209

About the year 1950, daughter Jean wrote
a ~~Myth~~ Book size "Mystery" entitled
"Dead as a Door Nail". While at home
on vacation from Port Arthur, Texas, where
she resided at the time; the month of
August was industriously spent in this
essay, patterned on a reading type
which interested her. Moreover, it
appeared possible to capture a market
flooded with hack literature rampant
in published books and magazines, "flicks"

Masters in the art, of whom Conan-
Doyle and Edgar Allan Poe stand alone,
even Ben Ames Williams - stand alone -
appear rarely in a century.

Hacks, ~~born~~ bred and born in the literary
tables of some publishers, turn out such
providence, endlessly; eagerly devoured
by the non-cognoscenti among their
readers; served up with illustrations
done in modern art, degenerate art.

It is apparent, also, that some well
known names are being lent to work
done by ghost writers and hacks.

If this were not so, then recent series
 published under the name of Clarence Buddington
 Kelland are far below the standard in
 imagination and style set by earlier
 work, notably "Foot-locks" and
 "Arizona". Such counterfitting appears
 to be confined to the New York "Clicks".
 Mrs. Jean Stockwell authored a
 sprightly story, frankly written "For the
 Market," but found no publisher in
 a "Rigged" Literary Market.
 Run of mine "Who does it" ~~How~~
 (and "Memoirs") should be postponed
 to the Ninth decade in life of the
 author - and not for immediate
 publication. If fortunate, by that
 time he can "Paint his picture for the
 God of Things as they are".

The typed "proofs" of Mrs. Stockwell's
 Book is among my prized ~~writings~~ ^{manuscripts}
 "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth
 upward; or the spirit of a beast that
 goeth downward to the earth?"
 — Wisdom

Friday 1/11/1960 410 Light Frost; snow
4 A.M. of yesterday nearly gone.

Retired at 7 p.m. Promptly
at midnight books were exploded by restless
insects about Marlinton, as a salute to 1960
this continued at intervals for two hours.
Having slept well, I arose at 3.30 and
started my usual fire in bathroom "Library".

This is our lot if we live so long
And labor until the end.

That we shall outlive the impatient
youth, and the much too patient friend;
And because we know we have breath
in our mouths.

And that we have thoughts in our head,
we shall assume that we are alive,
Whereas we are really dead.
— The Old Mees.

The Sheldon Hannan Family
(of Elk River).

Ed Howe, of Kansas, once wrote a most
story intitled "The Good Husband", going
on to describe the life of the only
good husband ever known in his part
of the State of Kansas Neighborhood.

As Ed parted with his own wife
Whom both were old, he should know in
a negative fashion what a "good
husband" is, or was, in his vicinity.
Several years past an elderly man

Called on me at my office, instantly
 recognized although we had not met
 for forty years. Frank Hamann of
 a large Elk River family; well
 appointed, even youthful, with a touch
 of ~~the~~ "man of the world", as ~~he~~ might
 well be, having in youth attached
 himself to a travelling circus, or
 carnival, afterwards marrying the
 widow of the principal owner, thereafter
 accepted as an assistant manager.
 Frank had returned from ~~the~~ sad
 errand, ~~to~~ burying his wife at her old
 home somewhere in Pennsylvania;
~~that~~ and calling on relatives and friends
 in Locusts County.

Though undemonstrative, I sensed
 that Frank Hamann was deeply grieved
 at the death of his past middle-aged
 wife. He quietly recounted some
 incident of their somewhat nomadic
 life during many seasons in the
 carnival business, and their home
 life in Pennsylvania. It appeared
 Mrs. Hamann's death was sudden,
 and occurred "on tour" in the Valley
 of Virginia.

I was pleased that Frank Hamann
 thought to renew acquaintance, being friends
 in youth; interested in ~~the~~ ^{his} adventurous
 life through which he had passed
 unscathed, and hoped to meet again.

However, Frank's death was reported
 not long thereafter, his body buried ~~at~~
~~his home~~ beside that of his wife, and
 their spirits in the air - (Vaya Con Dios.)
 I am positive that Frank Hamann was a
 "good husband." He was one of a

~~the large family of~~
 The Patriarch Meldey Hamann was of
 the Joseph Hamann line, well credited
 of in Price County history, in the third
 generation; Mrs Hamann a daughter
 of Samuel Moore of Marlin, Marquette
 near Marlin. Their whole industrious
 lives, rearing a large family, spent as
 at the ancestral home old Fred
 Fork of Elk. When quite old,
 Mr Moore was thrown from a
 run-away wagon, suffering a severe
 scalp wound, but recovering, also
 treated Meldey Hamann for an
 infected wound that entirely penetrated
 his foot, having "jumped bare-foot"
 from the house porch and stepped on
 a "Rusty" piece of wire. His patient,
 uncomplaining while being treated for
 a dangerous infection is remembered
 past eighty years. Lived some years
 following the ~~wound~~ ^{injury}. While being
 treated for his foot wound, Mr. Hamann
 stopped with his daughter Mrs. John
 Pumphrey, thus living in West Marlin.

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The eldest son, Mulder and Martha
more Hannah, ~~David's~~ Hannah has recently
died (1958) just eighty years, carefully
attended by his daughter Mrs. Fitzwater, at
his ancestral home. ~~David's~~ wife, a Miss
Johnson, died many years ago, leaving
three daughters, their infant, his life
thereafter devoted to their care and rearing.
~~Chloe~~ Chloe married Mr. ^{Eden} Gibson, fifteen-year
veteran U.S. Army, at present Coal Miner,
and Mary married Jacob Van Meter, of a
prominent Berkeley County family, recently
died in an auto accident, and was
occupation Coal Miner. Mr. Fitzwater
a retired Railroad worker.

All three sisters have passed through
hardships peculiar to being left orphans
at an early age, and bringing up
families under many difficulties
through which each has come with
colors flying from Blood will tell!

Mrs. Chloer for a time was had a
mental illness treated at State Hospital,
but for several years recovered, and
with her family of grown children.
Mrs. Fitzwater lives at the home place
on Elk. It is thus seen several
generations of the Joseph Hannah line
have spent their lives in the beautiful
and rich Elk River Valley at its
source and many branches or "forks".
All have been ~~for~~ my friends and patients -
for many years past. (Vaya con Dios)!

Sunday 1/3/60 4:14
4 am. A storm in the North-East;
Record high tides on New England Coast.
Locally, Rain-snow-Fog! Slept well
before an open window, rising 4 am.

Charles J. Finger

A middle west Journalist, Historian and
Biographer, the past generations, not too
well known in literature, but successful.
His excellent short Biographies of Napoleon,
Napoleon, Theodore Roosevelt, and Pepys
Diary (Edited with notes) also "The
Anatomy of Melancholy"; the latter
favorite reading of Thomas a Edison in
youth and age. Mr. Edison also
wrote his own Auto-Biography, not
notable for style, but revealing.

Many thousand copies of Finger's
essays printed as "Little Blue Books"
at five cents the copy by the Late
Haldeman-Julius, Girard, Kansas;
thereby performing a valuable public
service, early twentieth century.
I have several hundred copies "Little
Blue Books" in my field of Biography,
History, Literature, Essays, Translations.

A renegade Jew (agnostic-infidel)
with business ability, H-Julius built
up a publishing business which he
valued at one Million Dollars. For a

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Longtime published weekly a newspaper
broadsheet entitled "Appeal to Reason"
on a materialistic note, denying any
"First Cause". This feature of his publishing
~~business~~, though sent gratuitously to me
for some years, I considered "in error"
and of no interest, an ~~at~~ Ancient Race
"Theory of the Race of Ancient Race
of Aryan People", his mind darkened,
Faldeman-Julius was found dead in
his bath, a suicide. ~~Though a~~
leading "Materialist", it seems that
he was unable to live out his days
on a planet whose earth, sea and air
is filled with the glory of the Most High.

Mr. Finger worked as a journalist
in several ~~mid~~ Mid-Western States, and
Cleveland, ~~Ohio~~. In late middle age
made the interesting experiment sub-
sisting a large family in Rural
Arkansas, on an Ozark Mountains
farm, meanwhile continuing his
Literary output - a regular "Dogs
Life," which he described minutely,
giving totals of animal ~~food~~, ~~consumed~~ ^{and} ~~consumed~~ ^{vegetable}
foods consumed by a family of eight,
and other provender, much of it of
his own husbandry.
Finger, in my opinion, showed
great good sense in contributing to
a term of education in the rough for

PS - I read the manuscript hurriedly -
you may make minor corrections if
needed - particularly in punctuation -
fewer "commas" and "semi-colons" could
do no harm. A "dash" throws
in here and there might help!
NRP

Nan K. Roderick (naughtiness) Frederick
Maryland, sent me a card. Says she
is a great-grandmother - her son
born (1912) in August.

I have just written her a three-page
letter - she will be surprised!

NRP

PS - Perhaps Janet Cecil find time
to help with the typing during her
vacation. Some practice won't
hurt. I typed for 45 years - and
never good.

NRP

Tuesday 12/1/39 32-2
3.30 P.M. - Cool weather continues;

No snow locally, except on "high ground".
Second day of the Deer "Kill". As to the
Native Black Bear, Brother Cal Price,
for many years in his "bear stores," urged
the extermination of the bear, as a menace
to sheep husbandry. This was error,
~~and~~ recognized in his last years. The
bear rarely disturbs domestic animals,
because of his natural sense, and wholesome
fear of retaliation, with guns; and only
they when driven from his wilds.

Even so, the species has survived here
because wide ranging bears, early and
late spring and autumn, principally are
males; the female more retiring in
habits, before ^{during} and after entering her
"long sleep."

The Black Bear, one of the most
interesting of wild animals, is ~~lives~~
~~around us~~; as is true of the Great
Horned Owl, aptly termed by Deane
"The Tiger of the Air." ~~He~~ A predator
and drinker of blood; the Horned Owl
~~has~~ has been relentlessly destroyed
by "civilized" man in America from the
earliest times, but ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~managed~~ ^{managed} to
survive. A night hunter; a dweller
by day in the darkest and most remote
pine forests. Uttering, at times, in the
night strange howls and chattering, along
with its usual "Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo."

Nesting in early March, indifferent
to snow or ice on back and ~~the~~ eyes
of ticks, after an abandoned Hawk
~~nest~~ or crow's nest.

Mr. George Beatty

(of Mingo) Flats, W. Va.

A native of Eastern Virginia, and a veteran
from start to finish of the Confederate Army
(1861-65), following the War, removed
to Mingo Flats and for forty years
carried on the trade of Smith in the
Village of Mingo; He married, his
family including four fine daughters,
whose lives I wish to memorialize.

Of Mrs. Beatty's background, I have
no remembrance, I have no remembrance,
only meeting her once or twice when
called to attend her husband when he
suffered fracture of the femur (1905)
that she was truly a "Mother in Israel"
is exemplified in the lives of four
beautiful and cultured daughters,
deared on the Randolph-Pocahontas
County frontier, following the war, 1861.

Mr. George Beatty exemplified
Longfellow's ideal "Black Smith" none
nearer than any I have met.

Under a spreading Chestnut Tree
The Village smithy stands;

He smiths a mighty man is he,

With strong and sinewy hands;

And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

(Quoting a hymn of the Presbyterian Church;)

"He went on Sunday to the church,
and heard his daughters' voice
Singing in the Village Choir,

And it made his heart rejoice.
 It is probable Veteran Beatty had seen the
 Mingo Flats while in Lee's Army, 1861,
 encamped there, and admired the region's
 headwaters of the Valley ~~the~~ Plains.
 The home of Captain Jacob Marshall,
 extensive land owner and leader
 of Confederate Partisan Rangers -
 may have influenced him; several
 comrades also settling at Mingo
 "after the War."

My meeting Mr. Beatty was brief
 and professional in nature. In May,
 1905, at age about seventy, while
 driving a horse, he was pushed or
 kicked backward and suffered
 fracture neck left femur, the so-called
 hip fracture. He thought he had ~~not~~
 down hard on a stone, because of sharp
 pain; which may have been true.
 The family physician, Dr. W. F.
 Cameron, not available, and being
 in the neighborhood, was called in
 one of the first - perhaps the first - cases
 of the kind I had seen; except that
 of Veteran Clark Wooddell, injured
 in the year 1896 by an over-turned
 wagon on Price Hill, and treated by
 my brother, Dr. James Price, the patent
 lying in at the old Price home.
 The "guest" of St. L. Woods Price.

I, of course, not even an "under-thing"
 of Brother James, the ~~Post~~ Surgeon; but
 I recall taking my turn, with others,
 in passing the night with the aged,
 suffering Veteran Wooddell, a
 "good patient," who made "no bones"
 of his injury, and grateful for aid.
 I am pleased to record that Mr.
 Wooddell recovered from his injury,
 lived for some years thereafter.

During a period of fifty years
 I have seen a dozen or more similar
 cases, in aged persons, notably
 Cousin Emma Warwick, in 1920
 who then resided with her sister
 Cousin Maggie Leftridge at the
 Minnehaha Springs, who recovered,
 dying in 1940. Another story.

In the year 1912, Cousin Agnes
 Clark Beard-Clark also "broke her
 hip," and again I chanced to be
 in the Level, seeing her together
 with Dr. Winters H. McNeel. Cousin
 Agnes, being ~~an~~ of heavy weight
 and advanced in years, succumbed
 to complicating illness, dying at
 her home. A most excellent woman
 and ~~the~~ the daughter of the late
 Josiah Beard, whose life and
 achievements are recorded in Miss
 Biographical History of the County.

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At a later date, Miss Moss Miller
the recluse, living at her home on
~~the~~ heights of Leabago, died from effects
of a neglected hip fracture, stubbornly
refusing aid, and applying quantities
of "liniment". Her distress becoming
known, neighbors rallied in force and
she was summoned. She was found
in extremis, and died before she
could be removed to a hospital.
Mrs. Nora Young, - always a leader
in the Buckeye Community, was foremost
in rescuing Miss Moss Miller.

Moss and ~~Rose~~ Miller, (the latter dying
many years ago) single, reclusive,
lived in the curious old house, then
standing on the bald promontory over-
looking ~~Swag~~ mouth of Swag Creek;
previously noted as the site of an
"Indian Mermaid" explored by me, 1895.
Their home near Prof. G.D. McKee's
present-day mansion, whose voluminous
historical and other writings known to
many.

Incidentally, "G.D." broke his hip
on the streets of Elkins some years
before retirement as Professor of
Historical English at D. and E. College.
His injury was treated by a "specialist"
~~his surgery~~ by the "Open" method,
a modern wonder of Surgery.

The Moss sisters were of
distinguished ancestry, their father

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Colonel Gentry Miller, in his day
landowner and before the war of 1861
commanded the 12th Regiment of
Virginia. An aged veteran of the
Confederacy, he died with only a
remnant of land, and near the home
of Captain James McNeil of the
Michigan Blues, C.S. Army.

The sisters had a sorry time in
the simple rule of living; their ineffectual
efforts to garden and provide fuel
witnessed by worn-out hoes and
axes, I have seen at this home.

Late in life, the "old house" at
last uninhabitable, a new cottage was
built from proceeds of a sale of timber,
where Mr. Mass died.

Pride of race, fiercely independent,
Mrs. Miller scorned aid of any sort.
To the last, dying without a cry-
her passion was for flowers, wild
ones especially. At times she
appeared in Marlinton, ~~usually~~
with bundles of flowers, usually
stopping to see Mrs. Jean Price,
who Mrs. Miller instinctively liked, and
always a customer for a bunch of
wild flowers. Forth set, Mrs.
Miller exhibited her fruits, berries and
a rather poorly cultivated garden.
She may have kept a few ~~flowers~~
in a jar - Certainly, she never

Told or begged - would have turned first in near chronic food starvation, being chronically un-lot.

During her active life, in occasional brief talks with Miss Moss. I have sought to judge her intellectual life; also questioned my wife, Jean as to her observations of the "Recluse". No result was negative. Her sisters apparently not "Readers" - no evidence of a "Library". ^{in the house} ~~her breath~~ ^{Does} the breath of I could ever attached to the lives of either ^{living} I have some time thought Louise McNeil's short poem applied to Moss Miller:

Renunciation.

Renunciations, large and small,
Were as stones upon the wall;
And she labored hard and long,
To build it high and strong,
Till at last she could see
Nothing but eternity!

When she stopped to catch her breath,
There was nothing left but death

~~By~~ ^{my} the Covenant of grace, doubtless the spirit of Moss Miller is in the air together with her mother long dead; surrounded by the best loved wild flowers

(This scrap of biography is for the pleasure of myself and posterity; ~~there~~ with no thought or care how far I wander from the subject in hand.

Tuesday, 12/2/59 ~~229329~~
4 am. The morning mild and
overcast. Snow is reported North and
South of us but none here at present.
Work resumed on street and walk concrete.
A London dispatch in the Tribune
recently, announces a woman physician
from Roumania with the New "Gleaner
of Life;" To wit: Procaine in selected
cases. I have finished a three-page
letter to Dr. T.R. Van Rensselaer, Editor
of Medicine, calling his attention to this
unwise ~~experiment~~ ^{humor} to the "Lay" reader of
the Tribune, and allied subjects.
For his information, not necessarily
printed.

Now to return to Mr. George Beatty's
accident, while at work moving a
refractory horse - a broken hip -
At the time (1905) hospitals were
not in general use; the patient
lay abed for a month, carefully
attended by his family and
friends. I visited him once during
his convalescence; noting his
patience, and courage ^{and} endurance
with a minimum of pain relieving
Medicine. An accidental shot
of a Procaine solution of Penicillin -
if known, would have served.
George Beatty convalesced sufficiently
to go about on his feet; his death
reported a year or two after,
his health decline apparently due in
part, to enforced inability to work.

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During the Autumn I received a letter from Mr. Beatty, thanking me for ~~services~~ ^{realment}, and requesting a bill be sent for services. The bill, when sent, was in amount ~~20~~ twenty dollars, which could be considered nominal, and promptly paid. George Beatty was a good man; he and his family within my Covenant.

The four beautiful and cultured daughters, on marriage became Mrs. Edwin Hall, Mrs. Kenneth J. Hawick Jr., Mrs. Sam Wood and Mrs. Pratt Marshall. All the girls "taught school" at one time and another, thus adding an invaluable experience ~~know~~ wisdom and experience to their "education". The best way to learn how to do is by doing.

Biography of Captain Jacob Marshall and family will follow.

Mrs. Edwin Hall spent her useful life on the Hall Farm, Valley or Valley Mountain, Tygart's Valley. I remember her son Edwin, Jr. - an amiable youth, who died in middle age, while residing at Elkins. He was a player of Ducker on the Mingo team.

Mrs. Sam Wood (whose name I do not recall), who in middle age a vigorous leader in all Church and Community activities, & it was Mrs. Wood who promoted the and

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largely built the Statue of a Confederate
Soldier on the site of Lee's Army Camp,
Wm. O. Flats, and the notable "Reminiscences"
of Confederate Veterans, about 1928.
Also the "Indian girl" statue at her
residence.

Mr. Leim Wood for many years
successful ~~merchant~~ merchant at Wm. O.
on one occasion conversing with ~~Mr.~~
Leim Wood, it appeared to me that
Mr. Wood had spent many
years in a state of surprise from
being the husband of such a beautiful
and ~~cultured~~ ^{intelligent} woman!
always a devoted "Daughter
of the Confederacy" It was my
pleasure to meet and converse with
Mr. Wood at an assembly at
Camp Andrew Price, Droop
Mount, Battle Field Park, in the
year 1933.

Vivacious, bustling and of a
statuesque beauty in late middle
age, it was my intention at the
time to further cultivate Mr. Wood's
acquaintance, but press of other
business in "hard times" prevented.
Within a year after the meeting
"on Droop" I regretted to hear of the
death of this lovely lady, which
occurred from a suddenly on church
at Slaty Fork, while attending about
a Sunday's Community Singing
Conducted by Prof. Luther D. Sharp,

London 12/6/69

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Sunday 12/6/69 332
The anticipated snow of
yesterday, turned into a gentle rain at day-break.
After late rising (9:30 am) and competitors of
churches and breakfast, detained at the house.
Last evening the Cal. Prices - Mabel, Florence
McNeil, Jane Sharp and young John McNeil,
of Churston, called with remembrances of
my Birthday, I having completed ~~eighty~~
and one half decades - Eighty five years -
I have long observed that continuous
~~or long~~ employment in literary writing,
a "dog's life," time consuming, which might
better be used, for example, gathering
wood in the forest for the morning and
evening fires!

The writing of books is sacrificial in nature, and bought at a price. The last end of many notable authors, as judged by their Biographers, is not Peace.

by New Programmers, as may be
 even Rindgard Ripling & in all age,
 (43) remarked ~~that~~ he had heard and read
 of "Contented old age" but for himself
 I had not seen any. (Cabringtons)
 but never met Rindgard Ripling

"In life's last scenes what Prodigies surprise,
 Feers of the brave and fallies of the wise.
 From Marlboroughs eyes, the streams of
 A stage flow;
 And Albany expires, a driveller and a Thow!"

The life of Mary Beatty Marshall and her
Memorialized in the sketch of Captain Jacob
Marshall and family
Beatty Beatty - Hamrick

Marshall and family
Lastley, Mrs Portia Beatty - Hamrick.
(known by her friends as "Potty") about my

Age (85) and in the "New" as an active
teacher in the public schools of Logan
and Greenbrier Counties; until recently,
at 82 years of age; refusing retirement
pay, able and willing to teach. In a
recent interview in the Raleigh County Register,
because of the remarkable life of this lady
of the classic name (Portia) she spoke of
life being "Real and earnest; not making
devoted to the pursuit of leisure and pleasure,
upon her marriage to R. J. Haurick, to
whose occupation was sanctified, together
with many years employment as teacher
in Randolph-Pocahontas Public Schools,
Portia, also, taught school in early life -
their home was on the Point Mountain,
Valley Branch of Elk River section. Her
family of eight sons and daughters, all
attained their majorities; liberally educated.
Notable Kenneth J. Haurick, M.D., (College
Principal in early life), now Lecturer
of the Denver State School of Medicine,
incurable, and a good Samaritan.
Following the war of 1917-18, in which
he served as enlisted man, Dr. Haurick
located in Marlinton, soon becoming
Chief Surgeon in the Pocahontas Memorial
Hospital, and for many years with
an enviable record as a successful
surgeon and physician.
His wife a Rutledge lady.

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teacher in the public schools of Logan
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whose occupation was sanctifying, together
with many years employment as teacher
in Randolph-Pocahontas Public Schools.
Portia, also, taught school in early life.
Their home was on the Point Mountain,
Valley Branch of Elk River section. Her
family of eight sons and daughters, all
attained their majorities; liberally educated,
Notable Kenneth J. Hawrick, M.D., (school
principal in early life), now Superintendent
of the Denmar State Sanatorium for the
incurable, and aged.

Following the war of 1917-18, in which
he served as enlisted man, Dr. Hawrick
located in Marlinton, soon becoming
Chief Surgeon in the Pocahontas Memorial
Hospital, and for many years with
an enviable record as a successful
surgeon and physician.

His wife a Kentucky lady. Her
early years were employed in a New York
City Hospital. They have a son, now

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A Junior Officer U.S. Army. The imposing
Mansion with ample grounds, built by Dr.
and Mrs. Hamrick of Hamiltons Field in
the early history of that fashionable suburb
of Marlinton. Within its grounds the
Reserved Confederate Cemetery. Scurously
Noted.

The routine use of Roentgen Ray (x-Ray)
of course, almost daily in ~~the~~ Hospital
practice. With characteristic speed and
energy in his work, Dr. Ferguson Hamrick
may have exposed himself unduly to
the deadly x-Ray, with the result,
gradual loss of several fingers of both
hands, greatly limiting his surgical
skill, along with the middle years of life.

The life of my friend, H. K. J. Hamrick, Jr.
(Son of Partin Bledy) has been highly
tragic in some of its phases in recent
years, involving loss of property as well,
yet with indomitable courage.
Mrs. Hamrick has recently died. While
residing in Pittsburg, Penn., and
was buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.
Vaya Con Dios.

The early settlement of the Hamrick Clan
on the headwaters of the Elk River
and its numerous branches in Webster,
Randolph and Pocahontas Counties is not
in antiquity - certainly in late times
of "Indian Occupations". Necessity,
frontiermen and Hunters for several generations
illiteracy developed, but strong nature.
Good sure and better than average physical
development in height, strength and speed.

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To cut-off, by (Highway) and removers
during the "Civil War" was Webster County,
~~that~~ ^{which} ~~was~~ ^{was} lost with either part of
the divided State of Virginia, Webster
County known for several years thereafter
as "The Independent State of Webster".
(P. 1) I recall a Mr. Hamrick from the Point
Mountain, about 1889, in the autumn, stopping
at our house for the night. Alone, he
was driving a three-horse team, going to
the mill at Mill Point for ~~ground~~ meal
and flour. Of late middle age, average
height, and athletic.

I recall vividly his appearance and story.
He related to Uncle James and I that in
his youth he was the "best runner" in his
community; also his high jump equaled
his height. Possibly seventy inches - Mr.
Hamrick also exhibited a peculiar deformity
of the leg that was proof of an accident
he suffered in early life; a polished
spur of ivory-white bone protruded from
his tibia, about two inches in length.
The result of an old compound fracture;
a marvel; recovery without loss of a limb.
His story that in some way he was
washed over a "Water Wheel" at a grist
mill and mangled.

Mr. Hamrick and his team were shown
hospitality by Uncle James and our family,
the next day going on to Mill Point,
and heard of no more.

The Hamrick clan have responded to public educators, many notable scholars and successful in business. Most are ~~not~~ ^{dark} ~~Brown~~ with very dark eyes and hair. Quite late in life Portia Beatty and C. J. Hamrick agreed to live separately, each going separately, though not divorced. W. Hamrick now dead. Two of the Hamrick clan, both at one time public officials, ~~have~~ and living in Pocahontas County, have died ~~as~~ suicidal; one by shooting and one by monoxide gas poisoning, doubtless as inheritances from this remote frontiersman, bear-hunting forebears. Having long out-lived her father's family, Portia Beatty-Hamrick retains serenity and peace. Vaya Con Dios.

Tuesday 12/8/59 - December 7, 1959 - the first 4 AM. now (two miles) at Morgantown. And more fleecy throughout the day; most clouds indicated more snow at night, but cold fronts from the North resulted in a clear, cool dawn. Wearing cloth "Arctics" and my Army "Trench Coat" - Convertible, walked to the office and returned. Stopped at Dilleys Clinic and was given a "Shot in the Arm" by Dr. Patman and his nurse, Mary Vancuren-Friel. The medicine for Neuritis in the neck - Truematic and Truages for Arthritis, left knee, also Truematic - (Remedial) 300,000 units, one cubic centimeter. While I have Anestore found beneficial. There is a peculiar exhilaration in the "first snow" of winter; sends a new charm to the landscape; if oft-repeated with accompanying cold winds, may become a bit monotonous, in the struggle to survive.

The winters blasts, ³³⁶ and obtain sufficient exercise in the open.

It snows! cries the Schoolboy, Hurrah!
and his shout
Is echoed through meadows and hall;
And quick as the wing of a swallow he's

To join his fellows at ball! "Reader!"
"It snows!" cries the widow, ^{old stage} "God!" and
her sigh, "To be poor when it snows!"
How bitter sad lot to be poor when it snows!

Saturday, the 5th (Monday)
Nice Jane Price-Sharp, who has taken over
as owner-editor of the Local Times, I
inquired if she was aware that in doing
so she was beginning a "Dog's Life" in
Literature? ~~She~~ Jane said she was not
so aware!

My father and Mother, Teachers and Writers
from early youth, but with little acclaim,
and no financial reward, from Published
work whatsoever, escaped much of the
daily grind. Their rearing and education
of a large family in the period following
the war (1861) required the most strenuous
efforts, professionally, of Pa; and Mrs. ~~was~~
~~but~~ the limit of her strength bearing and
rearing the family. Under Providence
of the most high, the end of both, in
extreme old age, was Peace.

Brothers Andrew and Calvin; each employed
for many years in the daily grind of

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"Copy" writing, resulting in much popular
writing; but as neither entered the highly
competitive field of culture and "writers",
financial reward was meagre, in an age when
many authors ~~enjoy~~ make money—
paid by "income" taxes.
Moreover, both Brothers were popular
"readers" and speakers; for the most part
"guests" all leading to much honor, but
little "peer and spittle".

(Note: R.W. Emerson demanded a "gate"
when he came as a "Reader of Essays" as
did Charles Dickens on his endless "tours"
in Europe and America.)

In the year 1929, on invitation Brother
Andrew attended as guest speaker and
Reader, all at his own charges, seventeen
~~successive~~ "Teachers Institutes" in as
many West Virginia Counties, in
~~seventeen successive weeks~~, all to the
tune of "immense" "Contact" and
conversations with his peers and fellow
wits, male and female, together with
Hotel and lodgings, ~~with~~ a wide acquaintance
in the state, leading a regular
"Dog's life"!

As could have been foreseen, and at
age 58, this was followed by a
Near "Nervous break-down" and acute
illness (Facial Herpes, or "Mingles")
involving the left eye, for which he
was treated in two hospitals, Richmond,
Va, and Montgomery, W. Va, autumn
of 1928, and from which illness he

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Never recovered, dying March 26, 1926,
from a cancerous affection of the liver,
and Portal system, for which operation
was attempted at the Greenlee Hospital
at ~~Fort~~ Riverside.

Brother Calvin's death, age 46, after
a short illness, June 15, 1934, after a ~~short~~
~~attack~~ of a heart affection, which may
have been precipitated by acute illness
in the later course of a menial of work-
melon, in all probability.

As a nature writer, his name is
commemorated in the "Cal Price State
Forest of North Carolina" and does,
an adjacent to the Watago State Park
and game refuge.

Sister Susan ~~from~~ from an early age,
~~contributed~~ wrote special articles for
the family paper, in later life wrote
descriptive and historical articles,
mainly about the "Restoration" of the
old ~~Cap~~ Virginia Capital City,
Williamsburg, where she resided in
the restored Denwiddie Mansion.
Some of ~~her~~ ^{her} letters, illustrated, and sold to
slick magazines. Such writing did
not prove helpful in applying her
thought and care to the work of her
profession as a general practitioner
of medicine and the management of

339 340 Rockefeller

A considerable sum of money, then
in her possession.

Brother James, with ample means
and leisure, if so desired, late in life
displayed ~~it~~ ^{his} ~~centricities~~ ^{centricities} in his reading
and writing. I have frequently seen
him poring over will worn volumes
of a mythical character; the "Pyramid
Book" among others, professing to
explain pre-historic disasters on the earth
and including the "Lost Continents of
Atlantis" and its High Civilization, before
the flood. The "Seven Pillars of
Wisdom", probably, would have met with
his approval ~~at this time~~. All this
time there reposed on his shelves a
mighty volume set of "Worlds Greatest
Literature", which following his death
showed little evidence of use; and
which today is a valued set of books
in my library. The ~~set~~ ^{volumes} continuing
essays by the best English, French
and American authors ancient and
modern, and many others.

Of course Dr. James Price "searched
the Scriptures and kept informed of
modern events; yet I somewhat
humbled at his interpretations thereof

that ~~which~~ to me, appeared plain statement
 of wisdom and truth.
 Perhaps as a belated literary expression,
 which he had not ~~permitted himself~~ ^{experienced himself} in
~~his~~ early youth, he also permitted singles
 and abstractions to run through his head,
 often of a trivial nature; some of these
~~appeared~~ in the times and certain
 publications of the period designed to
 attract and interest ~~amateur~~ ^{amateur} writers.
 This was not wise; unnecessary;
 even though little harm done.
 Off-hand shooting does not serve in
 writing genuine verses. Even a
 Kipling in "resting verses in writing"
 searched for days for the fitting
 word or phrase.

Quoting, again, Taine, in the History
 of literature in Europe:
 "We cannot endure the intense
 emotion, nor repeat the marvellous
 recant of the Psalms."
 In my measure of mine my own
 childhood was prolonged far
 beyond the period of adolescence,
 in part due to deprivations of the
 frontier first encountered at age 10.
 At least the important feature of
 education gained by helping ~~from~~ ^{at} an

early age in gaining a living for myself and family was not lacking. At ten years reading with some pleasure, but little understanding the works of Charles Dickens; himself a product of poverty, son of a father in debtors prison. Whether the faults in the life and works of Dickens, he tells a story well. In boyhood I acutely felt the lack of suitable clothing; which, well fitting and of good quality ~~this made~~ By nature retiring, this ~~alone~~ helped make me shun the herd; perhaps better dressed and less sensitive than I. I loved solitude, and spent much time in the forest and along the lovely Merrimack River. Not without ambition, I early realized if success was ever to be achieved in my life much toil was necessary. The society of horses, range cattle and the wild deer was educational. Apprenticed early to the Printing trade - also highly educational. I worked diligently on the mechanical part of the business, leaving writing to my gifted elder brother and sister and parents. Becoming interested in Athletics, competitive sports, and physical culture, I also learned to labor and to wait. All this has been outlined in previous sections of this opus but recurrent as part of the Paul Family Literary History.

Monday, 12/10/39
4:30 A.M.

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The 9th clear - merely.
Snow melted - a frosty night.

"Of the making of Books there is no end,
and much study is wearisome to the flesh,
unless I continually observe, and with pains,
form a clear, round 'hand', I relapse
into 'hand writing', therefore illegible &
force-arm movements not yet habitual."

I have in my library a complete file of
The American Mercury while under the
editorship of Henry L. Menckin, 1920-1935,
inclusive; highly valued and frequently
consulted. Recently, opening a "Mercury",
it proved to be the issue of January, 1930,
terminating Menckin's "The Library". I was
amazed to find a mass review of
fifteen Biographies and auto-biographies,
the last Calvin Coolidge and
Alfred E. Smith, abominably written,
(Menckin) full of "transparent fraudulence
and evasions." Yet "Menckin" to
make it interesting."

"Who ever heard, indeed, of an auto-
biography that was not? I can recall
none in the history of the world."

And so on -

Others among the fifteen, John Brown,
Jefferson Davis, Wm. J. Bryan, A. Lincoln,
Sam Houston, George Harvey, Emma Willard,
Com. Daniel Porter, Mark Hanna, Washington,

- a rare lot. Four magazines, Bazar
in Mr. Menckin's style. The "discovery"
of this review I regard as timely in

my work, and encouraging
 H. L. Menckens: "Happy Days" before
 noted covers a period, only, of childhood
 and youth, but interestingly.
 In a personal letter (1846) he refers to
 his career, to write for publication about
 1843; living together with his brother,
 August Menckens, in the house where both
 were born, 1400 Hallius Street, Baltimore.
 "Rich men furnished with ability, living
 peaceably in their habitation." (Wisdom).
 Twenty years before, Menckens was briefly
 married to a ~~latter~~ lady, from Alabama,
 whose writings at times appeared in Mercury.
 — a literary "discovery" of Editor Menckens,
 always searching for talent in the young.
 Mrs Menckens soon died, and doubtless
 her spirit sits at wine with the Muses still.
 And the gods of the elder days.
 Aware of the value — necessity of regular
 exercise, though a life-long dweller in
 cities, he made garden and saved wood
 for his open fire, referring to the shovel
 the hoe and saw his favorite sports —
 and writing of "Diabetic golf," a game
 of many.
 In a rare interview given "Life"
 the writer speaks of Menckens for getting a
 table leg on the fire, meanwhile leaning
 on a pile, with accessory food and drink
 and smoking a cigar.
 At times, Dray-men were invited to
 throw discarded furniture in the Menckens
 yard, which reduced to kindling by
 Jerry and August Menckens, served

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as fuel for this open fire. The Menckey
house a modest, ancient building, similar
to others in the block, West Baltimore.
His father, German immigrant, also named
August, made cigars and had a
retail business in tobacco. As a matter
of course, all the Menckey Men used
tobacco and drank Beer; if Henry's
writings on both are to be believed. The
one ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{of} a classic essay on
German brews, with a discriminating taste!

The Menckey fortune, which is considerably
quietly administered by brother August,
and at the death of Henry descended,
doubtless, to him; with no needless
publicity. August Menckey still lives,
probably, but unknown to fame except
as the brother of Henry Lewis Menckey.

H. L. Menckey despised pedantic
and evasive in the so-called great, and
with unequalled force drove his spear
home. If his existence and writings
were known to the "Captains and the
Knights" they ignored him as beneath
their power to crush. No decorations
or ~~other~~ honors bestowed by their
governments and colleges, either foreign
or domestic; or if tendered would have
been instantly rejected; not even a

Jury ~~was~~ ^{of} S. L. P.!
In the middle, or dark, ages Henry L.
Menckey would have been be-headed for
treason, or as a Heretic suffered
martyrdom at the stake. It was his
misfortune to die in bed, rich and famous!

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Who sat in the Chair of Washington and Jefferson, of Lincoln and Cleveland "etc." and yet the contents of his oration, revealed innocently by himself, turns out to be hardly distinguishable from what fills the brain-pan of an average garage attendant."

In the Review. Munkay sends harshly with the other aspirants and incumbents in succession. Jimmy Cox (1920)

John W. Davis (1924) Dr. Hoover (1928).

Al Smith (1928) — and Dr. Hoover — all self-deceived as to their chances of being elected, although apparent to nearly every one that each was a "gone coon", except the least the incredible fraud — Dr. Hoover —

As to Al Smith: "writes in a sloppy and unimpressive manner," excessive, "but the extraordinary charm of the man radiates from every page" — "Al has something far less common than wisdom — we can make people like him."

"Al managed to carry the affections of thousands through five terms as governor of New York, and would have carried it — if Providence had been kinder, to Washington; — and so on."

What Munkay writes of Al Smith being able to make people like him, is singularly true of our own "J.H."

for seven years past chief executive,
and with more power than five
hundred tyrants or even a modern
Russian Dictator. Many millions
"like Ike". In spite of the lack of wisdom,
nay, the incredible follies of his long
reign; at this blessed minute on a
"Nineteen Day" good will" journey
round the world, a father weaned!

Personally, I confess a liking for
"Ike" "Ike", and voted for him both
times, ~~though~~ (a Democrat), though
deprecating his abilities both as an
allied commander in war and as President.
an "integrationist" and "internationalist",
it is true; but so was our old man,
Abraham Lincoln; the latter besides
personally dispirited! ~~based~~

I am pleased that Menefee, in 1930,
accepted the "likability" of all men,
which I vaguely felt when an alternate
Delegate to the Forestry Conference, and
pledged as a faithful supporter
Franklin D. Roosevelt President Eisenhower
the same category as a firm

F.D. Roosevelt
Brilliant
The really lived President, but as
unsuccessful opponent. At least
said - opponent.

1928

for seven years past they experience
 and with more power than they have
 known. But, a new million
 Russian, while the lack of modern
 pay, the miserable feeling of the long
 days, at the best make one
 weary, say "good bye" to
 around the world, a fairer world!
 Personally, I consider a living for
 the "life" and work for man kind
 true, though (a Democrat), though
 deprecating his attitude with an am
 allied communist. It was as President
 on "international" and "international"
 if to live! but so was our old man,
 after a few years, the latter better
~~personally as far as~~ -
 I am headed "life" of 1930
 according to the "life" of 1928,
 which I would like to see an attempt
 to pay to the living Communist, ~~and~~
 these are finally important
 things, however, existence is in
 the same category as a life-like man,
 F.D. Roosevelt a ~~great~~ President, but the
 we really liked him. As to his
 successful efforts for office,
 they said they better.

Letting day 12/12/59 349
4 A.M. a steady rain and thaw
throughout the night. Perhaps paving
on road and bridge will get be finished
; and morning when I begin to write
for a time I am careful to form the
letters round and clear, with sufficient
pressure to obtain a good carbon copy of
"forearm" and wrist action. Then as I
warm up to composition I fall into
hand and "finger" illegibility!

Last evening, at 5 p.m. I stumbled
on a loose brick 'bail' and fell heavily
(on back porch) with glass ware in each
hand; eat up with parts of a glass jar
and a bottle in my hands, and severe
cuts on fingers; bruises as well.

Bleeding stopped by applications
of sediment from the healing
spring; "white ointment," and business
as usual; left well from severe
shock until 4 a.m.

September 1954. The death of the
Chairman of the Board, United States Steel
was reported from an accidental stab
wound, ~~by~~ a kitchen knife while he was
"assisting" with the supper dishes at
his country estate.

I consider my most recent escape
from serious injury a cause for thankfulness.
"They shall beat thee up in their hands,
lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Yesterday I visited the Circuit Clerk's
office on business, and for nearly two
hours had interesting conversation with
Clerk Grady More and attorneys Curran

and Cooper on ³³⁰ Literary and ~~the~~ Local History. I was able to inform them why the Court House is located in its present inconvenient place, three fourths mile from business center of Marlinton. In 1894 a block, or square, was donated for the building, ~~to~~ its location at the pleasure of the County Commissioners. Mr. ~~Amos~~ Baker was the donor, and insisted that it be on higher ground; hence its location above high water mark of Creek and River.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal
Be proud;
a fast flying meteor, a swift passing
cloud;
a touch of the wave,
Man passes from life to his home in
the grave."

General Robert Edward Lee

Something ~~from~~ ^{with} (1861) a local historical background may be written of the military campaign intended to hold Western Virginia in Union. This mountainous section of the old Dominion being largely pro-Union and recruiting Regiments - 1. State troops and Unionists. 2. Gafters in Taylor County was selected as the objective to be taken and held and a march begun, in two columns, one under General Garnett, ~~later~~ over by Summers and Parshbury turn-pike (former of turn-pike - 1958 style in western Virginia); the other under General Lee on the

Warm Springs - Martins Battery and
Huttonville Turnpikes. This memoir, my
father accompanied as Chaplain (armed
with a shot-gun, ~~and aged 31 years~~) General
Garnett's forces, starting from Monterey,
in Highland County. His brochure of
about fifty pages, first printed in the
Times serially, in 1901, was set by myself
on the linotype and staple bound.
It is listed as a rarity and command,
a premium today. It is entitled "On
to Grafton."

The building of the magnificent
New Bridge, 1915, on interstate
highway 39, and third ~~at~~ at this
fording of the Greenbrier River, is
epochal.

It has recently come to my attention
that grandfather James Atlee once saved
the timber for the first wooden arch
Bridge (1853); also had a quarrying
contract for stone used in the pier
and abutments. The Saw-Mill
site at the "Saw-Mill Meadow"
now Riverside, adjoining Martins
on the North.

The second Concrete Arch Bridge
(1915); its large metal plate bearing the
names of ~~County~~ localities, County officials,
myself as President of the County
Commissioners, now reposes on
my front porch - a relic!

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An Engineer, General Lee brought
his heavy field Artillery into the
Mountains, with its heavy munitions
Cassons and trains, as many as four
teams of artillery horses to a gun and
limbers. This required much "corduroying"
of roads with timbers, remnants of which
were still visible on the road near
Mt. Pinel, Top Allegheny, late as 1930.
A useless encumbrance, except for the
terror the "Big guns" might inspire in
Yankee "invaders"; the artillery worse
than useless, only serving to render
the roads nearly impassable for necessary
supply wagons, either advancing or
retreating.

It is not known, or remembered,
whether the bridge served for the artillery,
or if it ~~was~~ crossed the Greenbrier at
the Island Ford, (Tanner).

In my youth, late as 1912, Artillery
placements were clearly visible on
"Fortification Hill," one found hills
from the "Tall House" the "Hill"
slipped into the heavily lacinated Road
year 1912.

It is my considered opinion the War
(1861) was largely lost to the Confederate
States because of dependence
on the artillery and too many large
"all-out" pitched, and supposed
"desperate" battles. Of Antietam,
Manassas, ~~the~~ Chancellorsville and Gettysburg,

~~also~~

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Also Cedar Creek, 7 camps and
Atlanta. were decisive for any-body,
it was for the invaders.
Large bodies of mounted men, freely
Mobile, especially at the in the first
two years, could have made it very
unhealthy for the patriots from the
North; their hordes of Europeans
"frontier jumpers" as well, particularly
if as an invaded country, our armies
got a bit careless of taking prisoners.
The Battle of Kings Mountain, (1781),
was won by mounted frontiersmen, fighting
on foot; no artillery, wiping out
Colonel Ferguson's band of Tories, ~~the~~
~~the most~~ best, bent on raiding the
Carolina-Virginia border. The
frontier men, under Colonel Cleveland,
Melby and Campbell, had the choice
of stopping the Tory army, or being
plundered and killed separately.
Kings Mountain, like San Jacinto,
remarkable for the large "mortality"
among the defeated "forces". Most
historians treat this aspect of the battle
tenderly; but the truth is little,
for ~~there~~ no quarter was given Tories
and "Mexicans" who may have
offered to "surrender". A little
was heard of Tories in the South after
Kings Mountain, or Mexicans in
Texas following San Jacinto.

W. W. Woodward in his excellent
 "Washington" takes the view the Revolution
 (1776) was needlessly prolonged because
 of General Washington's predilection for
 the use of "artillery"; and formal
 "Military Courtesy" and pitched battles;
 none of which is classed as "decisive";
 save "Peperatog", alone, (1777), largely
 fought by frontiersmen from New England
 rendered desperate, in part, because
 the British army was accompanied
 by numerous H. I. Indians from
 Canada, who had harassed their
 frontier for generations. (Read Ben Roberts "Rogers Rangers"
 and "North-West Passage.")
 Fitty "Civil War" reading recommended
 as to "why" we lost the war, to Mrs.
 Chestnut's Diary (edited by Ben
 Ames Williams); and the latter
 "House Divided" (Mr. Williams
 was born in the South and "raised"
 in Connecticut - therefore competent to
 judge.) - Lastly, "Gone with the
 Wind" is a vivid account of General
 Sherman's carrying me on while "Marching
 through Georgia". A few good
 Ambuscades, in force, and Mobile Troops
 could have been most unpleasant
 when Lee was Rappahannock General Grant
 amused at Petersburg,

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It is a fact, documented, that R. E. Lee in person had headquarters in the "Tall House" (still in use as restaurant and filling station) as previously referred to, during and return of 1861, while he made futile "advances" far as Nimrod flats in Randolph County.

McClellan's staff, was young Colonel John Washington, nephew of the first President, who later was ambushed and killed by a Sharp-shooter (named Sharp) while reconnoitering at near Elk-water, of which more anon, in a chapter of the Sharpshooters of Staty Fork of Elk. Any-way, while the considerable forces in West Virginia, almost forgotten, by Richmond; President Jeff. Davis and Secretary of War Benjamin - with their generals Breuregard, Bee and Johnston leisurely prepared for a "Decisive" Battle (Bull Run, July 1861) and the equally "slow" McClellan prepared to "crush" the "rebels" - so much so that President Abraham Lincoln requested the "loan" of the Army if General McClellan had no immediate use for it!

Dr. George Douglas McNeill has well written of Lee's 1861 Campaign in the Mountains that it added less than nothing to his fame as a Commander.

As a Commander of Armies, General Lee had the sure quality of "likeability" by the soldiers. Personally, courageous, a fighting general, he mingled with the troops, exposed himself in battle, and shared the hardships of the camp.

In 1861, a professional soldier, named to the Command of a "Citizens' Infantry" and no mountaineer, (like "Stonewall" Jackson) patience and hardship accompanied his campaign.

"Mounted Infantry", Mobile, instead of foot soldiers and artillery, could have, with effective ambushes, made it discouraging for "invaders", especially. Such troops were later organized (1863) by West Virginia notably the 10th W. Va. Infantry, that played a part at Droop Mountain (1863).

The war game, played without intricate ~~and~~ laws, would have suited our resolute volunteers from Georgia, Mississippi and Tennessee, making of Lee's Command. Trees could have served as "breast works," and

Mountains for artillery "emplacements". It is said that when a group of men from the 12th Georgia, reported to their Commander "they" had not come that far from home to run from.

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Yonkees; the Regiment was threatened
with Mass "arrest" for insubordination!
The incident of 1st Lt. Woods Price
formal call (the Captain McKee's Company
of Rangers - 19th Cavalry) formal call of
General Lee, at the Bull Horse Headquarters
has been referred to. To the General
somebody abrupt inquiry why he was
not "with his Regiment" Uncle Woods
could only reply that some of the
Company were engaged in "scouting",
as familiar with the Mountains; also
awaiting call to assemble and keep
in check. Captain Walt Allen's equally
aggressive band of Northern Rangers,
for the most part bent on horse stealing.
It will be recalled that three Price
brothers were quartered at their home
when surprised in 1863, Uncle Calvin
wounded in the thigh and Uncle James
taken to Camp Chase, Ohio.
"Uncle" Harry McDowell, ex-slave,
once told me that he, personally, could
see "no sense" in making war by
"scouts" running horses to death" to
inform General Lee that his "rear"
was threatened ~~by an~~ advance in Ball's
or 9th Cavalry, or that
McClellan was advancing up the
Lyguts and Elk valleys, whereupon
the General would order a new

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stand for the artillery, and cutting
more high trees, in the road far side
of Elk Mountain, to be laboriously
removed when an advance or retreat
was ordered.

It is a fact Lee got his Artillery
out of the mountains, while burning
and abandoning wagons loaded
with munitions and small arms.

With the military (1876-1881) it was
fashionable to estimate the out-come of
a military force by the number of
"guns," lost or taken. Even "Red
Stewart," himself an artillery man,
insisted on "saving the guns," ~~and~~
"a wheel-barrow," if necessary.

Furthermore, it is clear that Lee's
Army in Western Virginia was neglected
in the matter of supply, in part unavoidably
but more by criminal sloth and cupidity
of "Contractors," and other vermin.

Many years ago an interesting
book ~~that~~ was published anonymously by
a volunteer soldier in the ranks of the
8th Tennessee Infantry. Some years
ago this book ran serially in the
Pottsville Times, most interesting
following the campaign through in detail
to its debacle, Rich Mountain and
Chant. There was no need for
withholding his name - he told nothing

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but the truth; but published soon following
the war, some night and many soldiers
yet living, some might have considered
the author too "revealing", and made
subject to reprisals.

The book, clipped from the Times, is
a valued feature of a voluminous
Scrap-book which I have.

That Lees Army used Martins Butte
as principal "base" until late fall
is attested by stone pile remains of
"dummys", ammunitions and trenches
exploding above the Bridge far as the
Island Ford; also two well populated
"Cemeteries" before described. Forts
were made far as Mingo Flats and
Elkwater. Meanwhile, until Gamitts
retreat, and death at Carricks ford,
while inspecting the "rear" made
retreat in haste from the Mountains
inevitable.

General McClellans success in
clearing Western Virginia of "Rebel"
forces a feature of his promotions
and elevation to Supreme Command
by President Lincoln. McClellan
was able, and lucky. He "stopped"
the Confederacy at Sharpsburg, and
extracted his Army from the Peninsula
(1862) when the "Rebellers" was in flower.

Also giving summary "Desolate"
to officer and informers.

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Poorly supplied, with shelter and food
bedding, medicine and clothing. The
Army lay in leafy tents and huts
in the mud of Marlus Bottoms, and
many perished of enteric disease, typhoid
and dysentery. Something could have
been done by returning the useless
"artillery" to the low-lands, making
an occasional sanitary "change of
base". Also giving our "desolate"
young volunteers from Georgia a chance
"to run from Yankees" or over-running
their encampments, giving no quarter,
as Lousy invaders of the South land!
Kipling's "Mesopotamia", 1917, gives
an exact picture ~~of~~ the Western Virginia
Campaign, 1861 -

They shall not return to us, the
Desolate, the young;
The eager and whole-hearted whom
we gave;
But the men who left them there
to die in their own land,
Shall they come in years and hours
to the grave?

(Twelve pages this morning, - 430-9 am -
despite my "accident" last evening
this morning - a genuine "draw".

Monday - 12/14/59 - 4.30 AM -
 Clear - Cool - The nearly full moon sitting
 over Pine Hill. 5 AM; The sun rising over
 the Eastern Mountains 7.35 AM - "No Heavens
 declare the glory of God; The earth sheweth
 his handiwork; day unto day uttereth
 speech; Night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"Imperfect sympathies:-"

Particularly of late, I have been impressed
 by the facility that shines in the faces of
 women and men, of ~~late~~ middle age -
 even old. You seldom see a silly
 expression among the Jews. I am and
 the pursuit of gain sharpen a man's visage.
 I never heard of an idiot boy among
 them. Some admire the Jewish physiognomy.
 I admire it but with trembling. I all had
 those full dark inscrutable eyes.
 In the Negro countenance you will
 often meet with strong traces of benignity.
 I have felt drawn to these countenances
 towards some of these faces - or rather
 masks - that have looked out kindly
 upon me in casual encounters on the
 ship and highway. - These "images of
 God cut in ebony." But I would not
 like to associate with them, to share my
 meals and my good nights with them &
 because they are black.

I borrow from Charles Lamb's excellent Essay
 of "Had this Chapter: Casto Quakers".
 "I love Quaker way and Quaker worship
 - But I cannot like the Quakers (as
 Desdemona would say) "to live with them."

I should stare at this primitive banquet.
My appetites are too high for the salads
which (according to Evelyn) Eve prepared
dressed for the angel.

Though I love to behold beauty,
benignity and intelligence in the faces
of many aged women and men, of all
races, I ~~would~~ should not choose to
associate daily with them, or even
~~live in~~ the same house with any - "To
live with them!"
So much for "Imperfect Sympathies".

Major General Daniel Sickles, U.S. Army
(Volunteers - 1861)
(1823 - 1914)

Congressman, from New York City; Ambassador
to Spain (where he married a Spanish
lady); Commander of the 6th Corps, U.S. Army
at the sorry battle of Chancellorsville, March,
1863; hero of Gettysburg, where he
lost his right leg at the hip, July 2, 1863,
in the "Peach Orchard" repulsing
General James Longstreet's Corps in
their drive on the Union left at
Little Round Top, which if taken
by Longstreet's men would have been
decisive.

Dan Sickles neglected to write his
autobiography, and if a good biography
exists I am not aware of it. G. J. J.
Met General Sickles, July 2, 1913, at his
"headquarters" on the Emmitaville Road
(a farm house); shook him by the hand,

And as a "Son of a Confederate soldier,"
gave him the time of day! Then in his
90th year, he sat in a porch chair,
his empty right trouser leg trailing on
the floor - Next year (1914) was
"poked out" in Europe. Another story.

The high ranking hero of the Yankee
Army at the battle, his leg mangled by
a base shot and amputated "on the
field" without any other anesthesia than
stiff shots of Brandy, further given
not even named as an honored guest
at the 50th anniversary of the battle, by
a mobbish "Regular Army" in charge
of the celebration, they marked the first
Joint "Re-unions" of the Civil War (1861-65)
old and infirm, in "Disgrace";
whereupon Dan Fickles rented the farm
house, near the "Peach Orchard" as head-
quarters, ~~which were~~ shared by Mrs. James
Long Street - also a voluntary "guest"
of the "Committee" on arrangements.

For Congressman Fickles' "fall from grace"
began, before the war, when he shot and
killed the socially prominent son of Francis
Deat Kay, Man about town in Washington
who had held rendezvous with Fickles
Spanish-born wife in a ^{little} house on
K - Street. Not specially planned
or prosecuted for "killing the ~~blackguard~~ ^{no account}
Kay, Gen Fickles' "disgrace" ~~was~~ in public
estimation, was ⁱⁿ forgiving his wife
and restoring his home life. Mrs.
Daniel Fickles died a few years thereafter.

I may add, that as a one-legged general, Tyler saw no active service after decisive Gettysburg. A current superstition in the war was that maimed generals were unlucky. One-legged Maj. Gen. Dick Cress ~~was~~ commanded a Army Corps at Gettysburg, making of a crucial move on ~~the~~ July 3, 1861.

The destruction of the 11th Army Corps at Chancellerville, by Gen. H. G. Walker - (see Jackson's Army's history; Jackson losing his left arm in the melee, and his life) in the melee. Perhaps if Jackson had survived amputation, and resumed command, his "luck" might have failed ~~else~~ thereafter - who knows.

Lt. Gen. John Hood lost his leg at Chancellerville; 4th Command at the Battle of Atlanta - and ^{was} defeated by a resolute citizenry (and the Army) who burned the city of Atlanta, instead of leaving it to the Perseus General Sherman, ^{to burn} had risen en-masse, cutting the ~~enemy~~ ^{supply} ~~communications~~ ^{lines} and ambushing the Army and its "banners" on ~~at~~ every hand, a different story might have been told of "Marching through Georgia" a second "King's Mountain," also attending to "Native Tories" - (Unionists) by drum-head court-martial, or shot on sight.

General Hood - one arm
General Walker - one arm

As to 'Tories' elsewhere in the South,
and in Western Virginia (1861) they
also should have been exterminated
early in the war - or driven North.

(Set the fields of decision,
Bleach the bones of many thousands")

My Mother's first cousin, ex-federal
Congressman Botts, of Culpeper County,
is yet a favorite with Northern Historians
of the Civil War as a leading 'Tory' of
the South. Too old for military
duty, yet an agent of disruption
and should have been shot for error.
Yet his full page picture, and his
Mansion in Culpeper - spared by the
Yankees - appears in the Photographic
History of the Civil War. In the same
volume (no. x) a full page picture
of Colonel John Mosby and his officers
including my second cousin
Jt. Norman V. Randolph appears.
"House Divided", and Mrs. Mary
Chesnut's "Civil War Diary" - indeed!
not forgetting "Gone with the Wind".
As to General Pickens further "disgrace"
black-balled by the Army "administration"
vide 1913. For past the normal span,
old and poor, denied "retirement" as
a general not of the Regular Army,

New York State gave in his case certain funds to be disbursed for the State Monument Commission. In the course of time, Dem. People's accounts were found 'short' in some degree, irretrievably lost, ~~therefore~~ ^{thereby} to be provided by the Regular Army and New York finances (who only steal legally) as one to be shunned - for being found out.

~~When~~ Ambassador Benjamin Franklin, whose principal business for ten years in Europe, was to manoeuvre, by treaty and diplomacy France into the war ~~for the side~~ ^{on our side}, and supplied with public funds. The outcome was excessive with France as ally on the sea and over here.

After his return home, and old, his attention was called to a shortage in book-keeping, perhaps ~~on~~ ^{on} ground.

Franklin's cool retort is classic:

"Muzzle not the ox that treadeth
out the corn."

His name Franklin revered and respected lives. His incomplete auto-biography is admirable, but did not reach the period of his life spent in Europe during the American Revolution. If written, he probably would have dismissed

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Monday 12/17/59 - 367 3:30 AM.

Feeling my soul through the invincible
Long letter of the after life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me
And I was free. They thyself art Heavely
And Well. — Ruben at.

In my entry of Saturday, Dec. 12, I noted
the day before conversing with Attorney
R. F. Currence, in the Clerk's Office at the
Courthouse, he appeared in unusually
good health and cheer. For some years
past I had noted — with disapproval — in
his demeanor a certain impatience, even
rudeness, at times, which I chose to think
because of "incompetence" in me. This I
resented, to the extent of writing him
to employ any attorney he chose, though
in "instructions" filed with Currence I had
named him as preferred attorney. As a
long-time paying client I did not under-
stand such rudeness.

December 15, 2 pm he ~~was~~ seized become
ill on the golf course, and returning to his
home, died on his own door-step at 49.

An expert land lawyer, and Bench
Attorney, noted for well prepared briefs
in Assembly, and other legal papers, he
unquestionably led a "Dope Life" for many
years in research and legal "Literature."
Mention will be made later of the celebrated
and important case of Fisher Brothers of New
York, dealers in metals, vs. Versus J. and
Wm. Price, et al., for recovery of twenty-
three thousand Dollars (Vocentis Iron Company)
of another story.

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Last evening at 4 PM. I viewed Dick
Currence's body at the Mortuary and signed
the Registrar's Ceremony. The burial
today at 2 PM. in the McNeil plot
confirming the Price lot on Century Ridge.
He resided in the Hamrick Mansion
Hamilton Field. Industrious, he cultivated
a large and excellent garden, as one of
his exercise hobbies; also for beauty
and utility. That his garden, even his
house, encroached on the Confederate
Cemetery grounds - was unfortunate -
this error committed by the builders
of the Hamrick House and attached houses
many years ago, but in my recollection,
there were stones marking soldiers' graves
on both sides of the old turnpike.
Warm springs and Marlon Bottoms turnpike.
About one acre of second growth white
fak - now well grown - had been
allowed to spring up in the "Cemetery".

In 1943, at age 35, Dick Currence
"joined the War" (Navy) as a Lt. Junior grade.
That his action was voluntary, being at the
time an elected County official (attorney)
and following "school" in navigation and
seamanship put in command of a small
freighter, or "beach boat" operating among
the Islands of the Pacific Ocean.
The usual "disillusionments" of modern
war in far places resulted. The
service was honorable, in the highest

degree, but ~~orded~~ ~~in a degree~~, as I
 And well understand from personal
 experience in the army of 1917. Military
 life is ~~boresome~~, at times dull, and may
 be tragic - even comic. ~~It~~ Currence told
 me that at one time his ~~Be~~ beach boat
 was engaged in carrying bananas!
 - through in stormy and Japanese
 infested seas!

The navy, as well as the army, moves
 on its belly; so it is necessary to get
 there first with the most - bananas -
 or other foods.

Richard Forrest Currence, age 49 years,
 Gentleman, Soldier and scholar, his
 early death lamented.

We shall rest, and, faith, we
~~shall~~ ~~will~~ need it; -

Lie down for an hour or two,
 'Til the Master of all Good Workmen
 Shall put us to work anew.
 — Kipling

Captain Jacob Marshall, -
 1st Cavalry, U.S. Army

Jacob Marshall and his brother Hezekiah
 at an early day came from Eastern
 Virginia and spent the remainder of
 their days at Mingo and Mingo Falls
 Randolph County.

Later, both were soldiers in the Southern Army, Jacob commanding a company of Rangers, their efforts directed to holding Western Virginia within the old Dominion. Among Captain Marshall's company of the 19th Cavalry. Captain Marshall was present with his command at Droop Mountain, Nov. 6, 1863; later in the Valley at Cedar Creek, receiving a chest wound from which he suffered all the remainder of his life, dying in 1896.

He married Elizabeth, daughter of Attorney Adam See, who in turn was son-in-law of Jacob Warwick. Price's Biography of Hales that Adam See was the largest land-owner that ever resided in Randolph County, much of it derived from Jacob Warwick land.

Isaiah Marshall also owned a land on the Middle Mountain, Dry Branch road, where his son Clyde Marshall lately resided.

~~His sons~~ of Mrs Elizabeth Marshall died in early middle age, the Captain remaining a single until his death.

His sons were Payatt, Cecil, Leon and Adam Marshall; daughters Mary and Elizabeth Nina, who married the brothers Ed Lam and Ed Hall.

Merchants late 19th Century at Marlinton and Hellsboro. Older citizens remember the beautiful and cultured Mary and Nina Marshall - Helt.

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All six children of Captain Marshall were schooled in Leesbury, Hillsboro and Marlinton.

Jamuel and Edward Halt, brothers born in Putnam County, Randolph Valley, well educated and merchants, having married the Marshall sisters, built department stores in Meersburg and Hillsboro about 1892. Both are remembered as gentlemen-merchants, prominent in Presbyterian Church work. Due to reverses in business in the fall of 1893, they and their families removed elsewhere. The store built in Marlinton only this year (1899) ~~removed~~ removed to make room for the new "Golden" Building, owned by Mrs Fannie Golden-Oberholt.

Cecil Marshall, epileptic from birth, notwithstanding a student in Prof. Mack Byrds Academy, Marlinton, in 1894, with his brothers Ligon and Adam.

Cecil Marshall later married Miss Gay; lived and died on his ~~large~~ portion of land ~~at~~ Valley Marlinton. Despite his affliction always a gentleman. Country landed gentleman, as befitted his ancestry. His death occurred about 1910.

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At this time (1905) Dr. Wm. T. Cameron
who lived on his ranch nearby on the
Valley Mountain, had removed for
the winter to Beechamway to school
his two daughters.

Adam Marshall, youngest of the
brothers, died of malignant typhoid
fever, at his home, about 1899.

He was a promising lad, well
educated, who would have acquitted
himself well as a country gentleman,
in business and politics.

Leroy Marshall graduated in
Medicine in Baltimore, Maryland, in
1896, and for a year or two set up
practice in Marlinton. Not very successful
in gaining practice, ~~as~~ being young and
inexperienced and among "home folks"
and relatives, he removed to the Valley
at Dayton and Broadway, where he
married and practiced rural medicine
until his death in an automobile
about 1930. A daughter survives.

Dr. Leroy Marshall is remembered
as a handsome young man, and
always a gentleman. Perhaps the life
traditional life as a country ^{farmer} gentleman
and rancher would have better suited
him as a life vocation, rather than
the Practice of Rural Medicine.

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I knew Cecil Marshall well, and as a relative of the Jacob ~~at~~ Warwick trial sympathized with him. His Malady, at times, took the form of a "fixation" when numerous seizures continued for days, threatening death - from exhaustion. I recall a visit, horse-back, in the winter of 1905 to his home to attend him. Night approaching when I arrived at the Day Branch of Elk, Harvey Doyle, (1872-1959) agreed to pilot me a "Near way" or Short-Cut over the Mountains by the James Hedden ranch. In the forest and at night, even Harvey Doyle found difficulty on the trail, but we finally arrived late at night at the Marshall Home. The prolonged seizure of ~~42~~ ⁴¹ the Grand Mal had about worn away, and I returned to Marlinton the next day. Cecil Recovered, ~~at the time~~ living for several years thereafter.

I mention this as an incident of early ~~Medical~~ ^{Medical} Practice of Medicine, a ~~single horse~~ ^{visit}, more than sixty miles on horse, ~~348~~ ³⁴⁸ hours at a price - fee fifteen Dollars.

Peyatt Marshall. The dominant brother, after the millennium schooling and the death of Captain Marshall, married Mary Beatty, one of four beautiful and cultured sisters. and lived at the Marshall home. He Peyatt soon became Sheriff of Randolph County, early 20th Century, and the leading citizen of the Mingo Flats, in the heart of the English Colony, whose members of the best English type he had observed since his boyhood. #

Sheriff Marshall developed fine executive ability, and added to the extensive Marshall lands. He was of fine appearance and personality, a leader in the community. I have been his guest, on one occasion called in professionally in some minor ailment of the children. When I, of course had occasion to observe and admire Mrs. Mary Marshall, fine beauty and fine house-keeping and table service, as the happy mother of several children.

I will add that Peyatt and Mrs. Marshall were tenaciously loyal to their family physician, Hunsman as well, Dr. W. T. Camron, long as he was available and able to treat them

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Place, Sheriff Marshall assisted me
when called to attend an injured
Man, Charles Beale, Moritts of Dry Brandy,
requiring amputation of the left thumb
from an old wound.

Sheriff Peyatt Marshall's ~~death~~
death occurred, aged not ~~past~~ more
than fifty years, recalling the death of
yester night R. F. Curpene. Peyatt
had sons who have become prominent
in Professional Teaching careers, and
his ~~will~~ Arthur Lawsons estate
"Duffys" added to the ^{family} lands.

~~His~~ Mrs Mary Marshall lived
intensely at the Marshall Place
for more than thirty years following
Peyatt's death, dying in 1958.

The ancient homestead a ruin,
a new house was built near by
where she lived, with claims, until
the end; all her children removed
elsewhere, but supplying her with
every need; besides her own
right of tenure in extensive lands.
Only her sister, the remarkable Martha
Henrich known of the George Beatty
family.

In ~~the~~ the Autumn of 1945, while
returning from a call to the Moritts of

375 396
Dry Branch (old Road) I chanced
to meet Mrs Marshall, who was on
foot returning from a visit to neighbors
or tenants, perhaps. I ~~paused~~ I
stopped my auto for a brief salutation,
and regret I did not accept her
polite invitation to enter her home,
near by. In my fancied hurry to
"return to base" from a "long cull"
which formerly and on a horse would
have required ~~forty~~ two days.

Mrs Marshall was correctly dressed,
in some dark material, and of good
appearance, but in my brief pause, I
~~felt~~ thought the old vivacity gone.

Thinking this over, as I journeyed
home I wondered if ~~at~~ an almost
monastic life for thirty years, where
"only" picture and book remained,
together with age, could have caused
deterioration. (I then had not learned
to observe beauty in the faces of
the middle-aged and old.)

Later, I did intend to call on Mrs. Marshall
at some time, and talk about the Beauty
Sisters and her parents, but never did.

This I regret. Long after, within the
past three years, I learned from Lyon Frank
tenant on Marshall land, that "Mrs Marshall's
mind was unbalanced" but she died
worthily, at home, attended by her sons.

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Friday - 12/18/89

3.30 A.M. - A gentle rain (winter)
yesterday and this morning. Bridge and
8th Street (2d and 8d Avenues) open for traffic
if necessary.

It is but a tent where takes his morning Rest
A Sultan to the Realm of Death addressed,
The Sultan rises and the Dark Ferrash
strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

Visited the open grave in forenoon; no one
in the Cemetery; T. Sumner McNeil, lat.
The tent of the Dark Ferrash over the grave -
an excellent modern custom

"When walking among the graves of your
fellows step carefully - Your own grave
lies open at your feet"

— Ambrose Bierce

I voted, with concern, no vault had been
provided - an oversight - as in Brother
Calvin's grave - prevents unsightly rising of earth.

Returned to the office, the day spent
pleasantly - ~~at~~ The new pavilion opened
for the funeral cortege - the first dead
man to pass over.

Promptly at 2 p.m. I put on my "Trunk
Coat" with insignia the 14th Divisions (1918)
and repaired on foot to the Church. The
house was filled but got my preferred
seat, rear row.

A fine display of funeral exotic flowers,
which I approve at funerals - and hang the
expense - although the family had requested
that "flowers be omitted".
When I entered the preacher ~~was~~
(either Pierce or Pines) was intoning through his

Nose and without expression from the Word, followed by lengthy prayers — also without much grace. ^{Read} Educated, though young. Rev. Pierce (or Pinch) may learn of granted length of days. The music (no voices) low on the new, Krammer-Jackson Organ, excellent.

I admired the exterior, interior and location of the Presbyterian Church, on the site of the old building, near the bridge and on Main Street of Marlinton. I was a member of the Building Committee in 1915 — and contributed Five Hundred Dollars — well spent. Elder Edward David King, (a veteran and a good man)

the Contractor-builder — at a record low price Ten thousand Dollars — Complete. (1915).

The Benediction pronounced — lifelessly — ~~and~~ the large assembly arose as if by one impulse and hurried from ~~the~~ the room, as though pursued by the very Demons of unrest. The Portage and Miners also left with needless haste, entered Autos and took off at speed.

I also arose from my rear seat, on the left of entrance, but stood my ground, — among the last to leave.

"Come one, Come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

— Roderick Dhu.

"Vaya Con Dios."

Wed - 11/18/99 256

Clear - 3 PM - Below freezing, and reserect of a
"Montana" Blegghard. As usual,
left in a fireless room, windows open to
the North a bit cool for age. Road
and Bridge Building being hampered
by the freeze; delay in finishing due to
unwise, ~~delay~~ faulty engineering.

Mrs. Mary Vance McClintic -
(1830-1910)

Named for her great-grandmother Mary
Vance Warwick; Mary Vance McClintic,
devout, a Presbyterian from a girl. Those
hard to by example and discipline
to train and educate a turbulent
husband and five sons, all born
in the period of the Great War (1861)
all ~~are~~ ~~have~~ ~~joined~~ the "immortal host,"
and within the Covenant of grace.
In a quiet way, she was dominant in
the family; a landed proprietor in her
own right. One of the family enterprises
the McClintic "grist" mill, processing
wheat, corn and buck-wheat, powered
by a "race" and "flume" turbine from
Leavens Creek. The mill, a successor
of the Mrs. Phoebe McNeil Mills, written
of by my father, and where he as a
young boy carried "grists," horseback
also, as a boy toted horseback, ~~or~~ on
a mule, many grists to the McClintic
mill, and awaited my turn for service.

257
Mr. Bell Hunt McClutic, Sr. husband of
Crisin Mary, of the Betty County family,
and Veteran of the "Ball Spreaders", with
Virginia Cavalry. A man of violent
temper, on occasion he was subject
to rages, approaching insanity in this
violence; Possibly a ~~hanging~~ ^{hanging} ~~other~~ from
~~the war~~ active service in war; a
divergence from that of many Confederate
Veterans, also all this remaining
life were noted for piety.

I have been told that, at times, Mr.
Bell Hunt ~~has~~ had an aura of a
temperamental "fit" or explosion,
when he would warn his beloved
wife to "go in the house", so that she
would not be grieved by his violent
language and actions. At such
times he has been known to throw
down refractory horses, or cattle,
and abandon their carcasses to the
fox and the raven.

I believe such violence was rare,
and repented of and apologized for.
As the Manager of a large landed
estate, respected, even feared, by the
neighbors, as a man may be
tampered with.

My recollection of Mr. McClutic is
when on occasional visits to the
farm to gather cherries, at Crisin
Mary's invitation, and mindful

of our families needs. I stood in awe of my cousin's husband, because of his reputed violence; and on one occasion meeting him, horseback, on my farm, I thought he rather disapproved of an agile youth over-summering his cherry trees. Derisively, his severe expression was habitual, misinterpreted.

At that time, the region abounded with in ~~sweet~~ ~~cherred~~ and black cherry trees, usually growing from seedlings in fence rows. This fine fruit tree, like the chestnut, almost extinct because of parasitic infections.

"We shall not admit that old stars
And brighter planets arise;
That the mere bush buds, and the
desert blooms
And the ancient well-head dries;
Or ~~and~~ with newer compass, newer
Men adventure 'neath new skies'."

The Matthews family Cemetery is on the hill at Mill Pond, where Cousin Mary Vane McClintic and her husband William Henry McClintic are buried.

Lockhart Matthews McClintic was educated as a Lawyer; spent his entire life in Pocahontas County; served as County attorney and member of the State

It is recalled the beautiful Hallie Pethers - / Lincum
is a niece of Mrs. Alice McClintic. She yet lives, married
her second time, in North Carolina.

Legislature, and ²⁰⁹ successful as a
practicing Attorney. By circumstances
he was denied his Principal Political
ambition to become Judge of the
Circuit, mainly because the office was
usually won by residents of the
more populous Counties, Greenbrier
and Monroe. My friend Frank
B. Hill was defeated for Circuit Judge
at a time when his election appeared
to be assured, as has been related in
his memoir. Only once has this
well paid and honorable office been
filled by a Pocahontas County native.
Judge Sumner H. Hersh, who yet lives
a citizen of Marlinton, No. Meru City.
Mrs "Jack" McClintic, Alice (or
Ollie) one of seven beautiful Slaves
sisters, notable in their day, head
of Greenbrier at Barlow. She has
recently died at her great age 94
years, competent to the last.
L. M. McClintic died in 1928, and is
buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.
Surviving children; John Hunter
McClintic is a lawyer of Charleston and
partner in the Savage & Beaver Dam
bandy estate together with Mrs Bettie
McClintic.
Captain John H. McClintic, a Comrade
of the First Officers Training Camp, Fort
Harris, May, 1914

260
Mr J. H. McClintic the daughter of the late
C. A. Demison, who came from Hagerstown
Maryland, as is remembered as Meyer
of the Demison family mills, the
name a combination of Demison and
Maryland.
Mrs. McClintic, ~~childless~~, was
crippled in ~~an~~ early middle life from
the effects of anti-rabies vaccine
administered by a horse dog was
pronounced rabid. For a time
her hope was despaired of, and she
also became nearly blind. The
danger of the vaccine is admitted,
even in its present form, especially
if given in the absence of wound
or dog-bite. Rabies, usually
in human life, occurs from the bite
of animals, is a terrible and
incurably fatal infection; so the
~~and~~ accidental risk of anaphylaxis
must be endured.

Personally, I do not like horse
dogs; in this I agree with Bernard
Shaw, who recommended a tiger,
or especially a cheetah, to his friend
Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as a companion
in age. Bernard said he had
tried the last - a cheetah.

The tragic death of young George
McClintic, aged 8 years, commented -
was secured from falling from a horse
and trampled while returning with

with companions from falling in Knappa
Creek, year ~~1898~~ 1896-

Mrs. Mary McClintic - French; twice
married, and childless, lives in Marlinton
for a good many years she was
deputy-clerk of the County Court,
and widely known to County people
and in Charleston. Over a period of years, she has
been collecting stamps, and has an
extensive and valuable collection.

A strange mortality has ~~prevailed~~
in the Mattheos-McClintic family,
now in the sixth generations of the
Jacob Warwick line.

Miss Lockhart McClintic, only
daughter and child of Mr. John Moore,
and Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore
who live on a portion of the Levay
estate. Miss Lockhart is a second
year student at Wellesley ^{College}, and
is the only survivor in her
generation of the McClintic
family in Pocahontas County - ~~or~~
~~elsewhere~~, ~~as far as is known to me~~.
Laura Lock McClintic, my relative
and much older than I, sometimes

with companions from Felling in Knappa
Creek, year ~~1898~~ 1896-

Mrs. Mary McClintic - Herd; twice
married, and childless, lives in Marlinton
for a good many years she was
deputy-clerk of the County Court,
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estate. Miss Lockhart is a second
year student at Wellesley ^{College}, and
is the only survivor in her
generations of the McClintic
family in Pocahontas County - or
~~elsewhere, far as is known to me.~~
Laura Lock McClintic, my relative
and much older than I, sometimes
differs violently on matters of public
policy, after I gained a seat at the
County Court, but always courteous.

In his last years we were sympathetic
relatives and friends.

Both Cousins "Lock" and "Wiz"
were social drinkers, in their youth
and manhood, on occasion - once
I attended, by invitation, a banquet
~~but~~ and drinking party
given by the contractor Mr. Griffin
for the stone work on the New Canal
house then in course of building,
the year 1894.

Griffin and his men, the Pine
Brothers and Larry May, married
for the winter in Marlinton because
of Pocahontas County was in financial
trouble, due to Sheriff Mayor
Crump's arrogant shortage in the
cash - and the "depression" of 1893 -

Brothers Law and Andrew were
among the guests; also the Bar
Associations of the County; Perhaps
other of the "Court House Ring."

The meeting place the C. A. Yeager
Hotel, Mrs Alice (Allie) Yeager
hostess. I was strangely out
of place, a youth of twenty years, who
totally abstained from drinking
and the mild gambling following.
I enjoyed the banquet, marvelled
at the antics of some of the
exhilarated guests, and left early!
But that is another story.

I have referred ²⁶³ to differences in Public Policy with Cousin "Wiz". In the year 1916 I was a candidate for re-election to the County Court. The previous year had witnessed the gigantic effort to complete the concrete-steel bridge, replacing the wooden arch structure, one of the State of Virginia "internal improvements" bonded - at the strategic fording junction of three Turnpike Roads - also bonded internal improvements.

I may her state, forcibly, that "a healthy remembrance of" the "Internal Improvement Bonds", antedating the Civil war of 1860, largely kept the Mother State of Virginia on a "pay-as-you-go" Policy to this day, an example that could well have been followed in the year 1920, and for the forty years just past, in the matter of building roads, Bridges and public co-educational schools and colleges, - especially "Turnpike".

W 1916, ~~Woodrow~~ Wilson

Monday 11/19/59 264

3.50 and -

a record -
breaking freeze (Nov. 13, 1911-16+) Fast
night reported in Charleston, 10+ - The
year 1911 remembered as a "Dry year."
Pouring Cement Stopped, for a time, the
W. side clear, no snow, as yet.

In 1916 a beginning had been made
hard-surface ~~the road~~ south of town,
far as the Kee #12; where the road
to Swago leaves the Pike, to again
join at Buckeye, the distance being
about equal. It was known that
I favored the old route, Mr. Withrow
McClutic strongly in favor of the
new. He argued for the new
creation; also discussed the matter,
with some heat, with me personally.
(In Parenthesis, I will add, in 1926
the Swago road prevailed, at present
part of 219. I still think its status
should be that of a secondary road.)

Because of this, and other matters,
"Wiz" opposed me, actively, both for
re-nominations and in the primary,
and general election, heretofore
mentioned; going so far as to have
a pamphlet printed (signed); among
other crimes, stating I had written
against President Wilson's famous
"preparedness" address of the previous
year, therefore high treason. A
vulnerable point in my record on
the Commission, and its claimant, was

265-
we had, illegally, run the Bridge
Lvy ~~into~~ in advance one year, 1915,
in order to raise the gigantic sum
of \$17,500 to complete the Greenbrier
River Bridge, at Marlinton, a project
especially promoted by me. Had the
question been raised at that time, the
entire Board could, probably, have
removed from office, as exceeding its
authority in its ambitious attempts
to build Bridges.

Mr. Jacob Carey, of Huntersville, was
my opponent in the Primary election.
Jacob Carey had come to Pocahontas
from Hagerstown, therefore an outlander.
It is upbringing as a Catholic not
favored by some, at that time day
and time, as the saying goes. But
I won the nomination in the May primary, 1916.
Jacob Carey was an able woods
foreman, who about the year 1924
met death by violence, while foreman
for the Wilson Lumber Company, in Leslie
County, Kentucky; it is supposed
in some labor trouble, his death
being made to appear an "accident"
on a logging railway. He was
a good man.

In the general election (Presidential
and Hotly Contested) the County cast
a total of 3255 votes; my total
1655 - Mr. ~~Carey~~ 1600, my luck holding
as I still commanded a good part of

the "Northern" vote. The great need
 looking to some extent my ambitious
 Road and Bridge Building.
 Like Caesar, I was said to be "ambitious",
 dominating the Commission, in one
 particular retaining the Chairmanship,
 or "President of the Board" the entire
 term of ten years, 1910-1916 inclusive.
 As stated, at length, heretofore I
 had discovered the rare faculty of
 concentrating on a subject for hours
 without fatigue; also, in developing
 well laid plans - knowing your own
 mind -; refusing to wander "on the
 plains of indecisions," and thus prevail.
 Such Political Philosophy, when put
 in effect, necessarily is not Popular
 in Public Life.

President Woodrow Wilson nearly
 beaten for re-election; so close, in fact,
 Charles Evans Hughes was declared the
 winner on early returns; to be
 upset by the California vote, which
 officially counted; that State supposed
 to be Republican in sentiment.
 The leading Republican at the time
 in California a "son of the wild
 west" named Hiram Johnson,
 live unto today Judge Earl Warren.
 Senator Hiram Johnson was aggrieved by
 some friends slight but on him

by an admirable Hughes in the
Campaign, and retaliated; and
Wilson was re-elected by the skin
of his teeth!

By 1916, the World War in Europe had
settled down to High explosives, trenches,
Poison gas, & Cilia. America was
prospering, lending money and selling
munitions of War to the "Allies".
With Wilson's secret approval.
Nevertheless, his Slogan, "He Kept
us out of war," and "Preparedness"
was popular with the ignorant, the
and thoughtless, to some extent.

A somnolent War Department
awoke and began recruiting, especially
the Medical Reserve Corps; & and
many others being invited to join up
by a form letter from the Surgeon
General. Never a "pacifist," and
open to reason on President Wilson's
"Preparedness" platform, I journeyed
to Washington, was examined by Lt. Col.
McIntosh, M.C., in the Medical
Library, and duly recommended for
a Commission as 1st Lt. Med. R.C.
~~Being duly~~ signed by the Commander
in Chief of the Army: Aug. 22, 1916.
Leaving date

This Commission carried me, along

268
with Woodrow W. Wilson, into active
duty, when war was declared
by the Congress, April 6, 1917. being
called "to the colors" the following
~~May~~ by telegram, the May 25, 1917.

Woodrow William Wilson

To his intimates, "Bill" Wilson, a life-
long Ivy League Man, a civilian,
called from his Ivory tower to be
Governor of New Jersey, going on to
be President of the United States.
A student of history, unable to
learn from the past, through the
author of books, entranced by
ideals of "a League of Nations,"
and convinced with a disagreeable
"war to end wars." By virtue of
his high office, Commander in
Chief of the "Forces!"

His equally naive Secretary of war
General Newton David Baker, "Newt" to
his intimates and the Army and Navy,
in no degree measuring up to his
~~the~~ responsibilities, peddling in
his high office the descriptions of
in "The Book of Wisdom"
"a pervert whom he designeth as
fusion to the end."

269
"Good Man" educated, Literate,
Bill Wilson did not measure up to
or near the level, of being a "great"
President. His long-rising death
caused by "paralysis", in late middle
age, that of a man "Cursed ~~by~~ of
his Maker", obstinately holding on
from a sick bed to his high office &
He did much that was well in
his reign, - lacked understanding.

A Wilsonian cult of Politicians,
and others, at one time attempted
to build him up as a mythological
strong man, describing his manner
of death as being a "War Casualty".
If true, it was because of inability
to meet, and enjoy, responsibility,
and "rejoice as a strong man to run
a race;" and under the Blessing of
the Almighty granted long life.
Wilson had no luck.

In the Boas of Kings, Israel had far
more rulers that "Did evil" than the
few recorded as "wise and did
good" during this period. ~~Did~~ that
which was right in the sight of the
Almighty. We all are taught to seek
after wisdom, and meditate upon it,
both day and night.

240
The excellent Mrs. W. W. Wilson, dying
in the White House; she was sincerely
mourned by her husband. She left
in his care three marriageable daughters,
highly "educated" and uncertain age.
All three soon married, usually as
"plural wives" ~~to~~ "eligible contracts"
while residing in the "White House".

Mr. Wilson, still President and in
his second term, highly "eligible"
a frequenter of State Society and the
Presbyterian Church, had time to cast
an appraising eye on the ladies.

If time permits, at age 85, I shall
write a book - at the least a chapter
on the implications of spiritually
true "Marriage"; the true union
of souls - as well as bodies.

Pure and faithful, enduring "in
the air", not "until death does us
part" - as falsely incorporated in
the usual "religious ceremony" is
favored by Hollywood ~~and~~ ^{and} the
pampered "Rich".

The subject is intriguing, and of
endless imaginings and intuitions.

There is no record that King
David or even his son King Solomon
had more than one true, virgin wife.

271
Although the strange customs of the
East permitted these wise Rulers to
have many Morganatic wives and
Concubines; and many sons and
daughters born in their palaces; all
"Vandy and vexatious of spirit," as
the East truly wrote.
As Trader Horn remarked to his
quest writer, or apothecary, a bit of humor
must be added to any Memoir:

I greet:
Solomon and David led merry,
Merry lives;
Had many Concubines and many
many wives; (Morganatic?)
But when old age came creeping on
with its many, many grinders,
Solomon wrote the Proverbs,
And David wrote the Psalms."

On the other hand President Wilson
had no "wisdom, or knowledge," of
the demands on a legally "Married"
husband by a Modern American
wife. In addition to being chinically
over-fed at home and in hotels,
he is carried to "dinners," clubs
or state; forced to wear "store
teeth," a long, uncomfortable clothes,
and endless, increasing "nagging"
as the helpless "subject" grows older.

Denied the refuse of a "Nursing home" or "Poor House" because of his "Position in Society," and freedom from nagging. There is nothing left but death!

Enough. The subject will be expanded in a forth-coming book, unique in its field.

Briefly, President Bill Wilson was caught almost at the first cast of the hook, by the attractive, ~~childless~~ widow Edith Ballenger, thus securing for a time, her name in history. Of the distinguished Princeess Pocahontas descent, a taler of 200,000! Besides, she had wealth, her deceased former husband a predatory Washington Jeweler! She never bore children. Therefore unfortunate; though "armed and equipped for the same".

She "went along" to the Versailles Peace Conference. There is documented evidence she had ~~her husband~~ at the end of Club dinners, as well as state functions, while Wilson's associates Clemenceau and Lloyd George "Marked the Cards" and formed an untidy alliance to double cross and hand ~~to~~ Bill Wilson lose our Collective National Trust at the sessions that followed.

Friday 11/20/59 273

^{4 A.M.}
a frosty night, rising temperature. Concrete
work resumed on street, bedded with straw-
coats? The late "frost" favorable for the
Persimmon - a fine fruit - if eaten ripe,
and judiciously. I esteem it a special
"Providence" to have grown a fine tree
in Preakness County, where it is rare.
Eaten as food, slightly laxative and
diuretic.

~~Drunk with light~~
"If ~~lost~~ ⁱⁿ ~~loss~~ of Power we loose
vain ~~words~~ ^{tongues} that have not thee in awe;
Such boasts as the Gentle use,
Or ~~and~~ lesser Breeds, without the Law -
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget. Lest we forget.

In Europe, President Wilson, flattered
~~Crowned~~ ^{Crowned} with "World Leadership";
His notions and utterances hailed as
little more of inspirations; befuddled
with an impractical "League of
Nations"; forerunner of "United Nations";
Also unworkable - as yet - in an
Earth planet whose peoples and
races are, for the most part, "Ruled
by Servants."

Returning, with Mrs. Edith Bolling
Wilson, the President disconcerted by
finding the Nation largely not
interested in his Messianic notions;
and the Senate refusing to ratify
his top-heavy Peace Treaty; along
with the League of Nations; a
leading opponent of the War of Missions.

274
Followed Dr. ^{Woodrow} William Wilson
"Sales talk" for a League of Nations,
a dismal failure; his stroke, Paralysis,
hailed as a "war casualty" by the Wilson cult,
and early death; but plainly due to bad
diet, and ~~lack of~~ proper exercise with the ax, the
shovel and the hoe, "in the sweat of his
brow"; his only known "exercise" and
occasional round of "Diabetic" Golf, as
~~stated~~ diagnosed by Henry L. Markes
in Mercury Magazine.

Unless the Lord keep the house, they
Labor in vain that build it. Unless
the Lord keep the City, the Watchman
watcheth in vain - (Isaiah)

It is not my purpose to write of Recent
American History, notably the reigns
of the False Prophets Harding,
Coolidge and Lord Herbert Hoover,
in the Roaring Twenties and
early Thirties of the Century.
Fare! and Farewell!

Dr. Frank I. McClintic -
Year 1884, a recent graduate in Medicine
Dr. McClintic came, from Bath County,
Virginia, locating at Edray. Of
excellent training and habits; Personable.
The young doctor ambitious and
eager that the young Doctor was
successful. A fine horseman,

And always well mounted, he used riding horses exclusively in his for-pleasure practice. ~~The Doctor~~

Doctor McClinton and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Warwick Fenton were married, and soon thereafter, second daughter of Cousin Lallie Fenton, at Clover Lick, were married; soon thereafter moving to Hillsboro, where a fine ~~new~~ house was built about 1891; this house a frame structure, ^{an} excellent repair, owned and occupied (1959) by Mr. Fenton Chapman, retired R.R. Engineer aged 84 years. ^{for} The three Chapman brothers, ^{Frank, Fenton and George} came from Ireland, when about 9 years old, locating in Marlinton year 1888; and for a time the three young bachelors winter of that year the three young bachelors occupied the "Tall House" as quarters.

Here I will write something of the brothers, Frank, Fenton and George. I have a vivid remembrance when they wintered "at the Tall House"; I, at least of ~~four~~ thirteen years, at times visited them and sat before the fireplace, indifferently "stoped" with green wood; recalling the efforts of the Irish boys, and their

246
unaccustomed to frontier life, even in
the matter of open wood fires. of
the higher class "Irish immigrants" ²⁴⁶
educated; it was evident they were
not well supplied with money; had
come to America to better their
~~fortune~~ as a youth with about three
years experience on the "Frontier";
I could appreciate the Irishman's
dedication, and a sympathetic
observer of their early struggle to
"survive". They were "Norths of
Ireland" folk, therefore Protestants.
More present on our frontier
rather than in ~~the~~ large centres,
they have been due to the English-
Irish settlement of "Penitence Men,"
but not of the colony, being "landless."
Following their "hard winter" in
the tall house, the Chapmans got
employment in the Levels as farm
workers, at the prevailing wage
fifteen Dollars a month (or less)
and board. For a time Feintor
worked for Mr. W. J. McNeel &
all three survive, at a great age,
Frank and George in Missouri;
have kept in touch, and successful.
Vaya Con Dios. Friends of my youth

My recent conversation with Mr. Feintor. He does not appear
to have remembered of the "hard winter" at all. Had these
1888-89. Scenes of the youth in Ireland prepared.

Vaya Con Dios.

been kicked in the face by Uncle Andrew McLaughlin's favorite Riding Mule; ~~But~~ Mule, named "John", knocked out, his nose broken.

This occurred a Sunday evening, visiting, and driving in the stock ~~from~~ ~~the range~~. Fortunately, he was struck at extreme ^{kicking} range, while erect; otherwise the "John's" accurate ~~blow~~ kick ~~may~~ might well have been fatal.

Dr. McClintock was James was brought home, and Dr. McClintock summoned, from Carey, by Messenger, who rode the mule ~~to~~ John at top speed.

I have a vivid remembrance of ~~of~~ all hit squarely between the eyes, his nose broken, the victim carried a noticeable depression and slight deformity of the nose through life.

Dr. McClintock had a wide practice in the Little Rock District, until he abruptly quit medical and surgical work to go into real estate and lumber, in which he was highly successful removing to Marlinton and building a fine brick Mansion, about the year 1907. The largest stockholder and President of the First National Bank until his death which occurred in 1930, due to a "Coronary occlusion," at age seventy. Early interest in the new autos,

overlooked.

the Doctor operated on the first car
in Marlinton, and also invested in a
large ~~gas~~ Public garage business. -
Twice this car mixed up in accidents
with resulting injuries; first to a "Jay-
Walker" named ~~Buck~~ Jesse Buckenham, He-
which I witnessed on the street in Marlinton
that I witnessed from my office window.
The car moving slowly, the aged Mr. B.
heedlessly crossing the street, the victim
touched the left front fender with his right
hand, then gently fell down, or was
pushed down, the front wheel ~~of~~ of the
light car rolled slowly over his prostrate
body, and came to rest.

Buckenham ~~passed~~ "complained"
instantly to the hospital; an inguinal
hernia found, (which probably existed
before the accident) and the wealthy
Buck present sued for damages -
auto insurance not yet evolved.

The ageing Attorney Charles Curry,
former "strong man" of Rockingham
County, was employed by the Buckenham,
and came from Stumbras to prosecute
with his famed oratory, somewhat
checked by age. Lawyer Curry
proclaimed in his address to the jury
Dr. McClintock had heedlessly and
recklessly charged down the street
thus a sort of Madam Highway, at speed
of twenty-five miles or more, which was

refuted by eye-witnesses — my self and others — Mr. Beechamun, after all the fuss and hurry of a circuit court trial was settled with a payment of a few hundred; and no more than offered before trial to cover expenses.

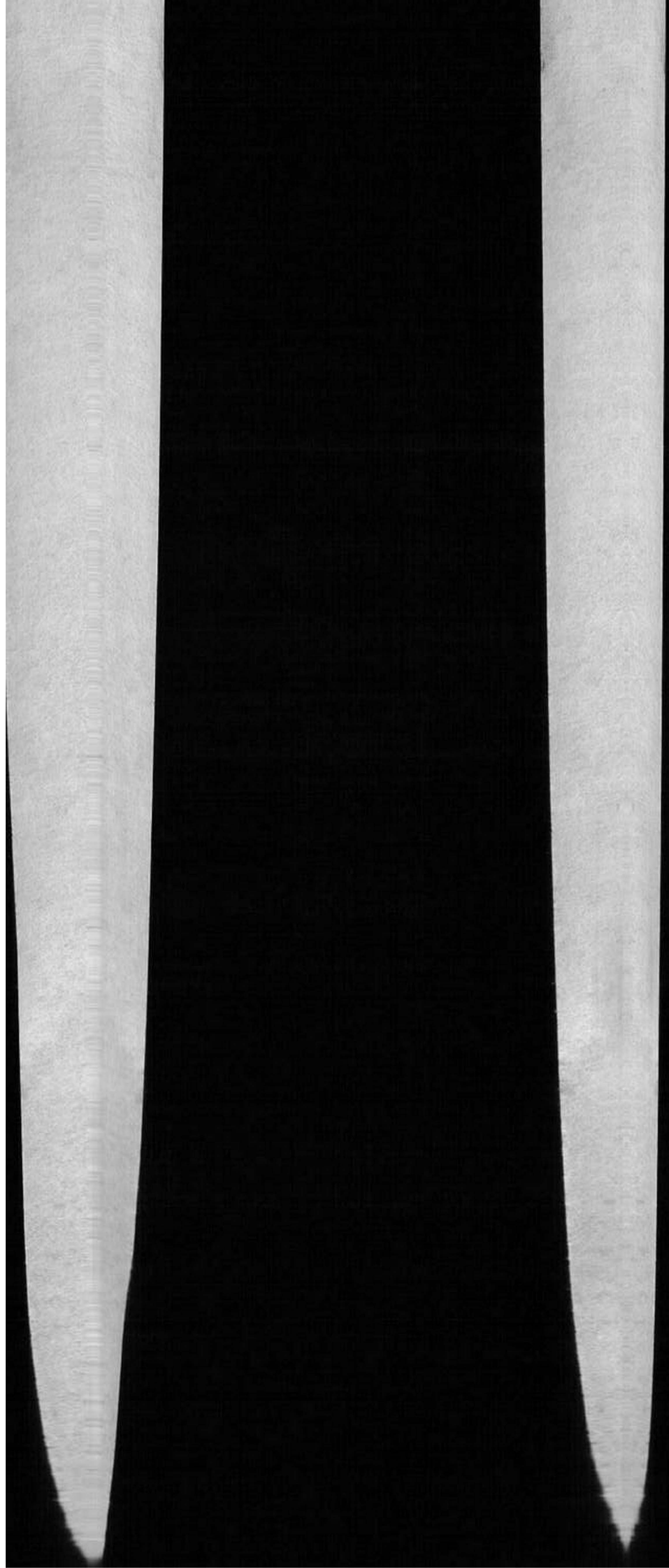
On another ~~the~~ other ~~the~~ week, the collision with a car driven by Miss Anna Wallace at the Lehigh Road Junction with no. 219, and in which Miss Cora Cloonan suffered a compound fracture of ~~the~~ leg. This appeared to be a case of negligence, and unavowed by all involved. Miss Cloonan a passenger in this Wallace Ford car. a "Convertible" Model 7.

Cousin Lizzie McClutchie's four beautiful daughters, Genevieve, Lucille, Merle and Elise, all born while the family lived in Hillsboro. All four were sent to finishing schools for young ladies. In later life, only Miss Merle chose not to marry; and the four sisters — Genevieve and Lucille widowed — live in Savannah, Georgia.

As stated heretofore, the Motuall Mr. Janice Baldwin — O'Kyles ~~to~~ resided in Savannah at her death, and was a friend of Mrs. Lucille McClutchie-White.

281
Dr. McIntire once told me that the
only "Real money" he had ever
made as a Rural Physician in our
County, about the year 1896, when
an epidemic of smallpox occurred
in the Logging Camp of Captain
Daniel O'Connell, then cutting
the virgin White Pine timber in the
Burr Valley and adjacent Beaver
Lick Mountain, and "splashed"
down Laurel Run & Green River.
At that time smallpox was greatly
feared, and when cases appeared
a general quarantine was proclaimed
by the County Court. As late as
~~1914~~ 1914, all three Commissioners
drove a livery rig to Slate Fork
on Elk River to "quarantine" small-
pox cases in a Logging Camp.
The disease in a modified form,
then referred to as "Varioloid" and
not confluent "Variola".

In the year 1896, Universal Vaccination
was in order, and, although I formerly
vaccinated ~~it was~~ at one year I
suffered a thorough inoculation.
An athletic youth, I was surprised
by the feverish symptoms, "Night
Sweats" and malaise I suffered
as a result of a simple sore on my biceps!



282
His results ~~was~~ was thorough,
because when routinely vaccinated
on entering the Army, in 1917, it did
not "take".

In 1896 the County Court proclaimed
an embargo, stationed & guarded on Doot
Mountain prohibiting travel, cases
of smallpox ^{however} discovered in Greenwood
County. But cases broke out in

Den. O'Connell's Camp on Laurel Run.
about fifty in number; the ~~men~~
were forbidden to leave camp, and
work largely suspended. The
job was prosperous, and the
Doctor riding perhaps ten miles
or even spending days in camp,
together in camp.

Every general practitioner of
medicine is familiar with general
alarm in the presence of epidemic
disease and the "Cold Plague" of
the pioneers, as builders of practice.
Smallpox at the camp was not
universal, and no deaths occurred
far as is known.

Thirty years after the White pine
was logged, the hard woods were
cut by Mr. Dennis's Mill at
Dennis.
This interesting region of Laurel

Rain and Beaver Tick Mountain,
~~is, in part,~~ abounding in Deer, ~~hunted~~
 wild turkey, and lesser fauna,
 including the Poisonous ~~Snake~~ Tumor
 Rattlesnake; ~~is, in part~~ comprises
 the "Carl Price State Park," of about
 ten thousand acres; a reflected
 honor to the Price Family, of the Jacob
 Warwick Line.

Mrs. Elizabeth Legon-McClutic
 death occurred in 1912, after following
 a lingering heart failure; quietly
 at her home in Marlinton
 patiently and quietly come. She
 was buried in the Warwick family
 Cemetery on the elevated plateau
 or terrace-plain, at Clover Lick,
 where her grandmother, twice
 removed, Mary Vance Warwick
 lies in her grave, yet unmarked.

The McClutic family are
 Episcopalian; the Chapel in Marlinton
 of that denomination the work
 of their hands.

Dr. Frank J. McClutic, real estate
 Dealer, Bank President, Capitalist,
 suffered severe financial loss in the
 "Debacle of 1929, and after, when
 the first National Bank in Marlinton
 along with the other County banks,
 Five in Number also were "Re-organized."

Friday - 11/24/59 284 Lay abed Ten hours,
dinner and forty. The previous day,
rising at 5 AM. November 21, 1959
"Alert" 16 hours of 24. November 21, 1959
Brother James' day of birth (1868) - His
age 91 years; died May 7, 1946 - Kaya
Cora Dies. Brother Calvin born Nov. 20,
1880; died June 15, 1957. Jean Kinsey Price
November 23, 1880; died March 10, 1928. All
"Purged of Pride", ~~have~~ their spirits.
have joined other elect spirits, "in
the air" - ~~Kaya Cora Dies~~.

As a sequel of the Bank "shake-down",
the Banks of Durham and Hillsboro,
were with their remaining assets, were
absorbed by Brother James' Prices Bank
of Marlinton; and the Farmers and
Merchants, Judge S. H. Sharp, President
removed to Franklin, Pendleton County,
where a local Bank had also failed.
The words "Bank Holiday", then
coined - of Bitter Memory - financially
speaking.

Dr. McClutic continued as President
of the First National Bank in Marlinton
until his death, which followed a
short illness (Coronary occlusion)
in the year 1933 aged seventy.
Frank McClutic won his "Bachelor's
Night Cup" ~~thirty~~ years following the
death of his beloved wife Lizzy
W. Lyon. His body buried in the Warrier
Cemetery at Clover Hill. Kaya Cora Dies.

Monday - 11/23/59 285

4 AM

Sam Kinseps Birth-day, Nov. 23, 1880 - 89
(79). Rectory, Faguir County, Virginia.
Yesterday, Climbed Perseimont Tree, and
gathered a large quantity, frozen fruit.
Nature's own "Deep Freeze". In the
afternoon walked in the forest and
Meadow. Found all in excellent
shape for winter; the meadow seed
heavy; the forest "as an oak tree, whose
substance is within them when they
have shed their leaves." - I said, in
Sunday Morning frosty; the day
mild, sunny.

There is virtue in retaining ancestral
Land - and luck. "Grow Trees
and live long," a true adage.

Happy the man whose thought and
a few ancestral acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.

His trees in summer give him shade;
In winter, fire. - Alexander Pope.

The Burgess Family in Pocahontas.
Dr. W. T. Pyles County History has an account
of the Burgess clan in New York,
Virginia, and our County, Pocahontas.
John Burgess, Sr., veteran of the
Revolution, and an artilleryman at
the decisive Battle of Saratoga, 1777,
coming from York State after the

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Devalentin, settled near Harrisonburg.
His son John Burgess Jr. came
to the Levels and founded the Breckinridge
branch of the family. ~~Supplementary~~
Additional memories of this interesting
group were set down.

John Burgess, Jr. was a skillful
builder and worker in wood and iron.
Some specimens of his work remain;
notably the Sherman Clark House and
the Jordan barn, near Hellsboro.
In later life he removed to the Grace
Flat, head of Levago, where he lived
and lies buried, atop a high
knoll, viewed from the head of
Beaver Dam Creek vicinity. A
love of ancestral land is marked
in his descendants, though never
large land holders, or wealthy.
Their habitations on the high ranges
of the Williams River and on Laurel
Creek.

The name Burgess is Irish.
~~of Irish descent.~~ Far removed from
educational advantages, their families
usually large, the descendants of John
Burgess sometimes lived in huts and
houses with near "earthly" floors,
such as are described in Carlyle's
"Latter Descendants" as typical of bog-
dwellers Irish families, or Thomas
Irish Immigrant near Concord, Mass.
once, when visiting the family of Mrs.

Hammah ~~Daley~~ Burgess - Daley, near
in the Marvin Chapel vicinity, I approached
the house walking on planks laid on
muddy ground, and continued in the
house on planks on the bare ground
as a "floor". The time of the year
was ~~late spring~~ ^{early spring}, the family having
spent the winter under such conditions.
Nevertheless, the average intelligence
of the Burgessses was high; some of its
members thinkers and researchers after
truth. In recent years with
economic and educational opportunity
remarkable progress has been made
by some, particularly in the Kines
branch of the family.

Of an ancient heritage, if not
"born on Irish soil", most have been
dependable citizens; hard workers,
honest; ~~warriors~~ ^{warriors}; The women
pure, the men faithful.

James Burgess, who has recently
died aged 84 at his home at Laurel
Creek, head of Stony Creek, all his long
life a reader and thinker, but not
content with his lot. His wife ~~the~~
Matter Barlow, only child of John Wesley
Barlow, ~~the~~ Veteran Union Army, 1861, and
Matter Barlow - Burgess a strong minded
woman in her own right and a landed
proprietor, who reared a family of twelve

Mother Margaret Moore - Barlow

"on her own ground." and still lives
 past eighty years. Her life has, at
 times, been stormy, but marked by a
 spirit of independence and courage,
 truly admirable. ~~Not very~~ Quite
 recently on a casual meeting in the
 street, Mrs. Burgess remarked, ~~that~~ in
 effect, she had no patience with Dolores,
 and enjoined me not to become "Dolores"!
 In Church "Class", James Burgess has
 been known to arise and with eloquence
 and at length declaim, ~~drawing~~ from
 memory the Psalms, and Isaiah.

A year or two before his death, Jim
 Burgess called at my office for treatment
 of a face wound. The day before
 he was struck on the cheek by a rock,
 accurately thrown, and with malice,
 by a daughter-in-law. Mr. Burgess
 told me he had come, also, to "swear
 out a Warrent" for the woman.

After dressing his wound, which I did
 complimentary as a service to an old
 friend. We discussed the emergency,
 and a hundred topics. I reminded
 Brother Burgess, that as an aged
 believer and in charity when "struck on
 one cheek, turn the other also," to which
 he assented.

~~With~~ In conversation I quoted the
 opening line of Cowper's Hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way his
Wonders to perform."
To my surprise, James Burgess took
up the verse and repeated the whole
Poem.

I also reminded friend James that
"the female of the species ~~was~~ more
deadly than the male," and should
be down with to the death, if necessary.

No "warrant" was applied for, and
James Burgess returned to his home.
He made excellent recovery from his
facial wound.

Following his death, which occurred in
1958, his step-son Clarence Barlow,
remarked to me he "Reckoned James
Burgess was at East Content".
He had a good heart, and is of the
Covenant of Grace. ~~Vaya Best Dots~~

Clarence Barlow, "natural" son of Mrs.
Mattie Burgess, born before her marriage
to friend James Burgess, is a skilled
and useful blacksmith, his shop near
my residence Junction 219 and the
Jehudo Road. A Veteran of 1914
Veterinary Corps, whose principal ~~area~~
duty during his Army "stitch" was
shoeing Army mules - sufficiently
puzzled. Now in his 64th
year he enjoys a pension awarded
by a grateful Country Government.

Mention must be made of the remarkable Hannah Burgess-Dolan-Coleyne, younger sister of James, and who has also recently died (aged 77 years). In her blooming youth well remembered by me as a vigorous, hustling, talkative Irish-American lass, resident of the Beaver Dam, head of Williams River.

Growing up ^{under} true pioneering conditions in the then "Wilderness" of the Williams River, Hannah Burgess had many adventures, and I have heard, in my youth, stories repeated of her boldness and courage in repelling successfully, unscrupulous men whose intentions may have been something less than honorable ~~as regards the female~~

However ^{she} fell in love, Fate being unkind, she bore a "natural" son, christened with his father's name, and who ~~was~~ ^{was} when a young man enlisted in the Army, and slain in the war. His G.I. Insurance named ~~Hannah~~ his mother Beneficiary; Hannah at ~~that~~ the time the wife of George Dolan and the mother of a family of ~~eight~~ ^{nine} + ~~sons~~ ^{daughters}. Needless to say the monthly payments over a period of twenty years appreciated.

George Dolan, Irish, woodsman and
 logger on River Drives, a powerful
 man, who worked, when work was
 available in the Camps; a dutiful family
 man, turning over his earnings to Mrs
 Burgess regularly; usually in a good
 humor, faithful and no drunkard.
 George came to Pocatello in the early & late
 19th Century from Pennsylvania older
 than his wife; passing his days for all
 most part in the Lumber Camps. His life
 was obscure, dying in 1920, he has
 passed from history.

† Mrs. Burgess once exhibited to
 me "two lovely black eyes," which she
 explained had been given her by
 George Dolan as discipline during
 an argument or difference of opinion.
 She did not appear resentful;
 only slightly grieved about the
 occurrence; reared in a Spartan
 School!

I was quite frequently called to her home
 to attend the children in minor sickness,
 but rarely, if ever, to prescribe for Mrs
 Mother, apparently never ill. All her
 children born without attendance, other
 than the "old women."

Always Valuable, Humane loved to
 talk, but never vulgar or profane,
 and usually with a solemn face.
 Particularly when advanced in years.

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a skilled horse-woman from youth. She
~~left~~ always riding astride. She knew
horse flesh and appeared well in the saddle,
erect and apt at speed. Mrs. Dolan
once confided to me she "had no patience"
with complaining women; for herself
never a pain in the side, back, or even
headache; a truly remarkable record.
Horse-riding, child bearing and hard
work had done her no injury, she claimed.
Her new wealth, formerly money, from
her first-born son, slain in the war, made
no difference in Mrs. Dolan's manner of life,
except that she bought a small farm
and log cabin on a side road in the
woods near Marion Chapel, and ceased
to live a nomadic life as a tenant on
leased ground. A "high standard" of
living, in tenement and dress, did not
appeal to Mrs. Dolan. Her spent her
money for that which is breed. True,
she opened a bank account, and though
not literate, invariably tendered a
check for ~~the~~ goods and services. Not
skilled in book-keeping, her account
was usually over-drawn at the Bank,
the book-keeper good-naturedly
keeping a special file and paying Mr. Clark
in order, for as her monthly deposit would
go, in order of issuing. No receipt was
ever shown to protest Mrs. Hannah Dolan,
Clark, a gold-star Mother! Unlike
"Ben Burden's Note," not "good as gold."

The reference is to the ancient Land Grant
of Benjamin Burden, and comes down from
an early day in the Valley of Virginia.
On my occasional professional visits
Hannah's check was invariably accepted with
thanks. Mr. Dolan's account was never
unreasonably over-drawn, and I think all
checks eventually paid, without protest.
I was satisfied with a clerk, heartless
tradesmen, storekeepers, had the privilege
of demanding cash and carry.

Mr. Dolan once remarked to me that
Frank Hunter (my brother in law) always
treated her courteously, as he could
well do, as she "gave all her business"
to the Bank of Marlinton!

Following the death of George Dolan
and in late Middle Age, Mrs. Dolan
married ~~the~~ Adeline Colquhoun, an
outlander unknown to me personally &
advanced in years, and in her last days,
her children far away, Hannah had
some one to talk to. Both are re-
membered with the spirits in the air.
From youth to age, a "charismatic" in local
annals, remembered with affection
by her family and friends. She
had a good heart.

Her body rests, nearly 2 centuries of
her youth on the lofty height ~~and~~ of
the Spruce Flat, in the Burgess
Cemetery.

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a younger son of Sir Wilfred Lawson,
Member of Parliament for many years;
Wealthy, and ~~widely~~ notorious as an
enemy of the British ruling class,
a Professional "Dry" - a prohibitionist
of ~~the~~ England.

A younger son, considered eccentric,
a divergent and a misfit, Young Lawson
was given his portion of inheritance and
joined the English Colony in Pocomoke
and Randolph Counties, about the year
1891; its sole representative of Nobility.
It is true the Brucks, Archie and Reginald,
were of an ancient Scottish house, and
successful in America. Mr. Archie Bruce
on his return to England, many years
ago, sent his friend Uncle Andrew
McLaughlin a thousand pounds (£ in
Dollars) as a contribution to the
Maxwellton Presbyterian Church and
was promoting, and in the shadow
of which he lies buried, in Greenbrier County.
Viscount Lawson, of uncertain age -
not old - but quite bald; the crown
of his head of a ~~peculiar~~ noticeable
conical shape, probably from a birth
injury. A bachelor, he wore his
"Night-Cap" through life, as did his
prototypes Bayson and Randolph,
~~as did they~~ probably realizing
his temperament not adaptable to

the "Terrible Thorn-bit of marriage.
 Unlike the "Prodigal Son" of the
 Parable, Lord Lawson was fortunate
 in buying land in the "Far Country",
 purchasing a noble estate of about
 one thousand acres, belonging to the
 Lee family, and anciently Jacob
 Warwick Land. There was much
 grazing land on Mill Run and
 the slopes of Valley Mountain, extending
 into Pocahontas County, and the
 timbered slopes of Cheat Mountain
 crowned with Black Spruce forests.
 A substantial tenant house, with
 outbuildings, even an ancient grist
 mill, with grind-stones, on Mill
 Run; the purchase price twenty-
 five thousand dollars, cash.

Lawson promptly moved in
 naming his castle "Duffryn".

A noble spring, supplying a
 large horse trough hewn from a
 Poplar log was at the door, in
 which trough I have taken my
 morning dip in cold spring water
 "When visiting Lord Lawson's
 Castle Duffryn."

Mr. Lawson, also, probably had his morning bath, although at the time the "Cattle" not supplied with water, either hot or cold. It is not known that he ever used the "Horse trough" for his bath. Of slight build and height, not particularly athletic, although always playing the position of goal-keeper in soccer. He led his "international" team to Marlinton, late as November, 1905, where was played the last game with the English Colony in which I participated.

Living alone, but not a "solitary" and accustomed from youth to English "servants," he was at times unsuccessful in keeping "tenants" in the house; his unceremonious mannerisms and eccentricities distasteful to the "free-born" natives of the tenant class. ~~Of which, more will be written.~~ Hospitable, even generous; at other times "sparing."

When the spirit moved, he would make long journeys, horse-back,

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it might be feeding the stock, and
dogs, even wild animals in his
"Zoo" to fend for themselves, which
they could well do in the Natural
Paradise that was "Duffryn"-estate.
A large flock of half-wild turkeys
usually ran at large; shot down
as "wild" when needed for food
or the "market" or as gifts to the
neighbors.

Mr. ~~Lord~~ Lawson, loved to write;
kept voluminous "Diaries" and "scrap-
books"; all of which, unfortunately,
were ~~destroyed~~ ^{burned} in the fire that
destroyed the castle in 1903. He
also contributed articles to the
Times; numerous letters of local
events, accounts of athletic meetings,
even poems. He dubbed the
late James Gibson "King of Elk",
as acknowledged strong man
and ~~the~~ leader of his clan.
I have a postal card written me in
perse, inviting me to his castle on
an autumn, - but I anticipate.

(year 1899)

The English Colony had a strong
impact on the social life of the
Community the end of the 19th Century.

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I know that it was an important
factor in my "education" ~~over~~
at a formative time of life, for
which I am grateful. When
"accepted" the Englishman's hospitality
is admirable.

If the ~~British~~ Englishman is a
"brute", he is a "Just Brute".

There lived at White Sulphur Spring
the Montague Family. Mrs Margaret
~~Mont~~ and brother Percival. Mrs
Montague was literary, and has
published books. Young Percy
scholarly and extremely near-
sighted; destined for the Church.
At times he made journeys to the
~~Engl~~ Colony, as a kindred spirit,
although American by birth. On at
least one occasion he stopped at
our house for the night. At one
Family Morning devotions and
recognizing his youthful piety,
Pa requested him to lead, which he
did reading a chapter of the
word and kneeling in impromptu
prayer, - rather haltingly -
~~being as~~ and in deference to the

"Low Church" (Presbyterian) of the family; ^{and} being accustomed to the magnificent accent of the Book of Common Prayer. — In due time the Right Reverend Bishop Percival Montague presided over the Diocese of Richmond, Virginia.

Sir Wilfred Lawson has been cited as a "Professional Abolitionist" in the English Parliament; but none has ever doubted his sincerity as an enemy of the traffic in alcohol as a Beverage. In his day, the United States of America was building up the sentiment which culminated, in 1920, by the inaction of the 18th Constitutional amendment; the incredible Volstead enforcement bill; and the collapse of the movement in a welter of corruption, graft and legal tyranny in 1932; heretofore rated by students in my life period the 19th and 20th Century.

The son of Sir Wilfred Lawson, Arthur, was subject to "moods" varying from high vivacity to "lows", during which his actions

Might appear a bit "Mad", and
so regarded by friends and neighbors.
Hence his difficulty in keeping
tenants, or "servants," on the estate
"Duffryn". Once when I was
his guest as a member of the Loccer
visiting team, ^{Mr} Lord Lawson proceeded
to shoot and hastily dress a turkey
"booking up half picked carcass in a
wash-boiler, in the yard, skinning
off the feathers and other debris;
the result a broth and "water turkey"
served up as food, Indian fashion,
which rebuffed most of his guests.

His ample fire-place he at times
filled with sections of logs; tended
and watched as ~~the wood~~ ^{the wood} was
consumed; ~~an ancient~~ Pioneer
Custom to save chopping and
splitting bulky sections of ~~fuel~~ ^{fuel} wood.

It is reported that a long
"stake pole" was introduced by
Lawson through a window and
fed in the fire place. Later, the
fire supposed to be out, ~~the~~ Mr.
Lawson thoughtlessly left the house,
the stake pole, with the "Perseverance"
of the inert, ^{the} flamed and the house

Burned to the ground; his library, diaries, scrap-books, all lost.

Mr. Lawson never rebuilt Duffryn; took up his residence with Mr. Seymour Mace, an old friend, and several years later returned to England. The house burned in the ~~fall~~ ^{Spring} of 1906/1903

Lawson made a heroic effort to replace his scrap-books, even calling on me from my collections and Pocahontas Lutes files for his articles and accounts of sporting events.

I have in my "scrapbook" an ornate post-card in colored inks and in verse, dated ~~Sept 11~~ ^{Oct 11} 1898. An invitation to visit him at his Castle, beginning:

"Dear Norman Baled,
So far from "Cold"
And ending ^{your note I got} "Gosh! Aint it Hot!"
"Be sure to come
And Rest up home!"

Naturally arising "Mammy" quotes of English & divines, and exclamations
Mammy &

The last line referring to the receipt
Marathon Race, Sept. 24, 1898.

3:30 AM.
Wednesday 11/26/59 303
a restorer of "ground water" under
the mercy of God. "The whole earth is
full of this glory" work suspended as
the street for two days. Farm Census
for 1960, begun.

Responding to Sir Arthur Lawson's
pressing invitation to visit him, in
~~September~~ 1898, I journey, riding
the grey gelding, to Duffryn.

Previously, in May, 1896, a mass
group, men and women, from Marlinton
were the guests of Sir Arthur, going
in chaises, carts, buggies and horse-
back for the May Day festivities.
Comprising Soccer, Polo and track.

Duffryn was filled to over-flowing;
the east house by friends and relatives,
and at Wm. Marshall's Mingo Inn.

Among the girls remembered Misses
Fannie and Edith McLaughlin, Emma
and Anna King, Gertrude and Elva
Byrd, a lady guest of Mrs. Bratters,
from Virginia, escorted by Sam Leatt,
and a few others - Our Soccer and
Polo team and track runners. I rode
the grey gelding.

Sam B. Leatt and Walter Yeager
had thoughtfully provided a few
flasks of Bootleg liquor, stored in

Every "Rigo" in 3rd which they each carried their lady friends. Sam escorting the Virginia Visiter. Within a mile from the start, at the Meadows, the ladies discovered the liquor, which they confiscated, hurling the bottles in the "Slough" after which said the journey resumed in the enjoyment and innocence of youth.

Later Sam Scott told me he had returned and searched diligently for the treasure, found nothing. Either a prospector had preceded him, or the ~~leg~~ whiskey bottles had sunk in the mire of the "Slough" did, truly a "Slough of Despond."

On May 1, 1896, our Palo Verde J.H.G. Wilson, Sam B. Scott, Walter Yeager and I played our first and only game of polo, on the Mingo Football Field, Mingo Flats. Opposing Sir Arthur Lawson's team, on which besides Lawson, were Arney Hedden, Jack Forster and Latimer Price.

I rode the grey gelding, aged; who responded remarkably well in the rushes, I thought. Personally, I have thought that I took instinctively to the game, and might have become a better than average player of Polo. Hitting the ball accurately with the long

Mullet and made a goal or two. The rules of the game are simple, relating to off-side play and interference. Our mounts, liveried stable stock, responded nobly, as horses, even "Cocks," do when charging by squadrons and "mellineg the Battle from afar." I do not recall the score, but I think probably won, as the more experienced team. Many years after, August, 1925, I observed a polo game in Fairfax Loudon County, Virginia, played by gentlemen farmers. A game for rich men dwelling quietly in their houses - "Endowed with Wisdom."

Following polo, a soccer game (international) was played; strangely I do not recall which team won. In the strength and joy of our youth we played games for fun - not side bets, or even glory.

On the third ^{day}, all our party returned to Marlinton. So far as I observed, the utmost decorum marked the three-day outing; the early May weather ideal. Of all that youthful ~~party~~ ^{host} ^{crowd}, our hosts and apponents as well, I can recall only one beside myself now living - Mrs Emma Perry - Andersson, of Marlinton. Her spirit is in the air - Vaya Con Dios

In September, 1899, arriving at Deffryn,
I found my host, Sir Arthur, in one of
his "depressive" moods; his tenant farmer,
the Sharps, keeping him distance. The
weather hot and "dusty" following drought.

Perhaps stimulated by the arrival
of a guest, Sir Arthur bravely shook
off his lethargy and loquacity of spirit.
Was most hospitable - with ability
for self-entertainment, Sir Arthur's library,
and voluminous "scraps-books" filled
with mementoes of the best English
Society afforded pleasure. On separate
days we rode to the homes of Mrs.
James Webber and Mrs. Lathams. There,
~~had~~ we played tennis and had "Tea".
Returning to Deffryn by the light of a
full moon.

Rifle practice on Sir Arthur's private
range was a feature, worth mention.
Some years before a saw-mill boiler
had exploded, on the Point Mermaid,
killing three men; a large section
of boiler was flattened out, re-
sembling armor plate. With
great labor, Lauson had erected
this metal as a target, and during
firing a man or boy never sheltered
behind armor plate, of doubtful
safety at best! One of the Sharp sons
acted as scorer, signifying the result of

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luck round of firing, but did not seem
to enjoy his point of danger, well
knowing Sir hosts exuberance and
reckless shooting.

On walks about the castle-estate,
I observed the ruins of the old grist
mill, on Mill Run, extreme source
of the Tygart River Valley; also a
Yong deer which Sir Lawson's
thoughtlessly kept penned in a small
corral near the barn, a part of his
animal zoo. Not well fed or cared
for the deer had a "mad" look
in the eye, its hide mangy. Well
versed in the lives of the deer family
of mammals, I was sorry for the
poor animal, which should have been
released, or mercifully destroyed.

The whole of the visit the
weather continued hot, as described
by Lawson in his "hot and muggy".
When I took departure, my host
had ~~recovered~~ ^{gained} in some measure,
his buoyancy, giving me "hail
and farewell." He also shot
a turkey running wild, and must
carry with me. I started with the
carcass in a sack slung at my
saddle; but after a few miles the
turkey already "high," I discarded
it ~~for~~ ^{for} the food for the Ravens!
In the wood.

Reference has been made to the fire in which Sir Lawson's cherished diaries and scrap-books, together with his library, were lost.

I have before me the original sheet of paper, dated Dec. 3, 1903; "~~An Ode~~"

THANKS!

(in return for file of "Pacemaker Times" back numbers duly received!)

Respectfully dedicated to Dr. Norman Price! THANKS!

(With A. Lawson's Compliments!)

(The "letter head" which I had printed for Mr. Lawson some years before, in three colors, Black, red, and blue, is characteristic. Subjoined; "

"Mentimeters are always free"

"THE SHACK"

A. LAWSON

("Boss of the Shack")

At left an
antiquarian of
Bees and pine
forest (picture)

Symbolic of industry
and legal authority)

(and so forth)

It was evident Mr. Lawson's "Ode" was submitted for publication in the Times, but it being ruled out by our Senior Editor, Andrew Price as being too eulogistic and flowery!

Copied Verbatim, 309

"AN ~~ODE~~ ode
THANKS!"

(In return for file of the Puck's Times
back number duly received!)

"Ho! hand me down my 'Pakey!'"

'Tis always good to read,

Crisp, up-to-date, and jolly

(Say! that is what we need!)

So, when the Blues "steal over us,

We quackly don our "spees"! -

Without a pret or fuss,

We wear "The Times" gay "Breeches!"

"Aunt dull care"! ~~dull care~~ out-witted

Forever you shall be, -

When "gaunt" "The Pakey" fitted!

(That paper full of glee!) -

Now! "Here's to Pies and Brothers

Who've steamed the storm and stress

Which optimes smother others!)

May joys of ~~life~~ you bless!"

Put up the shot-gun, hang the hump

The festing-pale's a-swinging!

We care not how the critics cuss!

As together we "Reef Singing!!" -

(Squay) "Mountaineer"

(Respectfully dedicated to Dr. Norman Price!
THANKS
(with a Lawrie's Compliments!)

at the get-togethers and banquet of the
teams following our international
soccer games, when each was called
on for a speech, recitation or song,
though no singer, Lawson would respond
with his favorite: "A Bicycle Built
for Two;" or perhaps "Two Lovely
Black Eyes", accompanied by
exaggerated contortions and caperings -
but quite amusing.

On urgent request by English
friends James
Hadden and others at least on one
occasion I attempted a faltering
"National Anthem". The English, of
course, singing lustily: "Britons
Never shall be Slaves!"

The Irishman with the golden Beard,
(Vandyke) is remembered (Tim O'Heard)

"Remember, boy, you're Irish,
You're born on Irish soil;
Your father was a Kinnear,
Your mother was a Doyle!"

Be an honest boy's Country -

"To the land of the free and the brave -

"To the land where the Shamrock grows!"

at parting, all joined hands and sang
in chorus, Bonus "For the sake of
Old Lang Syne!"

3/4
Mr. Lawson felt the loss of by fire,
of his beloved collections of rocks and
papers, which he attempted to restore
living at the time in "the shack"
and other temporary shelter; his lands
neglected. The Colony began to
disintegrate prior to the war in Europe,
and during that conflict disappeared.
The Soccer game (international) of
May, 1905, has been mentioned, when
Lawson led his cohort to Marshmont.
at some time prior to the war, Sir
Arthur Lawson returned to England
aged, and ~~eccentric~~ of frail physique
though "Wry", unfitted for the "Forces",
he lived in retirement, his death
reported about 1936 aged 75 years.
a gentleman of England, stately
bred and most machinically crammed;
~~at times~~ almost mis-shapen in his
physical appearance; a "mis-fit" in his
family, and in exile; Personal
eccentricities did not adapt him
to lasting friendships with any -
male or female. Native energy
and genius, though obscure, contributed
to the "gaily of Nations," and remembered.
Peace to his ashes.

His lands, later immensely valuable in
gum and timber, now returned to the
extensive Lee-Marshall ownership.

Friday - 11/27/5 -
Nov. 26, 1954 - a "Wildebeest"

Dear - Men in these times, or "times"
question - For myself, my wife, and
family with them, of her
frank self, the deep heart, from an early
now, in a sort of "Meditation" in heart
before my only five, I had not a
few weeks. The new spirit of
my 83 in full-day gift of every
for newborn needs and "reborn" to
the new needs I have been accustomed
my whole life -
I wanted by a very and sound
night sleep, unimpaired, ten hours,
coming at 6:30 - 7:00 - 8:00 of my
Dad's dreams, in which I am
at the time of her death in the world,
exhibiting a pattern of every one,
particular endurance, with character
three, each one of them as in the
Auntie and Grand-dad's (in the
action for himself, in the air in
my dream, in the air of the world
the earth and in the air of the world
world - Remembrance with every
as in the story of David (in the
the heart of the world, they are the
earth is full of it, every;

cannot continue instant in prayer

My mother once remarked to me, with a smile, whimsically, that she might some day be a "guardian angel"; doubtless, she is — "in the air"! Throughout her long life, she regarded herself "hard" "roughing it" Philosophically, including the vagaries and sins of her husband and seven children; to ~~that~~ yet using a rule it was yet right to provide food and raiment for all, and continuing "instant in prayer".

My father, too; — wise, devout, serene; Patriarchal, more anxiously regarded the "evocation" of his sons and daughters, & the "blessing" that I claim he bestowed on me I have always regarded as a especially valuable "gift", though in no sense seeking "to reign over my brethren".

("The young men shall see visions,
And the old men dream dreams.")

The Biblical literature of the Jewish Civilization, miraculously preserved in Jewish writings; the Marvellous region of the Middle East and Mediterranean, an "inland sea"; Surely they were a "chosen people", and salvation is of the Jews.

Saturday, 11/28/59

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Rain in the night. "a cold November rain, that wakes not out the sleepy earth the lovely ones again." Nevertheless, I have observed the humble yellow *Laraxacum* blooming late as Nov. 27th. As to the "blessing" bestowed on Jacob by his aged father, Isaac. Though obtained through the artifice of his mother, Rachel, operated as a gift binding on the giver, and once uttered could not be taken back.

Esau, the eldest, twin brother of Jacob, a breaker, through a mighty hunter, previously had sold his birth-right, when a-hungered, to Jacob for a mess of Pottage. or stew.

Threatened with reprisals by Esau, at his mother's orders, Jacob fled to the frontier, where he had his "dream" and met his future wife Rebecca, at the well. The pleasant story of his adventures and romance of Jacob also sets forth the future Patriarchs; his ~~native~~ wisely, had early learned to "Labor and to Wait."

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have, the words of eternal life."

3/5-

BEARS.

I have long intended ~~and~~ writing something of the life history and habits of this most interesting of Mammals in lives around us. In this I have been aided and interested by the stories of Fred Galford, of the Williams River Country, a mighty Hunter of the bear, who at last account had killed ninety bear.

Fred has brought up a family of ten sons and daughters, at the foot of Black Mountain in the "Wilderness". His wife a Miss Cogar, of the well known, and numerous Welsh County family of that name.

Because of his knowledge of the Williams River, Gauley River, and the Cranberry regions, Fred has for many years acted as professional guide for Coal prospectors, the forestry service and Hunters.

Approaching seventy years, Fred Galford yet a mighty Hunter before the Lord. He recently remarked to me that "us Galfords do not show their age," which is literally true. But that is another story.

I once saw the carcass of a skinned 200-pound ^{male} bear, brought to Martins

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fard's pose, and was struck by the
similarity ~~to~~ of the carcass to that of
a Naked Man; the thigh and legs
notably so. As the animal frequently
rises on its ~~hind~~ legs, its muscular
structure is alike to man. Those of us
who have observed the "Hupplings" of
trained European Brown Bear, back
a familiar sight, will appreciate this.
"The bear that walks like a Man"

—Kipling—
Mr. Galford has even observed the
bear in other than the hunting season;
a mother bear with playful young
cubs; or in the sitting time, in
August, when the animal is specially
dangerous if ~~the~~ suddenly encountered.
Once he saw a large bear on
approaching a high rail fence, rise
and with his paws on the top rail
appeared to "roll over" the fence in
an instant.

If "treed" in a high tree, and
descending in a hurry, the bear may
let all holds go and fall considerable
distances - twenty feet or more - to
lose no time; ~~and~~ his furry hide,
underlying fat and springy muscles
a protection - requiring no bones.
Common, with mighty animal
teeth, upper and lower, the bear

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The bear, like man, is fond of nuts,
fruits, berries, - even "Browse" or
succulent roots and plants, all eaten
raw, of course, without receipt of "cooking".
The strong teeth and jaws equal to
~~and~~ any "chewing" necessary.
The bear ~~masticates~~ ^{chews} usually
~~eats~~ slowly, enjoying his food,
not swallowing in lumps as do many
other beasts and birds of prey, notably
the Horned Owl; the Tiger of the Air.
A chapter could be written about
the interesting hibernating practices
of the bears, new to me from the
literature; observed and told by Fred
Galford. As is well known, the
bear may "lay up" in a Rock Cavern,
a large hollow tree; or even under
a fallen tree stump and log.
Once ~~the~~ ^{Fred} followed the tracks in snow
of a large bear belated in going
to bed for the winter. This bear,
apparently not gifted with foresight,
had not searched out a suitable
spot to winter, attempted to "hole
up" in a Laurel thicket; breaking
and piling a considerable heap of
brush. This "chewing" Fred
approached and reconnoitred
cautiously, as the bear was
hermatically under the snow-
covered pile, possibly asleep.

Perhaps fully awake, as there was "sign" beside recent tracks in the snow. I have never before heard, or read, of a bear hibernating in such shelter.

It is well known that ~~the~~ before entering ~~sleep~~ his winter sleep the bear "purges" himself thoroughly, either by "nature," or a purgative, ^{medicine} known as "mucous," as it is called. The bear of the Laurel Midget had added in the snow for a time and thoroughly purged, until nothing was voided except a mucoid bile - the intestines emptied.

Individual bears, entering the winter "lean," from whatever cause, are restless in their sleep, usually emerging earlier than is judicious. There are the dreaded ~~the~~ killers, dreamed of by the hunters, in early spring - and nearly always for males; the females normally occupied in spring with their young, born during hibernation.

Still cautious, Fred cut a long pole or sapling, and with his gun handy, attempted to upset the Laurel Osage pile, down hill, or probe for the bear. Getting no response from the bear, or even "feeling" it, he ventured to remove some of the brush, at last

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finding the empty "bed" with some
black bear hairs - its occupant having
abandoned his "house" as unusable
and uncomfortable. This instance
is notable as unusual in bear life.
Fred once explored a rock den,
head of Cranberry, where a bear had
bedded, possibly for more than one
winter. Dry and lined with leaves,
it appeared its inmate had at times
lain on its back and restlessly
rubbed and scratched the rock wall
at a height ~~of two feet~~ with its head
feet and claws.
Once, in the hunting season, a party
of hunters killed two yearling cubs
in beech trees on the once celebrated
"Beech Bottom", that in the absence
of their mothers, possibly also
killed, or fled, seemed to accept
their fate, made no attempt to
escape, and "took the bullet in
the ~~their~~ brain" as true infant ^{bear} warriors
of the wild.

As an appreciative observer of
Nature Fred Galford has very thanks
for his interesting story of the habits
of the Native Black bear. I may
~~have~~ set down more about the Galford
family, whose ~~members~~ men and women,
"do not" appear to grow old." (over)

* The Beech Trees of the "Hutts" Cedar
Made into Cloudberry in a Richmond factory.

Bear, also, make "Blazes" with tooth
and claw, high as it can reach, on the
green bark of chestnut or beech, making
faint, or as "signs" understory by this
kind

Once, while riding through woodland
on Beaver Dam Creek, year 1905
Mr. John Will Thut pointed out to me
"Measuring Marks" on a ~~green~~ chestnut
tree, about seven feet from the ground
made by a bear's claws. This was
in August, or late summer.

Fred Galford relates a bear at bay
and fighting ^{an dog}. When shot, ~~groaned~~ ^{groaned}
and exclaimed "Oh Lord", ! - or
"founded like it" - and died.

He also observed, in summer, a
large bear lying on its back in a
bower of ferns, fore feet ⁱⁿ the
air, circling and ^{as} waving, ^{as} though
signaling, or "playing". On
seeing a man, the bear quickly
disappeared in the ~~forest~~ wood.

319-^B (Bears)

That the adult Bear frequently "rests" on its broad back, man-like, is attested by Hunters. The turnings and "stretching" of the hibernating bear, while lying on its back has been proven by the observations of a bear den in a rock cavern, rubbings and scratching on the wall with ~~the~~ hind feet thus maintaining muscle tone during the long period of inactivity. I have not read of this in Devoe's "The Animals Sleep," or other Nature writing. Claim it as original observation by Mr. Fred Galford.

With no intake of fluid or food, digestive and excretory functions are necessarily in abeyance during the "long sleep" of Indian Lake.

"As a teal tree and ~~as an~~ oak when they have ~~the~~ cast their leaves, whose substance is ~~within them~~ and shall return and shall be eaten

"As a teal tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves," - ~~and it~~ ^{and it} shall return, and shall be eaten. - I send v.

Personally, I have for many years, on waking employed a few minutes in deep breathing, and while still in bed "stretching" and all sleep, and opposing muscular "exercise" of great value to otherwise "sedentary" people.

to turn a fast buck. Leagraves a grandson of Walter Yeager, and son of Mildred Yeager-Leagraves, who, encumbered with an alcoholic husband, teaches music in the Marlinton School.

Two other recent "graduates" of the "forces" ~~the~~ young Walder and Jimmies, detected "breaching and entering," now in jail. The recent "homing" of the Post Office safe not yet solved. County, State and Federal agents now at work on this "crime".

Will mail today about Seventy-Five pages to Jean, for typing

An English "Brain," (Huxley) visiting us, ~~at~~ Chicago Meeting of "Science," 100th anniversary of Mr. Dr. Darwin; abuses hospitality (and publicity) proclaiming his "doubts and fears," lacking faith and intuitions of "things unseen." I speak the things I do know; and have "sought the secret ways, the unfrequented paths of life that steal away unknown."

"He that doth not receive the Kingdom of Heaven as a little child, shall by no means enter therein."

New Testament

Monday 10/29/59

Clear and Frosty -

not cold. The heavy leaves of the Walnut and Gumac still cling to the boughs. Good progress made on the road and bridge, yesterday. If the "temporary" crossing should go out on an early "rise" in late autumn, the new bridge could be put in use almost immediately, though incomplete.

Early Practice of Medicine.

Some ~~early~~ incidents of the practice, year 1904, and after should be recorded. The winter of 1904 is recalled as a "hard winter" with much snow and ice. With one and a half years active practice, under the tutelage of Dr. James Price, began to get the "hang" of it, together with familiarity the roads, trails and residency of my new clientele.

Though native to the county and district, I at first found it surprisingly difficult, as an example, to find the residence of William Gay, head of the Indian Project; the trail with many gates, almost obliterated with deep snow, when called late at a winter night to a case of "Labor". Neighbor John Waugh, who lived at the "forks", called from bed the second time, for directions, having lost myself in the woods and retraced my steps.

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On another trip, in summertime and at night, hummed to the Adkins house head of swags, took the wrong turn at the forks, and was guided, on foot, by the late ~~old~~ Veterans, @.S.A. ~~Dr. Hefner~~ across the intervening ridge & young Clifford Adkins having fallen ~~more than~~ twenty-five feet from a cherry tree, late of a Sunday, with resultant fractures of both arms and deep head wound of the scalp, he being about twelve years old.

Late at night, and with Comrade Hefner's assistance, the patient, was anesthetized (chloroform), and extensive Surgical Repairs made.

By good chance, and the luck that attends young physicians and surgeons, the patient made surprising good recovery. (He had fallen, as he stated, among rocks a distance of twenty-five feet, measured) and in a few days, came to my office, on foot, ~~to have~~ a distance of ~~four~~ miles, to have his wounds attended.

As a climax, a few months later, Clifford appeared, in person, and paid me the sum of fifteen dollars, about the largest single fee I had earned, at the time; his family, having raised the money; being poor, and honest.

Clifford Adkins is living today, an over seas Veteran of the War 1914, and a pensioner. He never married.

Quite recently, ¹⁸³ ~~Mr.~~ Sergeant Adkinson
reminded me, (he lives at Riverside, near
Mapleton, with his sister Mrs. Elsie Adkinson
retired teacher of schools) of the cherry
tree accident, exhibiting two arms
without deformity from fracture when
a boy, and extensive scars on his
forehead, as a result of injury ~~1901~~ 1903.

Veteran Alex Hefner, CSA, a notable
man in his day; he reared a large
family, head of Swago; industrious
and honest, ~~as it~~ was true of nearly
all Southern Veterans of 1861. His son
George and grand-son Henry, built the
large stone chimney of my residence,
in 1928. It was on a trip by auto
to his home to visit Mrs. Alex Hefner,
aged widow. The providential (miraculous)
escape from disaster occurred, related
in a previous chapter.

Alex Hefner was Irish, ^{descendant} endowed
with much native humor. While not a
drunkard, he would, occasionally, get
a bit tipsy. I recall a Fourth
of July, 1892, on the "Island" above
the bridge, Mr. Hefner being present,
his business selling ripe cherries by
the half pint, and at intervals doing
a fac-down, or a clog, on the
same platform, or taking a ride

[illegible]

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* and Gustaf's Shell

Once, Mr. Refner and his son William, or "Bill," a mild alcoholic, ~~the~~ were arrested by the town cop for noisiness on the street and placed in the jail-house, a brick Bastille, recently built. "Bill" Refner announced that he was going to tear the house down - reduce it to rubble, etc. His father restrained him, arguing the building was new; had cost the tax-payers a great deal of money, and should not be destroyed.

The next day, sober and Penitent, father and son appeared before the first Mayor of Marlinton, Andrew Price, who gave a kindly reprimand and dismissed the case.

The veteran once gave me a humorous account of the retreat from the Battle of Proof Mountain; later from the fight at Lewisburg, himself jumping Greenbrier River at the "Coldwell" ford - in proof of which assertion he found himself, with the rest of the retreating troops, on the east side of the River, and his feet were dry!

Devout, though tipsy, at a "Revival" church meeting on Swago, along with the singing and the praying, the usual request by the Chairman for those who wished Salvation, etc, to arise.

Hand of hearing, the Veteran was caught
"off base" and alone, arose to his feet
as one who wished to be "lost" & other
preachers shocked inquiry: "Brother
Hefner, do you wish to go to ~~Heaven~~?"
The Veteran replied, stoutly, that he
"wanted to go some-where" when he died!

It was Alex Hefner who came horse-
back, to summon me to the advisor
home, a neighbor, when Clifford was
badly injured; leaving me to follow
the ~~latter~~ guided me to the house and
assisted in the anesthesia, etc. ~~He was~~
~~An aged man, but active.~~

At the Lewisburg fight, Nov. 1863,
his kinsman, Captain William Hefner
and his son both killed, father and
son buried in the same grave. as told
in Price's Biographical History of
Pocahontas County.

"On fumes eternal camping ground
Thin tented tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn sound
The Bivouac of the dead."

Only in the twentieth century getting to
to the homes of the sick and injured was
by foot, horse-back, carriage, train,
even freight train ~~on horse~~ and hand
Clever car by ruffian of the train
and track crews; on occasion I have

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used ice-slates, in winter, and Canoes in spring on the River in making
Dick ~~Cutler~~ coffins.

I called to the bedside of a hopelessly
~~ill~~ and dying man, winter 1903. I got
off the "Evening train" at Harter,
a few miles to the west; and started walking
up track, through the "tunnel" about
two miles to the deserted old log
home of the pioneer Jacob Waugh, in
snow and over ~~cut~~ twilight of a "Late"
Moon; then up the River Ridge to the
home of Jacob Waugh (a descendent)
whose death occurred soon after from
Pulmonary tuberculosis. The visit
was routine, as little could be done
for the dying.

Late at night, I returned to Harter
horse-back, over the "Tunnel Ridge",
getting a few hours sleep in the
bunk-house and breakfast at the
mess hall, returning to Marlinton
on the "Morning train".

Dying in early middle age, and
insolvent, no effort was ever made
to collect a fee for this and other
services. By a wide family connection,
my efforts in Jap's behalf were appreciated,
notably by his older sister, Aunt Jane
Waugh-Sharp, a former nurse and
midwife, who remained my friend
and supporter for nearly fifty years
thereafter.

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Young Jacob was ⁱⁿ had led a life might be described as a "hard life," among his accomplishments, or bad luck, having been married three times. Because of his "unbelief," it was feared that he might die "unwaved."

He left a posthumous daughter; so light in weight as to fit snugly in a quart cup. She was christened "Tina" or Tiny, as befitted her size. That "Tiny" survived was considered a marvel of nursing skill by Aunt Jane, and medical knowledge on my part, which helped getting more profitable practice in the Waugh clan and among the neighbors.

Tina lived to grow up - always small in stature, but married and had children. Her mother was of the Wilfong family.

The "hard" winter of 1904 has been referred to, with much snow and frequent sub-zero cold waves. The River and Creek remained solidly frozen for months; even used as highways and skidding logs on sleds and otherwise. In February following, blocks of ice twenty inches in thickness were measured on Knapps Creek. Earth roads remained a solid sheet

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of ice. Horses needs be ~~rough~~ ^{rough} ~~mod~~
with ice Cakes, and Nails, Rept. March,
Following a "January" thaw and a freeze
with ~~most of the snow~~ ^{most of the snow} ~~the~~ ground bare
of snow, in fact, roads remained
coated with Mich. Ice. Once I rode
to the Burr Valley, twenty miles, my
horse not once alighting on bare ground -
solid ice.

at least once, I skated on the River ice
to Hart's, eight miles, answering an
urgent call - between "trains". I was
especially skilled in ice skating,
and with some "rough" snow ice,
a bit arduous, but I reached my
goal, returning on the "evening"
train.

Another time I rode the Brown
Mare down river four miles on ice
and up Cook's Draft, to the home of
Robert Rose, where Aunt Margaret
Thomas had been in attendance
twenty-four hours, a difficult
case of "labor". The first born in the
Rose family; his usual physician
not available. The birth was
accomplished, ~~but~~ the patient nearly
exhausted, by an "easy" or "fore"
forceps, and quick recovery, all
to Aunt Margaret's relief and
approval; she also remained my
friend and supporter ~~there~~ for many

(Don. and medical ignorance means that the physician is fortunate who / 89 sees the patient last) years.

The same ~~canoe~~ light canvas ~~canoe~~ folding canoe - over steel ribs" I had cruised the Green River Jun. 1898. was serviceable, and sometimes, in flood, I took the canoe up thru as many as twenty miles, floating down stream with stops at Clover Lick, or point below.

These cruises I enjoyed as a touch of pioneering along with the prosaic labor of the day.

Calls by rail sometimes involved ~~the~~ long delay, missing trains, or a walk back, either "up river" or "Down River".

Once on a canoe trip from Clover Lick I stopped at the home of the late J. Moffett Waugh and negotiated the purchase of a roan cow, on a medical account of about thirty dollars. This "Pulled" cow, of native stock had a notable history, and with her offspring - the notable "Holstein" bred by Dean in 1917, kept the family in milk and butter over a period of twelve years.

J. Moffett Waugh, also married three times, the father of a generation. Among his sons McJannet Waugh, Peckham Man of Marlinton, Mr. Waugh,

has recently died aged more than
ninety years. His son, McKimley
Waugeth, successful dealer in real
estate in Marlinton. Also his son Ben.
It is true that Mr. McKimley Waugeth
in the Prohibition era, sentenced by
the late Federal Judge George
D. McClintic did time at Atlanta
Federal Prison for boot-legging
moonshine and country liquors
all in the way of Business.

Here, something of the long life
of the Palled Roan Cow purchased
in 1904 from Mr. Waugeth, at the
time believed to be "aged" - twice
"freshened"; she supplied the family
with milk over a period of ten
years, until 1914. Her cross-bred
Holstein calf (1910) now an excellent
milker. The aged Roan was callously
sold, presumably for "her hide
and tallow," to Mr. Withrow McClintic,
a stock dealer. I believe for
three dollars, the deal made by
our assistant herdsman Harvey
McDowell.

It appears that Mr. McClintic sold
her to a ~~small~~ ^{small} ~~former~~ ^{ed. Lane} near Mill
Point. On a foggy ~~autumn~~ ^{autumn} morning

Friday - 10/30/59 - 4 Nov. 191

First "Killing" Frost - Walnut and Pines
leaves falling. Read 2 or 3 of St. Chapt. 4
A solemn warning to Jew and Gentile.

Early, what did I behold, in the Autumn of
the year 1924. The very mouth of the
gray old Waugh Cow, at the bars in
the River-lot, an intelligent look of
Recognition in the eye, and begging to
be let in; as of old!

Verily, the apparition appeared to me,
as a "Lower Animal" - a mammal -
Therefore a Biological Kinship - as
one rose from the dead! (aged in 1904)
not less than twenty-seven years in age.
"Mooley" was kindly treated, - she appeared
to be "Dry" for a week, when her
owner, appeared, and we heard of her
No More.

Endowed with Superior Intelligence
and years of "experience" - "instinct" - as
we call it - she had returned to her
old home to die.

On Diet -

The mammal - man - is vegetarian
by nature. Adam and Eve were given a
garden "to dress and to keep it; and eat
the fruits thereof;" nothing said about
eating the flesh of animals. "Created
upright, he has sought out many
inventions," as recorded in Holy Writ.
The organic chemical "Cholesterol"

debated in the news of the day, a product of animal fat in the eating habit, and a principal cause of "Heart attack", or coronary thrombosis.

In Ancient Valley of the Nile, human food was principally grains, roots, berries, and vegetables. In time of famine the patriarch Jacob sent his sons into Egypt to buy grain, - not jerked beef, ham and bacon -

At the time of Moses - "Exodus" 1400 B.C. Decline had set in, along with eating animal ~~fat~~. "The Flesh pots of Egypt" a ~~Mosaic~~ warning. Moses the Leader, was "learned in the knowledge of the Egyptians" formulated prohibitions and rules governing eating of animals, when necessary because of ~~distress~~; necessity knows no law.

Quoting the Bard, in Julius Caesar:
"Who on the higher seats,
ate of such flesh as others
died to look upon."

And again:

"Upon what flesh does this
our Caesar feed
That he has grown so great!"

As directed by the Law Giver Moses, or today Jews abstain from meats other than "kosher" - a compromise in modern diet.

Barbarous races, especially, the

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American "Indians," before corrupted by
the "Whites," though mainly carnivorous
in diet, had their doubts as to the
propriety of killing their "brother"
animals, especially the bear, whom
they considered almost human in
intelligence, frequently offering prayer,
or an apology, before attempting to
slay the bear for food. Moreover, the
Jordan was the first "Conservationist,"
killing no more than was absolutely
necessary for food.

The first use of tobacco, but as a
ceremonial, in Council, or a sacred
rite when visiting the burial mound
of his ancestors, or a healing
spring. A melancholy contrast to
the present world-wide addiction
of men and women to the drug!
In the course of centuries an "age of
reason" may decay; even threatening
present day "leading industries," the meat-
packing and tobacco productions and
processes.

~~Tales of~~ words
The ~~words~~ of wise men, the devout
and learned,
who rose before us, and as prophets
burned, stones that awoke
are but the tales of comrades, who
they ~~awoke~~ from sleep,
have told their comrades, and
to sleep returned!

— Rubenyat

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Our fellow "Mammals" - (I will not
refer to fowls and birds, that are not
Mammals, but have remarkable reasoning
powers; which ~~are~~ proper to call "instinct".) -
as individuals they have their joys and
sorrows; loves and hates, and vary in
wisely in ~~the~~ intelligence; recognized
by the "trainers" of birds and beasts.

"Behemoth" - largest of the Mammals -
and intelligent far beyond other "Fishes";
Witness: "Moby Dick," of the story by
that name.

As for the Mammal, Man, as an
individual, of all races, he may be
"Created equal"; but does not remain
so, for long, in the struggle for
existence, education, attainment and
Morality.

Human beings, in the mass, appear
to be "raw material" from which there
occasionally emerges a "Divergent",
or superior being; ably illustrated
in Ralph Adams Cressie's "Law".
"Why we do not believe like Human Beings".

Fraser, my brethren, "Whatsoever
things are true, what is good, lovely
and of good report; think on these
things!" (Saint Paul's Letter
to the Corinthians.)

Saturday - 10/31/59/195-

Fairlight of an autumn night; The
precipitous descent, at night, of the autumn
dusts; often mistaken as "Dawn of Day".
A gentle rain, fine for ground
moisture and pastures; also fire
prevention in the forests. I have added
as routine, a banana a day to my Diet;
and find the food beneficial. For two
months I have not touched eaten flesh
for years, occasionally only, in winter,
as a seasoning. Maintaining created
a vegetarian, and should return to
such diet, if possible.

Lorenza Waugh

Of Scots descent, the ancestor of the
Waugh family settled near Mt. Zion, in
the "Kills" in middle of the 18th
Century. The family story has been well
told in Price's History of Poughkeepsie County.

Pages - The life of Lorenzo Waugh (18-
19-) was of more than ordinary
length of days and interest. The son
of Jacob Waugh, whose pioneer home
was on Greendree River, above the
tunnel and six seven miles from
Marlboro. The two-story large brown
log house still standing in 1930,
but unoccupied. At a later day
the Waugh family removing to "New
Ground" below the Tunnel, at
this place the residence of the late
Moffett Waugh stands.

The seven sons of the Pioneer Samuel
Wauget were stalwarts; workers in iron
and Builders; also pillars of the early
Methodism of Mt Zion Church, later
on the Greenbrier. — the region of
of the third generations in Pocahontas
County, Forenza Wauget, an ambitious
athletic youth; a reader and self
taught, aspired to the Ministry. It
is told that at a public gathering,
home of Jacob Warwick, Clover Lick,
Forenza was entered in a mile
race, by Mr. Warwick, against an
older champion, whose name is not
remembered. Young Wauget won
the ~~the~~ foot race; and, later, Mr.
Warwick presented him with a colt
— a Mare — ~~that~~ which with its
descendants, accompanied ~~Forenza~~
the Circuit Rider and ~~Methodist~~ Missionary
to the Shawnee Indians across the
plains to the Pacific Coast.
Early in the 19th Century Forenza
Wauget became a Methodist Minister
in Missouri; later a Missionary
to the Indians, region of Kansas,
and finally reached California.
Here his merits were noted by a
Spanish land owner, or Don, who
supplied land for his use. This
land claim was lost to Mr. Wauget,

because of some defect in title, but he
acquired an excellent ranch in the
Piedmont Valley, where ~~his~~ ^{he} the last
years - he was past ninety - were spent
in Peace, surrounded by numerous
dependents.

Late in life he prepared a published
memoir (which I have) that he modestly
wrote in the form of a narrative,
or story, for his young grand-children.
An attractive group picture appears in
the book. The noble countenance of the
patriarch, surrounded by a half dozen
grand-children, boys and girls.

As befits a life story, written for his
grand-children, little of a militant
nature appears of his adventurous
life. Residing among barbarians
of the plains, he could have told
much of a savage mode of life,
as did Francis Parkman in his
"Oregon Trail."

"Mark the perfect man, and behold
the upright; for the end of that man
is Peace."

James Bridger, the Mountain Man,
whose birth place was in the Greenbrier
~~Adopt~~ "The Bridger Place, adjoining the
Jacob Waugh Lands. At a period
slightly before Foreman Waugh, Jim
Bridger had a fort and lived with
his harem of ~~Indian~~ ^{Indian} squaws on the

Platte, Kansas 198 He is said to have
guided Brigham Young's band of
the Mormon sect on their exodus
from Illinois to the Salt Lake Valley.
The "Bridger Hatch" on the Stampine
Creek Mountains commemorates the
slaying of two Bridger Young men
in an ^{Indian} Indian foray, about 1784.
Jim Bridger, Mountain Man, may
have been a younger brother, or
a nephew of the two Bridgers slain
in 1784.

Allen Carter and William Carter
these brothers, veterans of the Confederate
armies, came from Eastern Virginia
after the war and settled in the Burr
Valley, head of Laurel Run, now
comprised in the Carl Price State
Forest of ten thousand acres. A
substantial new white pine log
house was constructed, where
near which was at a later date
constructed a "splash dam" to
float timber down Laurel Run
to the Greenbrier River. The
"Run" so named, though draining a
large territory, because of "Big"
and "Little" Laurel Creeks, tributary
to the head of Williams River.
Following the war, both brothers

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married and raised families and prospered. In the course of the years the brothers sold much white pine timber; at a very low "stumpage" price it is true, but aggregating a considerable sum of money.

His wife having died, Allan Carter married for his second wife the ~~much~~ younger young widow Belle Rider (nee Smith) herself the mother of seven children. Allan Carter was sixty when he married Belle, who was still young and remarkably attractive and beautiful, although mother of seven.

By his first wife Mr. Carter had a daughter, named "Prissie" or Priscilla, who was mentally "retarded," and the unmarried mother of a gigantic son of a son named Ed. Carter - who was reared by his grand-father.

The Carter Brothers had each a considerable sum of money from the sale of timber, and the proceeds of their industrious lives; it being known that Allen had a good hoard which the fierce old Veterans was fully able to guard, unless taken at disadvantage.

However, in the year 1899, Veterans Allan Carter was shot from ambush, ~~falling~~ and instantly killed, by falling

At the corner of his log barn while
going about his work in early morning.
Unquestionably, illicit love and robbery
played a part, and to which Belle
was accessory, before and after the
fact. The Grand-son Ed was suspected;
tried for murder, and acquitted for
lack of "evidence". Defended in
court by C. C. C. H. H. Rucker.
I recall an unverified, or documented,
rumor at the time, that Mr. Rucker
was paid his fee in gold coin.
If Ed Carter had been hanged
or shot on "suspicion", Justice would
have been better served. He continued
to live at the twice-widowed Belle's
house and the family until his
death in the influenza epidemic
of 1918. of Pneumonia.
In a former chapter I recorded
a visit to the Carter home winter
of 1904, to see young Rufus Rider,
son of Mrs. Belle Carter, ill of Flu
or Pneumonia. A year or so
later Mrs. Carter paid me for the
visit, at my office. I recall she
was accompanied by Ed. Carter,
and a ten dollar gold piece
proffered, from which I returned
two dollars in change. Both
Belle and Ed appeared ill at ease
from which fact psychologists might

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De Quat's amateur conclusions ~~were~~
might be. Then in middle age,
Belle painted and over-dressed.
Mrs Bell - Ryder - Alters death in
1920 at the County Hospital, of a
dropical affection; the hospital
~~then~~ known, colloquially, as the
"Poor House"; then conducted by the
late Dr. Harry L. Salter, who had
promoted the sale of the County "Poor
Farm," the proceeds used to purchase
the Hospital, from Dr. J. W. Price,
he having acquired the building
on a protested bank debt from
the late Brown M. Yeager.

I have learned a deep bond of
affection existed through life between
Mr. Brown, Allen and William Alters.
After the death of his father, and
about 1920, Mr. Wm Alters sold
his lands and came to live with
his daughter, the late Mrs. Blanche
Meadows, previously married to
a Mr. Halley, whose two sons
Wm and Russell still live.
Halley still live. Their mother
Blanche dying in 1952.
The Alters-Meadows Family then
lived at the foot of Price Hill, near

Monday - 10/2/56
3:30 AM

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Windy weather began with ~~the weather~~ ^{the weather} mild & forenoon of "Indian Summer".
The day, for the most part, spent at office
and in the open air.
Mrs. Mary McClintic French appears to be
"violently" visiting her in-law Pittsburg
and Charlottesville, Va.; her relatives, also
(Washington), after her mistreatment, (and
imprisonment) of her husband, Sam French.
All duly reported among the "Personals"
of that Beacon of Light and Leading,
The Pocahontas Times.

Gangsters appear to be moving in at
the "Toll House". McCloud drinking taxi;
neglecting the gas station; the restaurant
a hangout for Italians and Negroes;
- Bootlegging - etc.

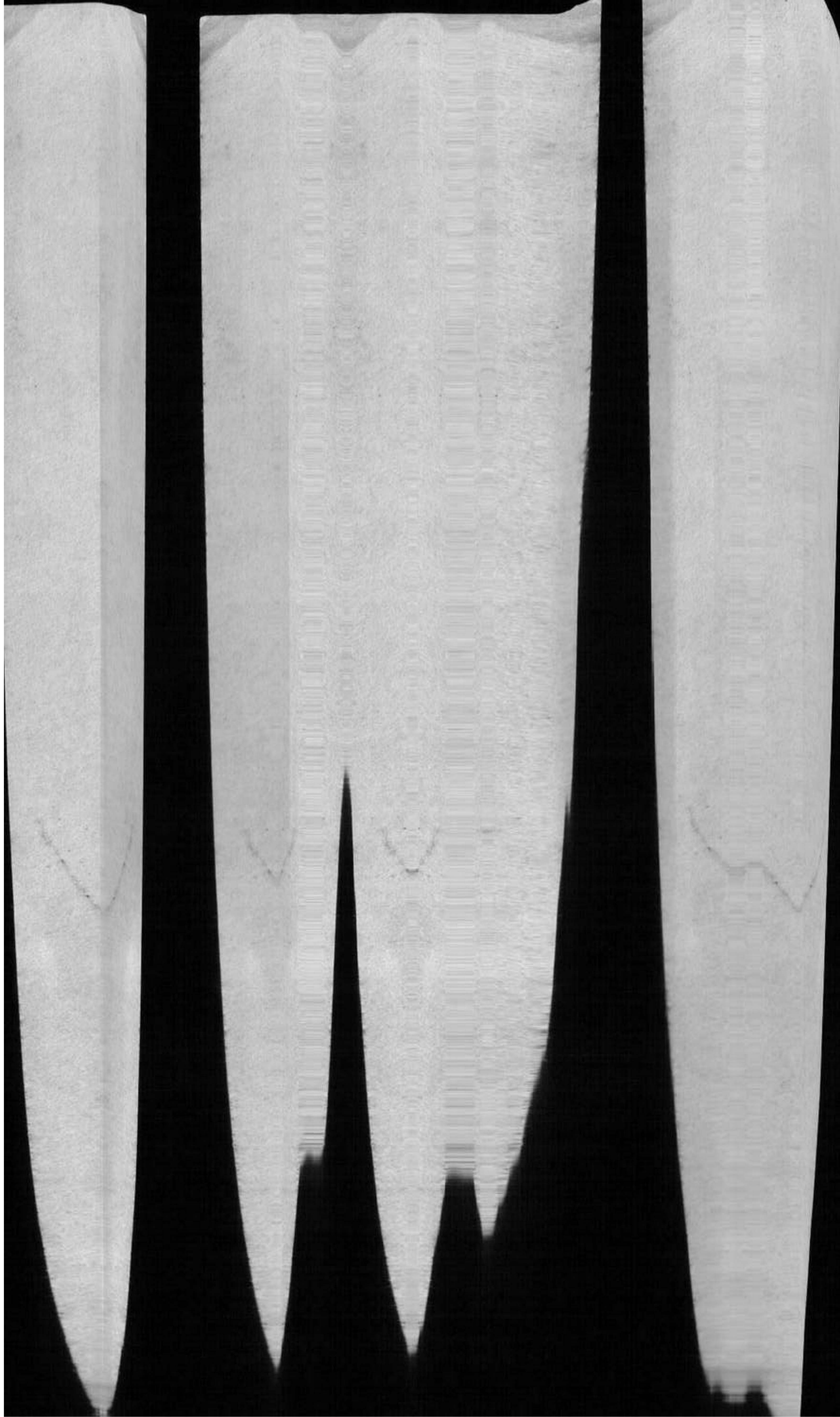
Kelley Hotel and the Carter House
despect! Evil Present with us.

(201)

my residence, in 1923-24. Veterans Bill
Culter after had me in to see Mrs. Culter,
being solicitous about her minor
ailments and illnesses. A beautiful
harmony apparent between this aged
couple, a true union of souls. William
Culter was married but once.

"We have but one virginity to lose,
and where we lost it, there our hearts
will be." - Rippling "The Virginity".

Indefatigable in means, Mr. Culter invariably tendered
my fee at each visit. Both were of
a mild, genial, and courteous. The
"home" Culter of good Anglo-Saxon origin.



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At times I drew him out to fight his battles
again, when his eye would light up.
With the true fire, and vocal accent.
He did not approve the loss of the war;
hated, yanks, and had killed as many
as possible in 1861.

Mr. Colter did not approve of his
daughter's second marriage with one
Meadows, who had come with a Broad
Construction firm from North Carolina,
of unknown family, and rather much with
expressing with some asperity his
opinions of certain male and female
visitors at the house, following the
engagement by marriage of Mr. Meadows.
I believe this was a cause of the Colters,
later, going to the home of another
daughter, who lived in Kansas, where
both died and were buried.

William and Allan Colter served
throughout the war in the 22d Reg. Va.
Infantry, reduced by losses to the 22d
Battalion. In the same Company, and
left under the same blanket the entire
four years; a remarkable thing. This
was told me by William Bell Colter in 1923.
They about 80 years of age.

The 22d Reg. was engaged the first day
at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, when the Yanks
were driven with heavy losses in killed
and prisoners. Mr. Bill Colter recalled
slaking his battle thirst at "Sprayless
Spray", Culp's Hill; as did Veterans
Hugh A. McLaughlin, previously mentioned.

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A. Member of Company I, 25th Va. Infantry.
(*) Gettysburg is rated one of the world's
"Decisive Battles." I esteem it a privilege
to have talked to many who were ~~at the battle~~
at the ~~both~~ anniversary ~~commemoration~~ of
Gettysburg in the field of Gettysburg, July
1913, and elsewhere; notably ~~Bill~~
~~Colts~~, "Gettysburg" (Hugh P. McLaughlin,
the Rev. J. C. Beverage and Charles R. Moore,

In writing this "Memoir" I have been
impressed ~~by~~ the pleasure to be de-
rived ~~by~~ ~~from~~ recording and re-
reading the chronicles of childhood
and youth. It has been said: "The
old days are better than the ~~modern~~,
because the pain has gone out of
them." Certainly, the tale is
engraved on the tablets of memory
more clearly than are ~~modern~~
events.

"Time but the impression deeper
makes,
As streams their channels
Deeper wear."

However, ~~much~~ for the record, much
demands to be recorded of the
"Impatient Years" comprised in the
mcredible ~~historic~~ third, fourth, and
fifth decades of the twentieth Century, A.D.

Thursday - 11/3/59 205-

4 PM-

Good weather, windy. November a "Wint" Month.
A trace of ice. Road traffic slowing down.
The leaf-raking nearly finished. Now
to "get set" for winter.
President Eisenhower, dimly awake
to the folly of unlimited debt, inflation,
"Relief" and "Warred Leadership" being
criticized as to his "Leadership" in the arc
of 1941. Internationalists and Democrats
"Dusting off" Adlai Stevenson, the man
of "good sense" (and liberality) to run
for President in 1960. Money is to be made
in the fall, as well as the rise of "Empire."

Alfred Beckley McComb.

The saga of the Widow Wiley, of Wiley Manor
has been written, in part. The life of a notable
man, A. B. McComb, also of Huntersville, who
lived to the great age of ninety-eight years,
dying in 1958, is interesting in that he
retained good health and mentality, able
to do considerable work with the shovel
and the hoe in his garden in his ~~98~~ ninety-
eighth year.

Born — 1860, son of Price McComb,
extensive owner of White Pine Lands on
Cummings Creek. His mansion with large
brick chimneys still stands a half mile
from Huntersville. Who was probably
a namesake of James Atley Price, my
grandfather. The first of the name of
record in Rockwell County, a child
of the middle age of his Parents. He
was named for "General" Alfred Beckley,
Pioneer developer of Coal Mining in

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Raleigh County, Virginia, after whom the
nearest city of Beckley is named.
At the time of 1861 ~~after~~ the General
was prospecting for iron ore in Pocahontas
and Greenbrier; visited the McCoub family,
and employed Price McCoub as guide.
Beckley McCoub's early life boyhood
and youth that of an ambitious back-
woods youth with ambition and of
regular habits; getting such schooling
as the near-by County Seat afforded;
(~~which~~ My father W. Price (1838-1921)
also attended in the ~~1846~~ 1846;
roaming the forests and working diligently
clearing his father's lands.

Early marrying a Miss McLaughlin
they built their house ~~with~~ their
own hands, in the village, as they
contemplated going into the store
business. Mrs. McCoub bore ten
children, her death due to some
complications of child-birth, the child
surviving; Mr. McCoub lamenting
her death for more than forty years.

In an interview some years before his
death, he told of his young wife holding
a lantern and otherwise assisting as he
worked, at night, building his house
and, later, his store. Substantially
built of white pine, the house still
stands, restored, a handsome
dwelling. He also praised the

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wife of his youth as "The best of women".
In preparing to build the house, Mr.
McCombs, with his father's permission, felled
~~down~~ pine trees, peeled and had sawn
sufficient lumber; later building
the house; ~~all this~~ single-handed for
the most part.

During this time he kept so busy
he ate only twice daily, not stopping
for a mid-day meal, or lunch.
Needless to say, he had no time to
develop "alcoholism", being busy
night and day, except for a few
hours sleep.

From an early day, Whitesville
was a trading post. Beginning in a
small way, Beckley opened a ~~store~~
a general store, or shop, and in the course
of years, with stiff competition, was
successful; rearing a large family
respectably settled in life and
gaining a competence.

The death of his ~~young~~ wife
aged about 48, the tragedy of his life,
but he never faltered, continuing diligent
in business, and assisting as best he
could certain members of his family.

I talked with him about a year before
his death in 1958, and was impressed
by his apparent good health, age 97,
intelligence and good sense. He

had, ~~Mental~~ ~~in~~ ~~error~~, some years before
 designed his store business to his
 youngest son, Robert, and become
 hurt of money, though not dependent,
 owning his home and garden. This was
 due, largely, to his having assisted
 members of his family, and others, for
 the many years he lived past the
 four score and three.

All of which is another story.

During the "Depression" years, 1932
 and after, Mr. McComb accepted "Sole" ^{an}
 in the amount about one thousand dollars,
 though the owner of Real estate, etc., under
 the mistaken impression that it was an
 "old age pension." This was an error:

At a later day payment was demanded
 by D.P.A., with intent to - not without
 Malice - to eject this aged man from his
 home. No assistance forthcoming from
 his numerous children, who should
 appear but his grown, married, "Natural"
 daughter, ^{HALLIE} ~~only~~ paid the debt, and
 cared for him the few remaining years of
 his life; more than decently burying and
 raising a monument to mark his resting
 place in the McComb cemetery.

For several years before his death,
 Mr. Berkey McComb's once profitable
 store business had become a liability
 because of changing conditions in
 the wholesale and retail general

Store Business. Also the competitors
of Shopping Centers and Chain Groceries,
and so forth.
Financial help and supplies given
certain members of his family (unpaid
for) a drain on his resources; and
in extreme age he had the modifications
of being nearly broke. Accepting
the situation, without complaint, and,
though not formally "Religious",
thoroughly reviewed his life, was
satisfied; realized the value, earth
was full of the glory of the Almighty;
and was instant in Prayer and
within the Covenant of Grace, as I
firmly believe.

The remarkable woman Laura
Jane Smith, ~~was~~ one of seven
beautiful daughters of John Wesley
Smith and Mary Elizabeth Burr-
Smith, was born Feb-27, 1888, in
the Burr Valley, and reared from
an early age by her widowed
grandmother Burr, who resided
until her death in the old two-
story Burr log house at the
entrance to Burr Valley, head of
Laurel Run.

An attractive child, with fine
dark blue eyes, she profited by early
schooling in Rural Schools; and

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Up under Pioneer Conditions, trained
in the labors of the house and farm
and the care of Cattle ^{as} many as
thirteen cows. She, like others, had
gathered berries, barefoot, in "cattleske-
Copperhead" bush country.

Precocious; married at fifteen,
and a mother at sixteen years, to an
immigrant from the Middle East, either
Lebanon or Syria who rejoiced in
the "Christian" name "Harrison"
Abdella, bestowed by authority of
law at the New York Port of entrance.

Shortly after the marriage, Grand-
mother Burr died, intestate; Lawrence
Jame receiving no share of the extensive
Burr lands. Building a small
house on leased land, she and
"Harrison" began a brave twenty-year
Period ~~struggle~~ ^{for} survival. ~~Three~~ Three
"worthy" infants (Boys) were born
in ^{quick} succession, Lawrence Jame not yet
twenty-one; and began the struggle
to ~~rear~~ rear the sons, - and avoid
bearing numerous other worthy
Abdellas to America

Immigrants from the Middle and
far East, decadent descendants of
Empire builders, unless specially
employed in commercial or food
trading, are not usually successful
in agriculture in a colder climate
and in a strange land.

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Far removed from associations
with his own race, Harrison Abdella
~~remained~~ remained ignorant of a new
culture. An honest, religious, and temperate
man, he yet lives, past eighty, in the
house he and Laura built. In his middle
years, Harrison was befriended by the
late Henry Burr, uncle of Laura, who
lived on a large section of Burr Land.
Harrison Abdella never successfully
"integrated" with "native" Americans.

At thirty-five years of age. Her three
sons grown, Laura Jane rebelled,
and left her husband. All her life
accustomed to fend for herself; of
remarkable beauty, magnetic and
attractive and "Magnetic," religious
and a Methodist from early childhood;
no breath of scandal attached to her
at first. She sought refuge with her uncle
Henry Burr; not eating the bread
of idleness. Still in touch with
her young sons, she for a time
"padded" household goods in the
neighborhood, to a small degree,
and successfully.

In the course of her "cavassing" she
had been supplied with merchandise
to some extent, by Bechley McCorn,
merchant, the tragic death of whose
wife has been told, ten years before
a candy and "notions" shop was
opened by Laura, in Huntersville.

Where she resided with her sons, who also kept in touch with their father in the Burr Valley - the names, Delbert, Dallas and Theodore Abdella.

Being mutually attracted, and by "Natural Selection" a son was born to Buckley McCorn and Laura Jane Smith, (in 1925) named James (or Jimmie) "Abdella" in deference to legal custom. Jimmie was "blonde", and grew up to be a soldier in Korea - another story.

Even the village gossips, later, admitted the ~~radical~~ ^{congeniality} and respect ^{of Betty and James} Mutual respect of ~~the~~ ^{through life} (Furthermore, it is "a wise son for daughter) who knows his own father," as the proverb says).

All the while Laura Jane was diligent in business, keeping her shop, ~~and~~ canvassing and selling goods on the road; expert in handling farm animals, and a ~~judge~~ ^{judge} of live stock; she kept a good cow, sold milk and butter, and raised ~~hens~~ and a garden with many flowers.

Since

From the first year of my Practice (1903) I knew the Smith family; had visited their home, and attended Laura Jane at the birth of her first child, in 1904.

Something of the lives of the five other beautiful Smith sisters will follow in this narrative.

Throughout the years I had observed Laura and her family, contacted nearly all in my practice of medicine, making long journeys to their homes, widely scattered over the mountains and valleys in Pinal County, even in Greenlee County, North Fork of Antelope Creek.

On a Sunday, Summer or fall autumn 1930, Mrs. Lucretia Jane Abdellah appeared at my office, accompanied by Beckley McComb, and requested, insisted, ~~but~~ ~~exam~~ physical examination be made to determine suspected pregnancy. Early pregnancy! Surprisingly, Mrs. McComb sat in my surgery during the "examination," and paid the fee of two dollars all without comment by any.

I will state that it has never been my custom to encourage such "examinations" in pregnancy, lawful or otherwise. "Natural," suggesting that time will tell.

Early in 1931, a daughter, Hallie, also a blonde, was born to Laura, I attending the birth at her home in Hunterville. The father aged 70 years

Aged, though with many years to live.
his savings depleted. Beckley McCoub.
ran his store through the Depression years,
but unprofitably - having no other
reserves than his "Savings".

Laura Jane, age 41, and blonde,
worked hard ~~raising~~ ^{rearing} her second family,
raising a good garden (with flowers)
and keeping a cow. She also granged
the hills and fields for berries in season,
at times "hills-hiking" to Marlinton to
sell butter and berries, being a
customer, thirty cents the pound being
top price for good country butter;

Year 1932

Though "Separated" from her husband,
Laura Jane was not "divorced" ~~until~~
legally, until 1956, about thirty years
after. ~~Being~~ On my asking her why
she had gotten a divorce (uncontested)
she replied, truthfully, that she "Did
not know why".

She and Beckley McCoub had
"lived on the square, like a true married
pair," and two children born to them
meanwhile.

That there was a strong physical
attraction between me and Laura Jane
Smith is freely admitted. Once as
a beginning when she delivered

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two pounds of good butter, ~~at~~ to me
at my office; I impulsively kissed her
to which she responded with interest.
Other intimacies followed, as all in the
course of "natural selection" on my
part, and Laura continued to hitch-
hike to Marlinton with Betty and
Produce.

I ~~cornered~~ by the beautiful and graceful
Miss Alice, I certainly was not regarded
as "rich" and a good "Catch," though
a hard worker, and still vigorous,
even youthful, at ~~seventy~~ 58 years.
Laura was appreciative, at this crucial
time, for small favors.

Bedeley McCormick must have known
I was "contributing" to the support of
Laura and her young family, but
he gave no sign; the outward
decencies of all of us preserved;
no "jealousies." I firmly
believe the "Rage of Jealousy" is
solely a passion connected with
true marriage in youth and the
middle years.

A man turns back to what he
used to use
to make his living, even though
he be free;

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And so comes back upon the least
 Same as the sailor settled by the sea.
 He knows he's never going on no
 Cruise;

He knows he's done and finished
 With the sea;

But still he likes to think she's there
 To use,

Same as the sailor settled by the sea."
 If he should ask her as she used to be -

Marriage I deemed impractical, in
 part due to complications and
 numerous ~~for~~ children in all our
 families. With the many "needs" of
 the rising generations. Being
 congenial with Laura, and by nature
 "faithful," kept my foot from
 wandering in the paths of dalliance
 for many years.

Largely because of Laura's
 religious scruples, we decided
 to refrain from intimacies, and
 did so ~~remained~~ for a time. When
 being called to her home because
 of real or fancied illness, I
 found her lying on a couch,
 in a rather clean, and worn
 kitchen ~~house~~ dress, but looking so

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attractive, and beautiful, that I
leaned over and kissed her
warmly, she responding as of
old. Soon our intimacies were
resumed, and continued for a long
time. Moreover I for many years
contributed substantially to the support
of her family. My fortunes seemed
to grow, and not diminish during
the 3d and 4th decades, 20th Century.
She died well & good, and not un-
brought me "luck."

I write of "falling" for Laura the second
time, after a brief separation. When she was
attired in a faded, torn house dress, as
a warning to all women not to put their
trust wholly in fine sentiment, "tired" hair
and Cosmetics, as did Dowager Quincy
Jezebels of old, as attractive to the male.
Ed. Howe, the Sage of Kansas, once
wrote the men of small towns are bitter
judges of women than city men. He cited
a certain woman who had gone "all
out" to catch a certain man, and made
a humiliating failure. The same woman
went to a large city, and almost at the
first cast "looked" an eligible man,
made a good "catch" marriage.
It is true that Laura Jane in this middle
years, and later "tinted" and "treated" her hair
and "painted" her face, in a tasteful manner, all

To good effect. ²¹⁸ and like the classical Loral
Bernard, the actress, attractive and beautiful when
past seventy. Three sons of hers abdicated
served successively in the Army, and thus
allotments aided their mother through some
difficult years.

Delbert, after Army service, married a divorcee
with children, in Charleston; accumulated some
valuable property. His sudden, unexpected
death from "Heart Failure" several years
followed, the widow getting all, including
L.I. insurance. The insurance, until shortly
before ~~his~~ Delbert's death named his mother
as beneficiary. Possibly one of the "Dangers"
of Matrimony in a Militant Age.

Jimmy Abdella, in due time, was caught
up in the "Peace-Time Draft," and sent by
the Provisional Government, at the impressionable
age of 20 to Korea, as a replacement.

Returning, after two years, it was evident
a good job of "integrating" racially, had
been done; Jimmy's hair-do, head gear,
and gaudy sports shirts so strikingly
Korean that at first sight he appeared to
be a blonde Oriental; also his face
was changed. As a child a pleasant-

faced, handsome boy. After service in
Korea a taste for pretty Country Liquors.
~~But~~ not a ~~so~~ especially vicious, he had
driven trucks in Korea, and sometimes worked
and associated with undesirable male and
female devilkins.

Married and divorced, and re-married
before 25 years of age, (also an Oriental Custom?)

And in between, failed in the State of Ohio,
where his half brother, Dallas, was employed,
in default of payment of a judgment
or settlement demanded by an outraged
Ohio female on a conviction for Bastardy.
Jimmie Lister, Hallie, also in Ohio at the
time wrote her mother Jimmie would
"go crazy;" unless money was sent to
bail him out. Laura James felt the whole of it,
sent for Four Hundred Dollars, as nothing
will do. Jimmy was released, and
after a year again married with
the aid of his life's father, a house has
been built, and the family settled down,
with two nice children & girls. My
contribution to the cause, payment of the
Bank Loan! which I do not regret!

It is needless to write this incident, and
much in this narrative not written to as idle
sensationalism, but a true record of life
as it was lived, the past half of the
twentieth Century: and not for publication
in this generation, unless edited, in part.

The ancient writings are full of
interesting revealing stories of the Patriarchs and
Prophets, the wise and learned
the long, long dead, and those of yester-
night

who each has back what once he passed
to weep

Homer his sight; and David his little lad."

— Elizabeth Wintworth Reese.

For whom through not an ender

Tidewater, 10/11/59

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Clear, frosty; Heavy Frost. November a
Winter - Month. My persimmon tree, near
the bridge, loaded. My recent frost pruning
climbed the tree last morning, picked a bag
wholesome fruit, not appreciated by mountaineers,
because unaccustomed. The persimmon tree,
strange to say, horticulturally belongs to the
Ebenaceae family - a sub-tropical wood,
valued for its luster, density, and
rich, palish. Not native to this region,
the specimen was brought thirty years ago
from the Virginia Peninsula. Thrives best
in marshy ground. The tree planted
near a "Deep".

Mr. Lacy Byrd.

In 1955, Laura Jane Smith obtained an
uncontested divorce from her husband, Harrison
Abdella, the Lebanese immigrant, they having
lived separate thirty years; but retained
her married name.

About this time, or shortly after, I learned
she and Mr. Lacy Byrd were frequently attended
the Huntersville Methodist Church, together;
in local opinion thought to be equivalent
to publishing "banns" for legal marriage.
Both devout, I believe they in this year of grace
1959 ~~will~~ go together at Church, though not married
that I am aware. Mr. Byrd has an auto,
always at Laura's disposal, therefore no longer
Hitch-hiking ~~after~~ to Marlinton; frequently
calling on me at my office, our friendship
cordial, but Platonic.

Willsboro High School; (Chinese wife) the beautiful Miss Gay, of Indian Draft, granddaughter of "Draft" Sam Gay, artilleryman U.S. Army, has born the Major's several fine sons and daughters. The family lives in California, where Major Byrd is stationed. Commissioned from the ranks, War of 1941. When he saw fighting on both "fronts". During ~~the~~ Mr. Byrd's absence in the war, Mrs. Byrd ran the Tall House Restaurant, West end of the Bridge, Marlinton, subsisting her family, ~~aided~~ by a mere allotment of, at first, a soldier's pay.

To resume: For myself, I may say, that I have rarely seen much good come of second marriages, for men. There maybe - are - exceptions of course; but oftener one or the other aged partners is ~~are~~ put away in a Nursing Home, or State "Poor Houses"; or Poverty may come in the door, and resulting unhappiness. Even the Sage of Kansas, ~~the~~ Howe, put away the old wife of his youth - an error - Ed once wrote: with his usual candor, that in his youth he was accused of "Running after" women! Continuing, he says that in later life some of these women had to run from him! It may be that Laura and Lacy being seen together, ~~and~~ frequently, at the Methodist Church had something to do with Laura's divorce. I do not know.

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The truth is stranger than Victorian
fiction; why lie? or at the very least,
fiction based on truth, as is the admirable
"House Divided," by Benjamin Williams;
or "Gone with the Wind," by a young woman
genius, of Georgian ancestry, whose recent
accidental death is ~~much~~ regretted.

Mrs. Mary Chestnut's "Diary" of the Civil
War period, is ~~valuable~~ and interesting
and valuable; describing life as it was
lived during the War - 1861. So much so,
the Maidens, and beautiful, Miss Myrtle
Avery, whom I met in Baltimore in 1902
delicately "edited" the first edition.
(Previously referred to in this narrative).
The Diary, of course, refers to very many
distinguished persons by name, with
incident and gossip, at a stirring and
magic period; of an invaded country;
of a war-like people, and at war!

Two things greater than all things are;
Women and Horses, Power and War!

Louisa's only daughter, Hallie May, (1931)
from childhood showed a spirit of ~~discontent~~
frustration and discontent with her lot.
Intelligent and beautiful, but lacking ~~the~~
~~the~~ the aura of the spirit, she finished the
co-educational high school, at eighteen,
but not qualifying in typing, Practical
Commercial ~~courses~~ ^{studies}, that enables many
young women to hold positions with
Government at Washington, or in stores
and banks. Hallie found, somewhat

To her surprise, the only employment at the moment was in factories, in shops, or in local restaurants and taverns, with their undesirable contacts and atmosphere. Far too many ~~women~~ becoming "suspect" as to chastity.

A strong and active girl, soon adept at driving autos, even on occasion trucks and tractors, like the Russian women are said to do. She also went for the mannish clothing, or lack of clothing, of the age; unlike her mother, who was always clothed modestly and in a womanly manner, and by nature charmingly modest and quiet; besides possessing "Personal Magnetism" in a high degree - a rare gift in women.

In due time Hallie May married, her husband, one divorced, Leonard Corb, from a Logan County family whose members are successful as Merchants, planters, etc. Leonard in youth appeared somewhat of a misfit, therefore a family problem. As a man after his second marriage his conduct good, employed regularly as a painter in the local Tannery,

Being ambitious, desiring a high standard of living, Mrs. Corb has elegantly fitted up the old McCorn house, with furnace heat, water from deep wells, sanitary plumbing, etc; even with occasional aid from Leonard's people, ~~but~~ always in debt. They live (but no more ^{and} than others better situated)

a fine boy, - Leonard Junior, then years old. Dominating by nature, & all the time has attempted to "Dominate" me; Particularly in my financial resources, real or imaginary. as she has usually found me also inclined to be "domineering" in my own right, she has ~~at times~~ shewn temper; but no harm done, for lo, these many years!

Yes, you are right, Love does not
 Pay the Butcher,
 Nor fight a peacen on the Kitchen stairs; (stairs)
 When we hid blindly and the dark
 Winds found us.
 Love was not there!

- Louise McNeil.

"Our Native Poet, who has "~~found~~
 Searched out musical tunes, and
 Recited verses in writing" - Widdow.

And all the world is young lad,

When all the world is young lad,
 And all the fields are green,
 And every ~~tree~~ a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen;
 They key for horse and ~~the~~ boy lad
 And round the world a-dog,
 Young blood must have its course lad
 And every dog his day -
 When all the world is old lad,
 And all the fields are brown,
 And every thing ~~is~~ ~~down~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~lad~~
 And every thing ~~is~~ ~~down~~;
 Creep home and take your place lad
 The weak and maimed among;

God grant you find
 One face there
 You love when all
 Was young -
 - Charles Kingsley

Wed- 11/11/59
3 A.M.

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Clear, frosty; but warmer. - a few Perseus
a day I find a delicious food - one of the
"fruits of the Garden" (Eden) mankind was
directed to eat of - ^{active}
Since retiring, in part, from the practice of
Medicine, several years since, it has been
my habit to "retire" at about seven, to
twilight at this season. I usually
awake after sound sleep of seven hours,
when I may lie for an hour or two, with
a devil-may-care as to wakefulness; I
reflect on the recent events or future
activities; then return to sleep, or
it may be, arise, build a griddle wood
fire in my bath-room, and turn off
up to one half dozen pages.

Not inhibited by space writing,
but "for the record" only; or to gratify
an inward urge, and as a mental exercise
Ecclesiastes xiv. 6. "Right men living graciously
in their houses," furnished with ability, living
peaceably in their habitations, and
generations, and the glory of their times.
Others there be, who were merciful men,
and their children after them, who are as if
they had never been; but these were
merciful men, who have not been forgotten.
I find myself, unconsciously, recording
something of these obscure "merciful"
men - and women too!

Having written something of each of the
 "Three Musketeers", McComb, Price and
 Byrd, each and successively the Cavalier
 escort of the woman Laura Jane Abdella;
 I continue:

Laura Jane certainly was happy in the
 inner life; though valiantly meeting obstacles.
 She rarely showed emotion, though I think
 she had periods of religious ecstasy. Only
 once did I ever see her fine eyes fill
 with tears when telling me of the recent
 sudden death of her son Delbert, a war
 veteran. In conversation she ^{never} always
 appeared quietly happy; with "Paise"
 and good sense. Personally "Mevant"
 never considered sexually promiscuous;
 a fine housekeeper, and tireless in providing
 for her household, her small house of
 recent years elegantly finished and
 spotless. For long periods she ~~the~~
 sheltered Jimmie and his most recent
 "family" out of scanty means, until he
 settled down in a house of his own.

Through all her face expressed the
 content of "a meek and lowly spirit,"
 — believe it or not!

I recall a long autumn day ride (October
 1904) to the home of John Wesley Smith in the
 Burr Valley. Professionally — one of the
 daughters, ^{the youngest} girl (not Laura) also
 resided with her grandmother Burr.
 This adolescent young lady had lain
 in an hysterical trance for several days,
 alarming even her mother, well aware

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of the saguaro of his large family of
girls. It so happened that by the time I
was summoned, the day before, and I had
leisurely ridden twenty miles, the patient
was recovered, sitting up happily, and
feeling improved by her recent "illness".
Making only a casual examination,
or "inspection", I had the sense to know
there was nothing the matter - ~~by "intuition"~~
I suppose - being young and inexperienced
in the ~~psychology~~ of the young females
of the species. I recall vividly the
cordiality and interest of the family circle
then almost unbroken; and the amiable
parents, Mary Elizabeth and John Wesley
Smith. I probably ~~prescribed~~ dispensed
a popular "nerve" pill of the Period-
Valerian and Camphor, or other placebo;
all of us relieved at the happy outcome
of the "illness". My fee of ten Dollars.
La Mercur - was paid on the spot,
and I started my return ride of twenty
miles - I will here state "mileage"
was calculated at 50 cents per mile
- one way - total \$10.00. The Smiths
family had probably sold a cow, or
other live stock recently. The day
was a Sunday, and the autumn coloring
of the forest at its best.
On the journey I by chance observed
a romantic incident that impressed
me, perhaps unduly, as I at age
thirty years, single, and a Physician,

Supposedly ~~and~~ sophisticated and worldly wise. It so happened a young couple were "Pick-nicking" that fine day, on Brewer Creek, somewhat after the manner of the young Ohio Valentines & in the story by Rauter entitled "Andersonville," and his girl, before starting to join her was (1861). In the present instance a young son of the late Arch George, who was a timber man, and a "wolf," had hired a livery "rig" in Marlinton and with the young lady, who lived on Cassin's Creek, a Miss A., known to me, very beautiful, a rose-cheeked Brunette with strikingly black hair and eyes. I met the couple in the one-horse livery "Rig" on Brewer Creek; I recall that Arch George, defiantly, discarded a large whisky bottle as I rode past; also the high color and vivid gleam from coal black eyes of Miss A. On my return, ^{in the afternoon} I observed the horse hitched to a road-side tree, and the young couple apparently still Pick-nicking up a piney hollow. Human affairs, and urges, much the same, whether in the horse and buggy days or the auto age, only its range much expanded and complicated by co-ed-ucational high schools and colleges. (John) Grand-daughter, to sprightly old Lady, "were you ever ~~enclosed~~ in service paper (1918) ~~head~~ were you ever bed-ridden? Grand-mother: "A thousand times, dearie; and once in a buggy."

I may add, Miss A. later married, not to young Mr. George; Bore eight children; the family valued patients for many years; during all which time her "reputation" was spotless. In later years, mildly insane, her death soon followed, in her home, not ~~in~~ in a state hospital; sincerely mourned by family and friends.

Ambrose Pierce, once wrote: "Whisky Battles have a poor opinion of women!" Himself separated from his wife, because of indiscreet letter correspondence with a Danish Nobleman while residing in Europe, according to Pierce Biography, Williams; who also relates that when Mr. Pierce later offered to divorce him, Miss Pierce wished to marry again. Major Pierce declined, remarking sadly, "Did not wish to join any more competitors."

A Veterans officer of the 9th Indiana Volunteers, Major Pierce was in the Campaign in West Virginia, 1861. As Quirren, the security upper Greenbrier River, referred to "the enchanted Mountains," and retraced the old trails of the armies on Cheat Mountain many years later.

Here one hundred and forty-four thousands redeemed before the Meade in Heaven, "because they were virgins," according to Commentator Arthur

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not ~~Stenley~~ does not, Properly, ~~mean~~
~~not~~ ~~celebrates~~, but ~~to~~ men who ~~have~~
Keep the Marriage ~~bond~~ inviolate.
— (Revelation).

John Wesley Smith, and his sister Belle
(Cutter) came from the Eastern Virginia
shortly after the war (1861), settled in the
Burr Valley, married and reared large
families. Mr. Smith appears to have been
"easy going," not in good health and
died many years ago. He was a
veteran of the Confederacy. His wife
was left the care of a large family,
long before the period of Public
Assistance to Infants. Mrs. Mary
Elizabeth Smith labored valiantly
to support the family. When her only
young son, died of Pneumonia, in 1918,
she was the beneficiary of insurance and
a pension. All her children now
grown and with families, she spent
her life, dying about 1945, being
stricken with Paralysis, with her
daughter Mrs. William Rogers, on
Bever Creek. Not changing her
way of life in the least particular,
dressing plainly and living simply,
she spent her wealth judiciously in
aiding her family in emergencies,
illnesses and deaths. Kindly and
cheerful to the last, and in good health

until her last illness, Paralysis, of a few days, she spent all her homelife wealth in aid to relatives, leaving no estate. She rests in the Beaver Creek Cemetery, a well cared for burying place, her grave unmarked, as yet, by a stone. A member of the Pioneer Burr family, her father Frederick Burr a German immigrant, and reputed to be a veteran of ~~Waterloo~~ other decisive battles of Waterloo. She had a good heart.

The surviving son of the Smith family, William ("Willie") Smith, lives at the homestead, aged 83 years. He has a foster son, and 9 grand children. All women of the family, all amiable, and as stated before, widely scattered. Most have endured poverty, not being well endowed with lands, and usually with large families.

Clementine (Clement) Smith-Cole
This attractive young girl was blinded at the age of 12 years, presumably by a brain tumor, as diagnosed by Baltimore Physicians. Married to a woodsman Frederick Cole, their home was on the desolate trail leading from Watoga to the Railway to across the Buckeye and Pyles Mountains to Beaver Creek. Her life necessarily one of ~~poverty~~ bleak poverty, but not neglect. She had no

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Children. Her Husband was Kind.
She lived and died long before there
was public assistance for the Blind, or
assistance of any kind.

I make special mention of the life
of Clementine because of ~~her~~ remarkable
cheerfulness. Many times she appeared
to be happy. Her death occurred
at age thirty, and suddenly, probably
due to the Brain tumor, a cause of
blindness. Doubtless she ^{was} back her
sight, and with her spirits in the
air in the land of the best.

Arch George Family

Noted for the statuesque beauty of the women
and handsome sons, the George family
has earned mention in these chronicles.
Late in the 19th Century there arrived from
Eastern Kentucky Arch George and his
young family. They had their dwelling
in the remote fastnesses of Buckeye
Mountains, at the "Messer Place".
Neither of unusual appearance, and down
country. Arch George was reputed
skilled in feuding and Moor
shooting; and was always armed
with rifle or small Pistol. The
children got their good looks from
their mother! All were unusually

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intelligent, their meagre schooling
supplemented by reading and work
hand. In later life all the girls
flattered between the Atlantic and the
Pacific Coast, in Montana and Oregon,
self-reliant, true pioneer stock - and
retaining much self-respect, though
frequently married and divorced, or
separated. At no time did any
seem to fail in acquiring mates
as required.

Gun-play not unknown in this
family. Once I was called to
the home of one, near Edroy, and
found the lady with a gun-shot
wound of the knee, particulars
not known, which resulted in
a stiff knee - fortunately the
leg was saved. No arrests
followed, everybody satisfied.
At the time our people looked with
some concern on this Ky. "Feuding,"
although we had our own Hatfield-
McCoy feuding still going strong
in Mingo County. It will be recalled
my wife Jean, was teaching & choral in
the district of the Hatfield Clay (1905)
on Pigeon Creek, Gilbert, in that
County, her rural school numbered
14 Hatfields of a total 21 students

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I have a group picture of the school, jeans loafing, particularly cheerfull and attractive, among the young Boy feudists and somewhat dork-looking young ^{girls} ~~males~~ - (all barefoot, a "summit" school, as is the wont, even when young, of females in a "Jeandry" Community.

Mr. Arch George had no conflict with the Law that I remember, in his ~~last mountain~~ fastness in the mountains. He was regarded, some-how, as a dangerous man, if crowded, and has disappeared from history.

A good many years ago one of the George boys had a shoe-shop in Marlinton, and appeared to be a better than average workman.

~~at the time~~ He was reported at the time to have ^{learned} ~~learned~~ his ^{trade} ~~trade~~ apprenticeship to the trade in the Penitentiary at Richmond.

Although enjoying a good business, he soon left Marlinton, probably headed west. Perhaps never employed ^{called} in comparison with

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Perhaps merely employment failed in comparison with Highway ~~Robert~~ hold ups and ~~Proth~~ Robbery from outside.

Wed - 11/12/59
4 AM

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Over-cast, frosty, warmer. Left Well,
as usual. Cement work nearly com-
pleted on Bridge and Street, 39-
The news of yesterday - Front Page -
The Corbys of Hollywood in a family
row. Mrs. Corby, mother of three
Corbys, wounds the Band Leader
with a knife, ordinarily used as
a "Letter opener". Remuneration
of the American right of a wife to
kill her husband on occasion!
This Autumn, 1959, Pleasantly "Late!"

Amos George, son of Arch George,
Many years ago, lived at the mouth
of Beaver Creek, near Watoga.
From an early day, I may remark
in passing this region has had
sinister implications, as I will relate.
A woodsman, and illiterate, Amos,
young wife, a daughter of Alice and
James Burgess, was merely
loved by her husband. Following
her early death, which Amos in his
grief wrongly ascribed to his own
neglect, and undoubted poverty
of their lives, he was nevertheless
for a time, became insane, and
was confined in the State Hospital

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"He fared and Mad" over a period
of nearly fifty years, where he has
recently died. Not violently insane,
but incompetent. Doubtless, his spirit
has joined his beloved Alice in the air.
Previously the George House had
been the scene of the historic duel of
Colley and Messer, in which both
died of pistol shot wounds. Abe
Colley, a man of mystery, said to have
served in the Marine forces in distant
places, living with his common law
wife Margaret Williams, a bevyous
woman, ~~not~~ ~~not~~ from Gumbier,
with a past.

Both Colley and Frank Messer,
a native of Kentucky, immortalized
by the Clearing on Buckley Mountain,
known to this day as "The Messer Place,"
were active in illicit manufacture
and sale of moonshine liquors;
Rivals in business, and when the
arrest of Colley was decreed by
the "Law", Frank Messer is said
to have sought and was deputized
to arrest Colley. who was known
as a dangerous man to affront.
a fighter with his fists, and always
carrying arms. Side arms. Messer
also was an armed man, and the
sheriff willingly accepted the
volunteers offer to arrest Colley, and
~~and~~ ~~and~~ or ~~and~~ - Probably

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"dead" as it is said, was anticipated
by Frank Messer, middle-aged
Kentucky Mountain Moonshiner
and peacemaker.

In the autumn, year 1899, a fine
October day, Messer approached the
house; the Colley, always alert, was
at the door-way -
what words were exchanged is not
known. Probably Messer announced
that Colley was under arrest. No
more was needed; both men drew
and exchanged several shots; both
fell and expired, Colley in the house
and Messer at the wood-pile.

Mrs. Messer, Frank's wife, a wiry
mountain woman, who later married,
lived many years after, proud of the
deed of her first husband, a man
of nerve, who died in the traditional
manner, in his boots.

Margaret (Mattee) Williams
later became the consort of John
Rorke (or O'Rorke) in his late

middle age. She died at a
house in Jericho Hollow, near

my residence, aged about 48
of a uterine cancerous affection, which
condition was neglected. A reticent
woman, strongly muscular, made
no complaint, nor demanding

no quarter, nor a halcyon. In the presence
 of inevitable death. It is said that
 he handed Colley his pistol from
 beside the door in the duel with Messer.
 Mutter Williams was courageous.
 Early in the century the ~~English~~
 then named Watoga, a large sawmill
 village; a unique feature a factory
 to saw and tie in bundles dry mill
 slabs - refuse from the mill - destined
 to be marketed as "Kiddling" for
 stove or fireplace fires of the Period.
 The costs of handling and marketing
 proved the "new" industry
 unprofitable, even under the "Low
 Costs" of the day, and was abandoned.
 The proprietors of the mill from York
 State, and the name "Watoga"
 derived from that source.

When the Sawmill cut out
 Beaver Creek and Pyles Mountain
 (now largely Watoga State Park
 of many thousand acres). For the
 late Charles A. Yeager promoted
 an all-negro settlement north
 of Beaver Creek; Popular with
 retired Negro Coal miners
 from the Kanawha Valley, some
 remaining even to this year.

a notable physician of the Colony
the late Dr. A. Cale, Coal Creek,
who had a large clientele - principally
white, many coming from distant parts.
He practiced the Mineral and Columbian
School of medicine, successfully.
So well indeed, the world made a
path to his door. For many years
the late James Dunn, who lived at
the Fordney, did a profitable business
ferrying Dr. Cale's patients across the
Cumberland River in a "pale" Boat.

Dr. Cale had the good sense to use
extensively the old Sweet Springs
water, both bottled and drunk as such,
especially in skin diseases and
old sores originating with the
"itch" (Nepoleonic). In the older
times the native "Indians" knew
well the healing virtue of "old
sweet" water, in Allegheny County,
old Virginia. It is today the site,
in the old Springs building, once
noted "Resort," of one of the
state homes (or Poor Houses) for
the aged; of which more anon.
"Anon," by the way, is all English for
"more to follow."

The Afro-American settlement of
Watoga discontinued after several
years, because of lack of "industries"

affording employment at a "living wage,"
also met sufficient fertile land for
gardens and farms.

As a competitor in the practice of
medicine, though unlicensed, he was
"indicted" by the Grand Jury, under the
law governing the registration of Doctors.
He removed to New Allegheny, not
far from his favorite Medicine
Spring; his office on the State "line"
where he could conveniently "escape"
if molested in his practice.

Dr. Abraham Lincoln Cole has
recently died in late Middle age
as, too often is the fate of "Healers"
"licensed" or otherwise.

It is recorded, in "Living," that
"King Uzziah, when sick, trusted
in Physicians that they might heal
him; and King Uzziah slept
with his fathers."

The quotation was a favorite
with Brother James Ward Price, M.D.
which he frequently recited.
at Watoga, in a bend of the River,
was the home and farm of the late
George McComb, brother to Bradley
McComb, who also lived within a
year or two of 100 years. Older than
brother of Bradley, he had recently died

(and their patients)

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His daughter, the beautiful and
accomplished Ora McCormick - Neville
- Both friends of my youth -
live, at a great age, near White
Sulphur Springs. Chris Neville
a handsome man, among other
employments, a woodsman, (he
held a good hand at cards) and
a native of York State; he is now
near thirty years of age (much
older than the beautiful Ora McCormick -)
when her blooming youth much
admired by us physicians and
other "professional" personnel in Marlinton.
When Ora's first child was
born, about 1908) it was my pleasure
to follow to follow Chris Neville
on horseback, who guided me,
(in Doctor McKee and Smith's
territory), in part down the bed
of Greenbrier river a half mile
below the "Bear Creek Crossing"
to the McCormick home, to "help
~~with the McCormick~~ to unload" her
first born son, Chris Neville, Junior.
Incidentally, Chris, an honest man,
promptly paid the customary fee
of ten dollars for an all night
ride of twenty miles and detention

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until after breakfast at George McLeod's
house. There were no "pre-natal"
or "post-natal" visits made, or needed
and no nursing aid, other than
some of the "old women"; Possibly
Aunt May Thomas, up river from
Watoga, and Anna's mother.

Later ~~at~~ attended Chris Neville
for a severe ax wound of the foot,
at his lumber logging camp near
Watoga, with dangerous arterial
bleeding. The patient recovered.

Finally, among other historical
incidents of the region, the Campfire
party for ten days, month of summer
Beaver Creek, post-war years
1919, of Marlinton Society park,
and others; the young gentlemen
present all soldiers in the late war.

Mrs. Jennie Price and Mrs. "Lillian"
King were the chaperones. Neither
were noted as disciplinarians,
and a good deal of flirting
"mooing", dimpling and goulding
went on, as is customary among
the young. I visited the camp
driving my Ford Car down River
on a Sunday; losing some
"change" in a poker game, then,

men, and women too, sat in the game,
 The latter also losing money to
 Professionals, late of the army, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~able~~
~~late~~ of Fred McGaughey and
 Massey McCue, from Albemarle, Va.
 Misses Merle and Alice McClintock,
 then of Marlboro, now of Savannah
 Georgia, descendants, as myself
 of Jacob Warwick, losers.

The Camp Cook, shiny black,
 dignified, behaviorally, with a "lean
 and hungry look"; the Reverend
 Charles Lee, eloquent Baptist
 preacher, as his principal calling
 at Sebert, near by. There is little
 middle, tolerant, with no community
 there or elsewhere, about the "going
 bus" of young white people in
 a social summer camp, a ~~natural~~
 "Trader Horn" is my authority
 that the best among Native Americans
 tribes on the Congo are the so-called
 "Cannibals" who at times are said
 to eat their enemies; missionaries,
 slave traders and agents of European
 empires. The latter keep away
 on pain of being killed and eaten.
 Horn says: also; "The men are

Keep 245-
Faithful and true women pure."
I have long thought that the Wheelers,
Gibbs, and Lee families, perhaps others
of our Afro-American people in
Pocahontas County, are true descendants
of these war-like and independent
African tribes, who still defended
their home lands against aggression -
true patriots -

"And I sometimes do rejoice
For the days of all the days of gold,
The days of ninety-nine"
(Eight pages this morning; I began
to write this memo when past 84, and
there is not "much time".
The Burgess family.

Marlinton, W. Va.
Nov. 30, 1959

Dear Jean:

I got off a letter Friday. Herewith pages
246-319 = 74. If and when you complete
typed pages, suggest you mail me in
two parts, or sections (First half, etc.) Take
your time.

By the time you receive this, I presume
Jean will be back in Nashville; her
studies directed to the development of the
"Guts & Brains"; previously referred to.
I will write Jean.

Jean should "evolve" against present
trend in education. Might might be
given to attendance at professional or
business school; "useless" - for instance!

Locally, we have had an outbreak of
Robbery, involving "juvenile delinquency";
safe-blowing, hold-ups, etc. The Big game
hawk, about 18 - over-grown, disguised
with a "toy" pistol demanded \$100 of
the woman teller National Bank. So much
for drive-in movies and T.V. plus lack
of "discipline" - meaning the Rod!
An instance of juvenile insanity, though,
dismissed as a jest, ~~though~~ the cashier
was on the point of shooting the "Robber".
(Medford Yeager's son.)

Affectionately

W. G. Mc

(over)

P.S. - Monday
11/30/59
Last day of a "winter" month.

Will be glad to know how I am
made out over Thanksgiving.

Did we show interest, reading in
part "My Memoir", for instance.

It is just as well the younger
pay slight attention to the "experience"
and "Wisdom" of these elders; -
otherwise, might lose "illusions"
and courage (Hope) to go on in
living!

Pages extended

746 = 321

Faithful and their women pure. I have
long thought that the Creeks, Iroquois and
Lee families, perhaps others of the Afro-
American families people in Pocahontas County,
are true descendants of these war-like and
independent African tribes, who still defend
their home land against aggressors - true
patriots:

And sometime do refine
For the deep of old, the deep of gold,
The deep of forty-nine
Eight pages this morning. Began to
write this memoir when past eighty.
Four years; there is not much time

Monday - 11/16/59

3 AM. Full moon, rising 6:30 pm
Clear. Blizzard and heavy snow reported
in Maryland and Middle West, Friday
Heavily east. Not felt at Marlinton
Sunday, Clary and Mike. Drove to
Warrior Spring 10 to 1:30 pm. Prey
in thirty galls a wrens cupped.
Met at the Spring, the proprietors
(Bought at Brother James Hill) Hunter
Adams. Asked his price for the
Spring. Adams now owns 230
acres surrounding land under
changing conditions, the Spring

Handwritten text: *Handwritten signature* •

P.S.

Monday

11/30/59

Last day of a "Wonder" Month.

Will be glad to know how Leon
made out over Thanksgiving.

Did we share interest, reading in
part my "Memor", for instance.

It is just as well the young
day slight attention to the "experience"
and "Wisdom" of these elders.
Otherwise, might lose "illusions"
and Courage (Hope) to go on in
Living.

Days extended

746-321

246
remains, eternal and unchanging.
Returning, two young deer crossed
the road in front of my car, near
the Lincee Park, probably fawn twins,
with the western sun obscuring view -
then the deer ran in front of me, I
at first thought "sheep" - As I passed
then the deer sprang into the forest
a lovely sight, to be remembered.

The Burke Family.

Remember, boy, you're Irish,
you're born on Irish soil;
your father was a Kinnery,
your mother was a Deyke,
Be an honor to your Country -
'Tis the Land of the Free and the Brave -
'Tis the Land where the Shamrock grows -
- Irish song -

The seat of the O'Burke family in Virginia
was, anciently, at the Bald O'Burke
Spring in the pass leading from
Big Bush Creek to Warm Springs,
~~just before the~~ highway 39, thus Mark's
Bottom - Warm Springs Turnpike.
Esteemed for uprightness of character
and good humor of its members, the
O'Burke family was never prominent
in Bath County, Virginia; their social
status, at the beginning, probably
"Bread and Milk" of the Warrenton - Gatewood -

247
Cameron Manor.

As young "dis placed", persons, after the war,
John Burke, his brother Charles, and
sister, Mrs. Lucie Webster, came to
Pocahontas County, and resided here
until their deaths.

In due time John O'Rourke married
a Miss Kennison, much older than
himself, a member of the Pioneer
Family family; twin sons born to them
who were given the euphonic names
Romulus and Remus, anciently the
names of Rome's founders.

In the 1890's the Burke family
resided for a time at the "Toll House"
near the bridge. Remus O'Rourke
married ~~the~~ Wilhelmina, daughter of the
Veteran, C.S.A., George Lee Meade
Marlinton, later removing to New
Mexico.

The brothers, John and Charlie, were
incurably uxorious; were married or
formed alliances more than once;
John with Margaret Williams, referred
to in the history of the Messer - Colley
affair. Tragically followed the
lives of the brothers, mainly in shadows
of the 1930 decade.

Industrious, temperate, religious,
John O'Rourke, well read, a scholar,

—though Arthur Formell education,
he was for many years tenant of the
extensive McClintic lands managed
by William W. McClintic, residing
at the Joshua Lee log house
McClintic Bottoms on Still-House Run,
later known as Stillwell.

John Burke once exhibited to me
his credits and debits with his Land-
lord, Mr. McClintic, neatly kept in
an excellent "hand" in ink. The
account "Book" was in the form
of a papyrus, or roll of more than
ten feet in length, of note paper
pasted together. An existence as
interesting record of itself of the manner
of life, early 20th Century, of a family
for many years.

Of the life of Charlie O. Burke I know
little, except that in late middle
age he was married to a much
younger wife, and the father of three
sons and a daughter, living in the
John Jackson Cabin up Jenkins
Run, supported for the most part by
public and private charity.

Renowned from youth for good
humor and wit, still present in age
and misfortune, stories were current
in backlogs of his trunks and dreams.

Following ~~the~~ ^{ed} death of ~~the~~ Mrs Perlee
 of a Malignant ~~neurosis~~ ^{neuritis} which I attended in
 its early stages. The modern antibiotics
 Remedies, I was summoned one night
 in the 1930 decade to the Jackson
 Cabin, where a young boy about ten
 years old, had pointed a shot-gun
 at his youthful brother and at short
 range shot him in the eye, while
 lying on a bed, without otherwise
 disfiguring the face. ^{where} Death of was
 instantaneous.

Later the Jackson Cabin the scene
 of a final tragedy, while occupied by
 tenant, name not recalled. The
 house burned, preceded by a violent
 explosion of dynamite, in which a
 man was killed, his body consumed.
 The crime, said to have been instigated
 by the victim's wife. No proof was
 ever found, and the wife removed
 herself from the community.

In age, Charlie O'Rourke removed
 to the scene of his youth in Bath
 County, as did also my friend
 John O'Rourke, and I know little
 of their latter end. Vaya Con Dios.

Lessie O'Rourke is vividly remembered
 by me as the beloved wife of Jacob
 Webster, who also was a large, or
 tenant, of the McClintock Manor, or

* Mr. Kock died in 1918

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for many years. Several of the
brood of Jake and Fessie Webster were
born in the old log house near the
Bridge on Swago Creek. When I
was present, my mission "helping
my Missis' unload." The beautiful
affection and mutual helpfulness that
existed in the Webster family at this
time to be remembered.

The circumstances of Mrs. Fessie Webster's
death, in early middle life I do not
recall; ~~as for some reason~~ I was not
in attendance. I know that Jacob
married Fessie until his death, wearing
his "bachelors Night Cap" thirty or more
years; saddened, but always
courtious, good humored, a valued
friend and client to the end. He
remained a tenant on the Willers
McClintock land while his orphaned
family of "just grown" or "growing"
or adopted by relatives. One of
the older boys killed in action
in France, 1918.

I was once called to see Judge
Arbiter, about the year 1938, then
living alone, ^{in a} cabin near the "quarry"
on Swago Creek. Meeting this
breakfast, prepared by himself, a two-
finger piece of half-cooked bacon
lodged in my throat, perhaps
because of ~~his~~ ^{the} absence of teeth, and

I found the patient breathing with difficulty.
Mr. Withrow McClutchie was present,
solemn for the life of his friend and
friend-tenant.

I administered a rough and Ready
— and effective — remedy, a one-tenth
grain of hypo-morphine hypodermically;
the violent vomiting followed,
dislodged the piece of bacon, and in a
short time Jacob was himself again.

(1957) Mr. Jacob Withrow died, aged 82
years, at the home of a daughter
living in Maryland. An honest,
industrious man, whose spirit is beyond
doubt united with his wife, Lizzie
O'Roarke, in the air — Vaya Con Dios —
Withrow McClutchie

As we have attempted to memorialize the
life and exploits, in some degree, of
this prominent — and interesting — man,
I will do so. Relatives; ^{though} at times
we differed violently in expressed
opinion, patetically and economically;
each had respect for each, and were
alert for reprisals.

With unusual executive ability,
he managed through life, following
the death of his father and mother the
extensive landed estate; shipping,
as a dealer, live stock, and "logging".

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It will be recalled that Brother James^{as nephew} accompanied a McClutic Sheep drive to Baltimore, and later was ~~deputy~~ doctor of the Logging Camp. Three Forks Williams River - also a McClutic enterprise.
The Matthews-McClutic family has been memorialized in the fields of Newb's Warwick Prices' Biographical History of Pocahontas County. The author, my revered father, a kindly man, omitted some details of interest, which I will attempt to supply.

Mr Mary Matthews McClutic, only child of her parents, and great-granddaughter of Jacob Warwick, interested many hundred acres of fertile land, extending to the "Knob" and beyond.

Her husband was William Hunter McClutic, usually referred to as "Bill Hunt" by the country-side.

Their family ~~four~~^{five} sons, all except William receiving a "liberal education" of the day, two becoming lawyers Lockhart Matthews McClutic, lawyer and politician, and Federal Judge George W. McClutic whose daughter Miss Elizabeth Knight McClutic of Washington and the McClutic Farms, Graduate of Wellesley, learned and beautiful; cultured and wealthy.

Edward McClintic, early in life,
removed to Vancouver, Oregon Territory.
He was a 99 ninety-niner in the
rush to the Klondike. An interesting
account of his experiences as a gold
digger and Hunter of Elk and bear
in Alaska was printed in the local
press many years ago.

Lastly, Withrow W. McClintic,
(known as "Woz" or "Witherby" by his
contemporaries, the special subject of
this Memorial. Because of the
need of a manager on the estate,
Withrow was not abroad
probably because of the press of other
business, and following the war, he
remained unmarried until late in life,
beyond noddage. With an
intended urge for land-owning, he
added to and greatly extended
the family lands, as far as Spruce
Fleet, Beaver Dam, and beyond.

(There were five McClintic Brothers, the
last, and youngest Bill Hunt McClintic
Junior, an excellent and intelligent,
well read man, who also was
a runner, until his early and
tragic death by a falling tree in
the summer of 1899. Previously
referred to in his writing

255
Here something as to the Personality
of Judge McClintic. A "Divergent"
personality he was appointed a
Federal Judge by President William
Howard Taft, 1917. about 1912. of
"Wrong and Domineering" character,
unfortunately his strong efforts to enforce
a summary law in the Prohibition
era met with violent criticism from
"Domineering" characters in the lower
echelons, - myself included, leading
to some resentment, which was freely
expressed.

"Domineering" seems to have been
a family characteristic in the
Jacob Warwick line, and its
parallel branches. Which of the
McClintic boys dominated the rest
unknown; but as they each
early went their separate ways,
some to gain education and
in business, it matters little.

I am pleased to write this before
his death I met Judge McClintic
several occasions, notably at the
dedication ceremony of Dr. J. P.
Butts Field Park, July 4, 1925.

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Farm, where he was on vacation -
then called professionally to the house
of a tenant. Learning that the Judge,
my relative, was in the room, I
voluntarily called on him; an interesting
conversation ~~between us~~, largely of
family history, with increasing cordiality.
Shortly after Judge McClintic,
early of a morning, called at my
house to obtain relief for a glandular
affection. He, later, underwent
surgery at the University Hospital,
Marshallville, Virginia.

At the time I was able to afford
~~relief~~ temporary relief. ~~He~~ I recall
that no fee was mentioned at the time,
or any statement rendered for the service.
However, sometime after I got a friendly
letter, enclosing a check in amount
double the fee usually charged.

Following Federal Judge George
W. McClintic's death, by his written
order, his body was embalmed
cremated, his ashes scattered, by
a relative, over his beloved
lands and forests, head of Savago
Creek. His often tormenting spirit
~~rests~~ inhabits the Vasty Hall of death.
As friend and relative, I wish him well.
His love of ancestral lands one of his
great good qualities. Vaya con Dios.

have been written,

156

Incidents of the war period, and before,
concerning Captain Martin's infatuation
with my wife Jean. A reason for this
fiscal ~~and~~ ^{and} drama of human life
and love, is to accent the power of the
written word ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ reviving old sorrows.

Now the new year reviving old desires,
the thoughtful soul to solitude retires,
where the white hand of Moses from
the couch, puts forth
And Jesus from the ground ascends!
— Rubenyat.

Under pad-locks, Jean used the closet
under the front stairs as a wine cellar
~~and~~ ^{and} assorted brews and Moonshine, and
other treasure, over a period of years.
It was from this depository I removed
in 1926, jug and flagons and buried
among the rocks of the hillside

Following Jean's death, in March
1928, I found in the closet a bag
of letters, including Captain Martin's,
all written from Tokio, Japan, over
a period of several years, 1911 to
1925 1927.

I will here state, as illustrating the
"Oblivion" to which I had consigned the
~~whole~~ ^{whole} affair, that within ten days after
Jean's death, a letter arrived for Jean
from Martin, in Tokio. The letter

It is the usual thing for a paleogist
(usually women) for male aggressors
and delinquents in triangles to say,
judicially, "Both are equally to blame."
Not so. Man is the natural protector of
women kind, though "Modern" women is
inclined to deny this. Should be held
the aggressor, and suffer the extreme
penalty for any violation of the Code.
The lying, jealousy, and secrecy that
accompanies trespass on the case, should
alone, cause an honorable man to refrain.
The petition in the Prayer: "Lead us not
into temptation, but deliver us from evil,"
was not lightly spoken.

I have read that among some of the
tribes of Plains Indians, eloping couples
could be pursued and legally slain,
if captured. If the pair succeeded
in evading pursuers a stated number
of days - a sort of "Cooling off"
period, they might return to the camp -
the incident given to oblivion.
On the other hand, top-heavy civil and
military "justice" gives little heed
to the rights of "Civilized" men to
protect to his home and fire-side;
"If your wife should go along with a
comrade, he hath
to shoot him on sight; you'll swing
on my oath," - Lifting.
General Andrew Jackson, in old age,
fully forgave all his enemies - he had
many - except those who slandered

his beloved Rachel. Those he left
to the Mercies of God.
The wife of Mosca, ~~the~~ ^{the} Prophet,
~~lost and learned~~ ^{devout and learned}
was "unfaithful," but he loved her -
Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther"
should be preserved reading for any
young man inclined to "creep" into men
houses and dead Captive Bird women
Laden with Sin." Werther's beloved
Charlotte, a married woman, went
on living after he was gone home
"on a shuttle" ~~after~~ ^a Leicidex.
Because of Scholarship, Captain
Martin was attached to the Embassy
as Military observer and remained
in Japan ~~for seven years~~, without
leave ~~for seven years~~ following
the end of the war. That the "incident"
had a profound effect on his whole
life is proved in many ways -
About the year 1930 he mailed me
a newspaper clipping which reported
the 15th Infantry, to which he was
attached had returned to Oregon
~~in the States~~ and Major T.S. Martin
ordered to Officers Academy at Maxwell
Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia! Interpreted
as an assent to my "Calling him out,"
I still wished to do so, because of the
apparent "horror".

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That the "incident" weighed on his
mind, in 1935 a short letter, enclosing
a copy of a "secret" Report, was for pub-
lication, giving his military impressions
on the Japanese Army organization,
and the training, morale, clothing, etc., of
the soldiers of that army. Martin, after
about fifteen years residence in Japan,
expressed sincere admiration for the
hardihood of the individual soldiers
of Japan, his patriotism and endurance
of higher hardship.

I have preserved this letter and "Report,"
filed herewith. Possibly, it might be
regarded, as between sinful men with a
military back ground, as apologetic,
in part for trespasses and sins.
"And forgive us our debts,
as we also forgive our debtors."
Prayer.

In the year 1928, the Ruth Snyder - Judson
Gray trial for murder was the most
sensational of that year; the "dark-weight"
Midnight murder of a defenseless
sleeping man by a drunken pair.
I once asked Jean if she was
following the details in the paper;
her reply was she "could not bear
to read about it."
On another occasion, in talking
about some commonplace local
trouble, Jean made the broad comment,
"Women have no sense!"

~~Thursday~~ ^{Friday} - 10/16/59 - 161
- no work on Bridge and street. The
grass has revived remarkably, with the
"Latter Rain". Fall pasture for cattle
remains.

Jealousy, Basically, is grief. One of the
lesser poets, Louise Crenshaw Ray,
writing in the New York Times, many
years ago, under the title: "Circumcised
with a wounded heart," heretofore
quoted, begins me;

"What if your glad was cheapened
with alloy."

(and ending)

"Oh, wounded heart, be thankful that

you had "to spend, a single
a single coin to spend, a single

where earth and heaven combined
to make you mad;

a god, no miracle beyond your
power.

By reckoning your treasure, you
will find

Fate has been generous, and
Widows kind."

Recommended reading, for the aged,
Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales,"
particularly the story "The Bachelors
Nightcap."

A speculation in Metal.

In the early years of the "Hoover Depression" Dr. James Price, as President of the Beyley Coal Land Company, Kentucky Mineral Land, continued to pay, personally, the annual taxes amounting to about one thousand ~~the~~ Dollars. As First Vice-President of the Bank he, ~~also~~ ~~alone~~, took up charged-off loans; bought largely the bank "Debentures"; even personally gave his word to guarantee payment of funds of some large depositors, as has been mentioned heretofore, thus keeping the bank solvent while being re-organized. All this he did without complaint, or fanfare.

Gold and silver, in 1933, were at an all-time low on the Market; silver quoted by Harmon & Handley, leading New York dealers, at twenty-five cents the ounce, in units of twenty-four thousand ounces. ~~At first~~ He desired to buy a quantity of silver in bars, something substantial, compared to industrial stocks that appeared to have reached the point of no value, and repudiation, in the market.

Sunday, 10/18/39 10³

Mild, clear, "full" Moon - 3⁴ quarter.
Two preceding nights fully slept.
Waking about Five. This morning rose
at 3 am. - Having "slept long enough."
The new Bridge, at Marlinton, is
of the massive concrete-steel
suspension type. The concrete now
being poured in the intricate "mesh"
of steel rods, in the Road-way.
Even the two sidewalks of suspension
type. More than one hundred
thousand Board feet used in framing.
The interesting "diary" of Thomas
A. Edison edited and printed in
1948 - Shortly following his death.
An interesting volume to the discerning
reader. Mr. Edison one of the hands
I capped; Very deaf at twelve years
of age - Hereditary infection - ~~at the~~
Heck! No inherited wealth, he made
his deafness an asset by engaging
in profitable reading, and "thinking".
Curiously, he had an ear for music,
and could "hear" certain tones.
Notably telegraphic signals. (In middle
age, I used my "Deaf" ear on telephone.)
Edison had no "formal" education in
youth. He and his "staff" patented
~~over~~ one thousand inventions, notably
the phonograph, electric light bulb, the
moving picture and talking, etc.

I talked "Silver" ¹⁶⁴ to Brother James,
and in the end I ordered twelve thousand
ounces of silver from Harman & Bandy
one half a "unit" about one thousand
pounds, in bars weighing about eighty
pounds each. It was shipped, ~~in the~~
~~same~~ by express, the "bars" fifty
in number, each stamped and numbered
by government seal; put wrapped or
boxed, loose on the express car floor.
All silver bars were piled on the
floor in the vault at the bank, and
excited mild curiosity for a time.
~~But~~ Dr. James invested two thousand
dollars. The remaining one thousand
by borrowing ~~in part~~ on my insurance.
In 1935 ~~the~~ the Historic ~~the~~ in dealing
in gold and silver, the Treasury
"calling" the metal at a fixed price
of fifty cents the ounce.
I carried the silver to the express
office in my Ford car, and shipped
to the Philadelphia Mint. At due
time a clerk arrived, about six
thousand dollars, which James and
I divided equally: my "profit".
Two thousand, a considerable sum of
ready money in 1935.
At the age of sixty years, I regarded
this deal in silver as a turn in the
tide of my fortune. The spectacular

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way of handling the real silver,
legally, instead of buying a ware-
house certificate, helped to build me
up as a man of means (exaggerated)
and a healthy bank account.
Dr. James and I once debated whether
reported wealth of an individual was
an advantage, or not. We decided
that, on the whole, it was advantageous.
In 1935 Brother James presented me
with five shares of Bank stock, with the
accompanying debentures in an equal
amount; in a few years redeemed in
cash, from Bank earnings. He
also presented my name at the
annual election of stock holders, and
I was elected a Director of the Bank
of Marlinton, that year. I also,
definitely quit "Cards" that year,
— a doubtful amusement.

It is interesting to record that
Dr. James presented Brother Calvin
with an equal amount of stock; but
in presenting his name for election
as a Bank Director, the following
year (1936), surprisingly, he was
defeated; because of objection by
the Chairman of the Board, the late
J. Lanty McNeil, who bluntly
stated there were "Too many Pies"
on the Board of Directors.!!

I have thought this regrettable, because a bit of training in finance, together with Brother James' assistance, could have been of real help in putting this Newspaper plant in better shape. In a half century under the Price Family the Poekwiter Times had achieved more than a local standing in literature, but never able, apparently, to keep up to date in mechanical equipment; even at this time setting type "by hand."

I think the real reason for Chairman McNell's annoyance, and objection in the election of Directors, was that Brother Caley had been, "too talkative" in the stockholders meeting, making motions and suggestions, it may be, about matters he knew little about, and not considered seriously by a New, Minority, Stockholder!

In the year 1915, I was refused a small block of new issue stock in the Poekwiter, though promised; as I then believed, because I ~~was~~ ~~then~~ had become, locally, known as an individualist and a trouble maker in ~~business~~ finance and local politics. My brother-in-law, the Late Frank Hunter, as executive

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Vice-President and Cashier, was then
dominant in the Bank; and, I think,
in diverting the stock elsewhere; ~~do~~
said me a certain compliment as one
who, as a Director, might at times
prove a "Divergent" in Bank Policy.
— Traditionally managed by the
Bank's head man, usually the Cashier.
The "Board of Directors" of a small
country bank ~~is~~ usually kept large
and unwieldy so that it can better
~~be~~ "managed" by the master mind.

Dr. James Price, a principal stock-
holder, whose watch word was
thrift and always, "economy," often
objected to what he considered
waste in management; intimating
he might withdraw; sometimes
his relations with the Board, strained.

We ~~had~~ consulted together
about starting a private banking
house of our own, he putting up
— the capital of course. The matter
had possibilities; perhaps best
for me. Nothing came of it, with-
drawn from war and politics, even
became wealthy — a Capitalist — too
young.

"We are neither poverty nor rich"
a true proverb.

Wednesday 168

11/21/58 3 AM.
weather mild and clear; Two killing
frogs - 18, 19, October. Awoke at 2 AM
and got up, prepared to go on with the
business of the day.
Bridge and other work active, at
long last, trying to lay the concrete.
It is later than the huge masonry.

The matter of Compensation from
the Ky. River Reservoir Authority
(Ky. Mineral) approaching a "Moratorium".
I hope to collect substantially before
the close of the year (1958).

This morning's work, clearing
some decaying plum trees in
the lot.

mention has been made of Brother
James' infatuation for the graceful
Miss Alice Dever, Period 1928-1932
and his absurd courtship of
the fair lady. During this time
it is probable he was saved from
capture by more practical women,
alive to his known wealth in
Land, Stocks and Bonds, and money.
His honorable proposal rejected by
Miss Dever. He James Price quietly settled
down to his active office practice of
Medicine; his banking and real estate
affairs, all profitable, and wearing
his "Bachelors Nightcap" until his
death, May 7, 1946, aged 77 years.

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Mention is here made of the wealthy
and beautiful land childless widow
Wylie, nee Meador, who lived at
Alleghany Lodge and its surrounding
four thousand acres of timber and
grazing land; a herd of elk and
deer ranging its park-like enclosed
yard. Mrs. Wylie also entertained
lavishly, the acknowledged social
Dictator of the Knapps Creek Valley.
Not socially inclined, nor dancers,
neither James nor I had been present
at any parties at "Wylie Manor,"
though well acquainted during the ten
year residence of the Wylies in our
County, and after.

Mrs. Wylie's husband, a retired
business manufacturer of Huntington
W. Va., had died about 1928.
His son was a friend of the widow
Wylie and the two exchanged visits
and may have, at times, attempted to
interest her in the development of
iron mines in adjacent Brown Mountain
and Anthony Creek.

During his residence at "Wylie
Manor" Mr. Wylie was interested in
the stock market; after his death it
was learned his ample fortune
had been impaired by the stock
market crash, Nov. 1929. I recall
that copper stocks ^{were} a favorite buy,
- notably Anaconda copper

was a favorite which ⁱⁿ 1929 reached
an all-time high of about 130 dollars a
share; afterward declining, rapidly,
to about three dollars. Its present
quoted price is about fifty dollars.

A golden blonde, ~~tall~~, well
proportioned; perhaps forty years old;
very attractive, and reputed wealthy,
as undoubtedly the family ~~was~~ ^{was} at
the time, Mrs. Wylie showed little
interest in, again marrying, or "going
steady" with any of the local gentry.

She did cast an approving eye
on Dr. James, to which he responded
~~through~~ in an ineffective, unaggressive
manner. One of his ~~absurdities~~
was an attempt to write a memorial
address to "Colonel" Wylie, on his death,
aged fifty years.

An early "integrationist," and
being childless, Mrs. Wylie had
adopted a negro infant, male, and
attempted to rear and educate him.
When the ~~family~~ ^{family} came to Wylie Manor,
about 1922, the boy was a stupid,
overdressed, idle, uneducable,
bone-headed negro, or "nigger,"
whose outlandish association
with his "white folks" excited
curiosity, even merriment. In
the course of time, Mrs. Wylie
found it advisable to sell her

Protégé "down the River" or other
dispositions, and no more seen as a
member of ^{the} family. at Wyllie Manor

One fine ~~spring~~ day in May, 1934
Brother James and I drove in my
model a Ford car to call on Mrs.
Wyllie at her home. I do not recall
what inspired the two of us to do this;
perhaps vaguely to intimate to the
attractive widow Wyllie she might
have her choice of two middle-
aged, unattached bachelor physicians.

It so happened Mr. Wyllie was
absent from home that day, having
driven to White Sulphur Springs
Resort for the day. I still think
something serious may have come
of this unusual "approachment"
of the two of us to the attractive
widow, except for her fortuitous
absence from home for the day.

If Mrs. Wyllie ever heard of her
distinguished callers, she did not
mention it, or express regrets.

The late John Lee and others
employed by Mr. Wyllie, were
playing pitching horse-shoes at
the house. We attempted a few
rounds at pitching; then returned
to ~~Marble~~ our offices.

The widow never married.

Wednesday

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Some years later, her fortune depleted,
she sold "Wylie Manor" together
with its elk and deer herd and
four thousand acres of valuable
timber lands, at a low price, and
returned to her early home in Ohio,
where she still lives.

"all the worlds a stage,
And all the men and women
Merely players."

Year 1934, my personal fortune
still at low tide, soon to be improved
by a fortunate investment in Silver,
joining a Bank Board of Directors,
and improved business conditions.
With Norman in the Army and daughter
Jean, aged twenty-two, a graduate
Nurse and self-sustaining, employed
in Public Health Nursing, I felt
again free to wander, it may be in
the paths of dalliance. Jean
had ~~been~~ been selected as an out-
standing student nurse to take
special training as a Health
County Health Nurse, at Public
expense, at Peabody College,
Nashville, Tennessee, and completed
her post-graduate training
Spring of 1935; afterwards

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employed in Public Nursing, at a low
Salary, in Fogalontar, Webster
and Marion Counties; where, later,
in July, 1938, she met, and married,
Carlos Edward Stockwell, Native
of South Dakota, age 28 years,
employed by West Penn in the
building trade; the Marriage
at Elcton, Maryland.

In 1935, Jean took instruction in
driving a Ford car, and once had
a minor collision at a street
intersection in Elcton, where she had
taken a chill for eye treatment.
The Spring of 1936 I drove in my car
with Jean a few miles as she was
starting to Webster County to take
up work as County Nurse. With
affection, and some anxiety, I watched
her take off up Elk Mountain driving
my 1931 Model A Ford, as she
bravely went forth on a hard and
dangerous mission in Webster
County. In a year Jean was
transported to Marion County with
at Farmont, where she was employed
until her marriage. All this time
she managed to maintain herself on the
small salary paid; even buying, on
installment, a 1937 Ford Car.

Monday, 10/26/59 174

which, ^{3rd} ~~Calder~~, ~~Shrover~~; ~~very~~ ~~valuable~~
leaves, etc. Yesterday (Sunday) had a fire
in fire-place - the first in October, the
month mild. Maple leaves ~~4~~ golden.
Many years ago, about the year 1910,
I recall an early morning in October,
riding through the Rider Gap, head
of Clover Creek, and through the Alex.
Marp Sugar Camp, (Slippery Hill,
of perhaps a thousand trees, in the
golden glory of autumn, & the
Camp comprised, perhaps, a hundred
acres. The morning light, tinted
with gold, and of indescribable
beauty, lingers in memory.
Had to state, this noble and
useful "Sugar Camp," a few years
ago was sacrificed to the Co.,
and few of the lumber mill of
Mr. Ed. Williams, himself a grand-
son of the Pioneer ~~Wm. Williams~~ ^{Wm. Williams}
foreman; writer of ~~in~~ ^{the} ~~Wm. Williams~~
Price's Biographical History.
Too many Maple Sugar Camps
have been destroyed in our County,
because of ~~lack of~~ ^{lack of} interest in the once
important ~~lumber~~ ^{syrup} ~~industry~~ ^{industry},
and little done to preserve or
restore the art and industry of
maple syrup and sugar.

July 4, 1925. Droop Mountain Battle
 Field State Park was dedicated
 by a large assemblage, including
 a few Veterans of 1861, the American
 Legion, and the Daughters of the Confederacy
 chapters; the latter under the guidance
 of Mrs. Della Clark Yeager.
 Andrew Price had been active in
 founding the Battle Field Park, and
 acted as Master of Ceremonies, with
 much spirit and enjoyment.

As ranking Reserve Officer of
 Pocahontas County, I commended
 the Veterans of the Wars on Parade.
 The late John D. Litters, of
 Braxton County, who had served
 in the Legislature as a Democrat,
 though a Veteran of the 10th West Va
 Mounted Infantry, U.S.A., had been
 rewarded with the low-sailed post
 of Park Superintendent.

A feature of the Park dedication
 was two monuments erected to
 Sergeant Byler and one other, of
 the 10th Regiment, who were killed
 at the "Rail Fence", as a globe,
 identifying by Colonel Lutton as the
 spot in the flanking March under
 Colonel Moore, 14th Ohio Regiment,
 by way of Caesar Mountain, a
 spur of Droop Mountain; a decisive

Monument in the ¹⁷⁷⁶ Battle. I accompanied
the Colonel and Mrs Rella Yeager
with the band of Daughters @ S.A.
including Deucher, to the scene;
Colonel Lettore offering a fervent
prayer on the spot where his comrade
Lieutenant Dexter fell in the front of
battle, as a principal feature of the
monument dedications.

I entertained the Colonel at my
house then, and later, when he visited
the Park; notably on "Labor Day"
in September, 1926, when another, but
less largely attended, assemblage
was attempted. Brother Andrew
did not attend the Labor Day
meeting, he and Colonel Lettore
having had a difference of opinion
over certain land-accepting notions
of the latter, who with ax, brushwork
and fire had swept away a ~~large~~
thicket of Rhododendrons, thickets as
"brush".

The Laurel patch was later
restored, together with pines and
shrubbery, under the intelligent
management of Capt. Camp Price
and in landscaping, Period 1937.

Being during a lull in the ceremonies
in September, I was called on for a
speech on historical themes, not
very eloquent or informing.

As I as a physician had some
reputation as a practitioner of obstetrics,
a beautiful and lively young lady
from Hills Creek inquired from my audience
to "What is Labor Day?" I responded
lightly that it is "Labor Day" night
~~on a day~~ devoted to "Lying in"
or child-birth? (Laughter) and much more.

Drops Mountain, Nov. 6, 1863, was
for the most part maneuvered and long-
range artillery fire, with comparatively
few casualties in killed and wounded.
In numbers engaged the largest battle
in Western Virginia during the war.
The battle was decisive, together with
the skirmish at Lewisburg and
Dry Creek immediately following,
that it marked the last organized
existence by the Confederacy in
West Virginia.

The Southern army retreated
precipitately before the planter
movement under Colonel Moore.
which was guided by a native
union sympathizer named McKee.
by way of Caesar Mountain, with
losses captured. The late Captain
Sam McNeil of the "Nicholas Blues"
was captured, and spent a long
while at "God's Prison" Delaware
Military Prison. After his capture

it is said he met his brother among
the Union forces, remarking that he
was not "shaking hands" that day.

Captain Marshall's Company of the
19th Cavalry @ S.A. was present at the
battle; ~~much~~ ^{was} Lt. J. Wood, Price
presumably present; John Calvin Price
detained at home by wound received
in the River skirmish, and "much
jealous"; ~~John~~ James Henry Price, a
prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio.

The late George McKee of the
Leeds was ~~unaccountably~~ absent on the
day of battle, although the fighting
in part on his home place farm.
Matthew John McKee, also of the Leeds,
all at home with Camp fever.

George McKee, being asked
why he was not heroically engaged
in defending his altars and his
fires, replied "he would" rather
be George McKee alive than
Colonel George McKee dead."

Droop Mountain Battle was scenic
and spectacular, about twelve thousand
~~the~~ veteran troops engaged. The

"Colonel" John D. Fulton
flanking movement opposed on the
part of the Confederates mainly by the
Veterans 22d Battalion of Va. Infantry,
whose Colonel was killed at the Rail fence.

The brothers Adam ^{me} and William Carter,
were in the 22^d Bn. of whose lives and
deaths, more will be written.

Colonel John D. Sutton, Co. I 10th W. Va.,
lived to a great age, 94 years. In
old age religious, as indicated by
his prayer at the Dedication; he was
fond of a drink. In the prohibition
era, he produced, at my house,
a bottle of some filthy Country brand
from which he took nips. Being
personally dry, I regret that I was
not able to offer my guest a better
Vintage.

Following the war, he taught
school for many years, engaged
in politics, as a Democrat, his native
County being notoriously of that
Political persuasion. His one lapse
from regularity was in 1920 ~~Pratt~~
County elected Veterans League
President, ~~He~~ now of Huntersville,
to the Legislature as a Republican.

In August, 1922, I campaigned in
Brunton County, and carried the town
of Sutton in the Primary election
against Captain Robert Ford -
a personal triumph, as my efforts
in that County were mainly in Sutton,
the County seat.

In his old age Colonel Sutton
lived in part on a Federal Pension, dying
in 1936. - age 94 years.

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Mr. Lutter was a member of an early
pioneer family; literate, and wrote
extensively, ~~and able~~ on early
history of this County and State.
He is the author of a voluminous
Biographical History of ~~Pioneer~~ ^{Pioneer} Settlers
County; particularly of the Lutter
family for many generations.
— a fitting memorial. He rests
in Peace.

Widely known as "Colonel" Lutter -
by reputation through life engaged in war,
Politics and literature; supporting his
family by the poorly paid Professions of
Rural School Teachers, in advanced
Age Mr. Lutter knew Poverty.
Dec 1864 W. Va. Mounted Infantry
was classed as "State Troop, or Guard,"
and after the war discriminated against
by Federal Authority in the matter of
Pensions for soldiers, and neglected
by the State for many years;
although the "Guard" had seen much
hard service in 1863-1865 inclusive.
General George Rogers Clark the hero of
Vincennes, ~~being~~ indeed age coming in Poverty,
and alcoholism, having lost or impaired eyes
his bounty lands in Ohio, is said to have
refused a sword voted him by the Virginia
Legislature, remarking that when he
needed bread the State sent him
a sword.

Wednesday 170

Sept. 30, 1959

Left 3.30 am. A All refreshing Rain
at intervals, evening and bright - "as
falls the gentle rain from Heaven."
A Cyclonic Storm from the South Atlantic
reached the Carolina Coast, Sept.
29, at about noon - adding to the
rain, and valley - an inch of rain
predicted in a five day period.
Providential for the forest and falling
leaves. Much time wasted - and
worse - because of faulty engineering
on Main Street - Foundation and
sewers, - the past two months.
Now there will be mud and later
frost and cold, delaying the work.
- in all probability.

A favorite song in the Graphophone
"Concerts" the old English ballad -
"Kathleen!"

"And I will take you back, Kathleen,
Across an ocean, wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been
When first you were my bonnie bride."

A light "March" now fell right of the
10th, a Saturday. Sunday rain and
fog - Monday (11th) clear and bright.
Sunday (11th) while Jean lay dead
in the house, I walked to the top
of Buck's Mountain, west of Marlinton,
and to the Lee Rocks on Price Hill,
where, together and with the children,

We had been sharing times during our lives together.

A telegram was sent Norman, who was reported absent at his dormitory, after intensive search by Fraternity "brothers," of the Night Spots and Taverns of Richmond, where he had gone on an unauthorized "Week-end"; he was located, and reached home Monday, the day of burial; to all appearances sober and in his right mind.

A simple religious service was had in the home, with singing. The day was fine, and a large number of friends from town and country attended, ~~by~~ to whom Jean was known, and liked. As I stood by the graves of my father and mother and saw Jean's body ~~buried~~ ^{lowered} from my sight in the grave, I had a distinct feeling that part of me was also buried.

Night of March 14th 1928, a peaceful night I now feel, beautifying Jean's grave for a week or more.

At the time, grave vaults were not in general use. I have regretted that ~~this~~ none was available, or known to me, at the time, thus preventing hurriedly interring of the earth later. Vaults were provided for the bodies of brother Jean and sister Susan, in better years; and I have directed that

A burial Vault be used in my burial.
 "Near some not forgotten garden side."

Norman returned to behold the same day. At last he realized that his accumulated ~~de~~ school debts, debts and over-drafts, and no longer with his mother's support, his ~~loss~~ ^{loss} higher educational dig was up. In April he wrote he was quitting school. If honest employment was ever found, (and it is probable that he "sprung," or borrowed from former acquaintance for several months.) it ~~was~~ ^{was} evidently not held for long; untrained and alone that he was.

Early in 1929, engaged in "boot-legging" arrested and an automobile confiscated, in Rockingham County, Va. A frantic telegram for funds "to get a lawyer and pay fines" from the Harrisonburg Jail, was ignored by me; having made his bed, etc. Ruth and Andrew suggested going to Norman's Rescue, which for which ~~proposal~~ ^{proposal} I thanked him, and vetoed. Norman even demeaned himself by appealing to his Uncle McCoy, who was in no position to aid - even though he desired to do so.

It seemed to me to be pathetic that Norman managed to get into jail in our old home town of Harrisonburg,

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where his grandfather lived many
years, respected as a Presbyterian
minister.

Summer of 1929, in lieu of Payment of
a fine of \$150. Norman served 2 1/2
months, at hard labor ~~at the~~ Prison
Farm. About the time of his release
from Prison, the stock market went
collapsing in New York, with its financial
sequel, well known to all.

Following his way to Fort Leavenworth, Mo.
Norman enlisted in the army, assigned
to the 35th Infantry, then at Camp
Barracks, Honolulu, and shipped
by way of Panama and the Golden Gate,
San Francisco, to Hawaii.

Having seen army life in the ~~past~~ ^{past}
~~as~~ as a child in 1917-18, and a tour
of C.M.C. in 1925, Norman had
no illusions about "seeing the
world" as a member of the forces;
but needs must when hunger and
the devil drives. His actions
had my approval, at the lesser
level, and knowing army "discipline"
would do no harm.

As a humorous, or ironic gesture
Norman sent by post a ~~small~~ ^{small} patch
its ~~only~~ ^{only} content a pair of shoes
~~sent~~ worn through the soles.

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Evidently, for a time, Norman departed
was exemplary in the Regiment, together
with his C.M.Y.C. experience and "Hepler
education" as he was promulgated
was ~~for a time~~ Mess Sergeant of Co. H., 33rd
Infantry; to be "busted" soon as
Sergeant - the first of many in his
29+ years title, being drunk on duty.
Yes, a member of the Forcees,
who has run his own six horses;
and be sure he went the Pace
and went it well.
And the word was more than
while he had the ready tin,
But today the Sergeants, some-
what less than 12nd!!
— Barrack room Ballads.

Friday - 10/2/59
3 AM -

Fine rain, Sept. 30, Oct. 1.
The River, and Snapps Creek flushed -
"The latter Rain" - steady and blessed to a
thunder land - The forests protected from
fall autumn coloring brightened by the
moisture. No "Yellow" frost, as yet.
Leaf raking, 1959, starts.

Faulty engineering; on the Men
Street work, faulty; much time and
material wasted; will run into cold
weather, and more trouble. It is plain,
costs will exceed half a million,
on Bridge and Highway to Railroad

Following James death, and burial,
 March, 1928, and Norman's disappearance
 in the boat-logging, revived illicit whiskey
 industry of the underworld in Richmond,
 Virginia, and the Peninsula - the early
 home of his Randolph family ancestry;
 daughter James sixteenth birthday, May
 21, 1928; High school graduate,
 quite the beautiful young lady;
 a reader, accomplished, able to
 be head of ~~my~~ our household.

Lucille Wheeler, intelligent
 Colored woman, our helper for ten
 years, was to remain with us for
 a dozen years following James death.

True, Lucille's friend Rube Jackson
 was veteran and alcoholic, at times
 directly engaged in bootleg work-
 time, at this quarters; enjoying

some of the best Carriage trade in
 Marlinton. Lucille, a perfect
 Colored lady, smart and temperate,
 had no trouble with the "Law," as
 represented in the Prohibition Era by
 grafting enforcement officers and Police.

Daughter Jean, by the protection
 of the Almighty, through early youth
 and the perils of a Co-educational
 school, and the Centumny of male
 and female devils infesting such
 facilities - escaped ~~contaminations~~
 much that is evil.

As with the "126" spoken of the Prophet.
"a tenth shall remain, and shall return,
and shall be eaten; even as a tree and
as an oak, when they ~~have~~ cast their
leaves; whose substance is ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~within~~ them;
for the holy seed shall be the substance
thereof."

The "New Era" in economics,
spoken of by false prophets, Presidents
Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, and
including "feminists" of the Bernard
McBarnett type, had run its course
in the third decade of the twentieth
Century, A.D.

My personal income, solely from
my practice, remained sufficient for
present needs. This was due, in part,
to the fact that I enjoyed almost a
monopoly of the country trade, due to
the deathfulness of my competitors
in the medical profession. Brother
James confined his practice almost
exclusively to his office, along
with his sundry interests and banking.
Not very successful in recent
local political affairs, I now turned
to national, due to events.

Charles W. Asentors, of Fayetteville,
Graduate lawyer, who had risen by native
genius and personality from railway
freightman; ex-United States Senator,
and in 1928, National Democratic

Committees from West Virginia, and
as such, in charge of the candidacy of
Smith of New York for the Presidency, in
our state. My recent political
activity, locally, had attracted some
attention, and Mr. Osenton named me
on his "slate" as an avowed Smith
supporter, and Alternate Delegate from
the 6th District to the National Con-
vention at Houston, Texas; the late
Don Chapin from the populous county
of Logan (Delegate). Miss Merle
McClintic, also of Marlinton, named
Woman's Delegate at Large - ~~for women~~.

At the time, it appeared Alfred E. Smith
an avowed quiet, might win; especially
when the Republican nominated the
fence-sitting "foreigner" Herbert Hoover.
In the primary, ~~Smith~~ Osenton's slate
won twelve of the sixteen delegates
in the state. ~~Mr~~ McClintic, Chapin and
I among them.

Followed the usual political
fare of pictures, badges and banners,
all avowed Smith delegates
assembled at Huntington, in June,
and boarded a special train made
up in Boston, carrying delegates
and officials from Maine to Texas,
except, perhaps, Political Stars of
the first magnitude, exemplified by
John W. Davis, et al., who had arrived

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conveyance of their own, and early on
the field, in Haverston. Jesse Jones
then, at his height, had built a convention
Hall and bought the Convention Halls
his favorite city. The delegates paid
regular round trip fare, but the Special
was fitted with many conveniences
without additional cost, including
a car loaded with beer and other
liquors, free for all.

Besides Mrs. Merle MacIntyre, ^{there was} an
attractive young widow (childless)
named Mrs. St. Clair, from Mercer County,
was with our party, of a well known
Bluefield family, presumably wealthy.
1928 marked the second Presidential
Campaign following women suffrage.

Conversations and cards, and fine
weather made the long journey bearable.

The second day I recall nearly
an entire twelve hours driving the
length of the State of Mississippi
a region of Blue earth river plains
inhabited, it is seemed, solely by Negro
Afro-Americans in hovel, even less
attractive than the African jungle
where ~~they~~ their ancestors were
troop as slaves.

Our train was halted in New Orleans
on Sunday, and we spent the entire
day in that ~~city~~ interesting City.
I failed to see General Andrew Jackson.

Battle field of January 8, 1814, not at the time especially interested in the life of Jackson, as set forth in Marquis' James excellent "The Border Captain;" or the equally interesting life of Sam Houston, and by the same author, "The Raven." Equally, I regret not visiting the Battle field of Sumter, April 21, 1836, when the opportunity presented. It will be recalled, in this narrative, my mother was an early settler (1837) near Buffalo Bayou, Texas, at the age of one year of age.

At age Fifty-three, and following Jesus recent death, I found the journey to ~~the~~ Houston interesting and educational politically, though early disillusioned as to the possibility of all Smith winning the election.

Mr. Smith was not present, of course; but his wife and family in prominent view, and from the "Hall-walkers of New York," not unimpressive. Mr. Smith seemed over-fat and over-dressed to the casual view. To this was added the quite evident hostility to any body "Wet, and a Catholic" by the delegates from "Deep South." In the Convention hall, the Maryland

Delegation at 3rd in front of us,
and Georgia to our left, under
the leadership of that ~~Miss~~-state
and much over-rated Politician
the late Senator George, of Georgia.
The unceasing hostility to Smith
by this and other Southern state
groups was apparent, even when
the silly and hysterical parades
about the Hall, and the shouting
began.

Alfred E. Smith was nominated
for President by the Democrats,
ahead of his time. Himself a near
foreigner, ~~the~~ in 1928, ^{America} not dominated
by a foreign element, as the Nation
unquestionably is today, especially
by its financiers and Newspapers,
with large packs of pensioners,
paupers, hobos, and Social
Security workers, bogs and paid
for.

There was no special train
for our party returning from Houston,
each of us, and in groups returning
at our convenience. Personally I
boarded the first train headed north
and travelled through Arkansas and
Missouri, crossing the River at
St. Louis. All without special incident.

Sunday - Oct. 4 1959 / 31
3 am -

Retired at 7; rose at 3 am, - having
"slept long enough". Foggy morning
not frosty - Probably clear and warm.
The Brady Street Builders - working
Saturday, and overtime - kept to
speed up - and got something done.
I was interested to watch Machinery
speeded, and laborers really working,
when "Cost-plus" sewers laid aside,
and real "Contract work begins".
Paulsbury - Foreman - an able man,
when given a free hand.

Again home in Marlinton from the
Conventions of 1928, with some political
enthusiasm remaining, I wrote a review
of the crusade, not edifying; inclined
to treat the matter humorously - and
lily. Al Smith's campaign dragged
drearily, despite an honest effort by
Mr. Smith to be forthright - better than
most. This time had not yet come;
besides handicapped by his birth place,
ancestry and training. Poor passed
into oblivion - and comparative poverty.
His sons ~~inherited~~ ^{inherited} his last "fit &
Superior" the Empire Building, to earn
bread, and death in middle life.

Daughter Jean had been under
the care of her Aunt Grace Price during

My absence in Texas. I bought her
a present, a net-silk Mantilla, such
as was popular with Southern Ladies
for evening wear — Cost twenty dollars,
more training was deemed necessary,
and in the spring-time of her youth and
beauty, after due consultation and
consent, entered at Convent School
of the Visitation, Mt de Charol, Wheeling.
In this I was influenced by ~~the~~ my
friends ^{and} Goodsell and Dr. Hull, who
Pocahontas had each sent a daughter to
the school, with results wholly
satisfactory.

In September, we travelled by Model
T. Ford to Elkins and by train to
Wheeling, where Jean was entered
in the graduating class; ~~where she~~
Jean worked hard and happily,
in excellent health, graduating
with many honors, and medals, the
following June, 1929. I drove to
Wheeling in a Model A Ford,
bringing my daughter home.
In after years she did two terms
Randolph-Macon College, ~~Roanoke~~ Roanoke
Virginia, and three years training
as Registered Nurse, St. Joseph's Hospital
Baltimore - Maryland. All this
accomplished by June, 1934, when
22 years old - in the seemingly
endless education of women in the
twentieth century.

The summer of 1928, with unabated
energy, and still having some money left,
I planned and executed ~~meditated~~
alterations on the house, including a
large stone chimney and fire-place.
A single large room was contrived of
a bed-room, dining room and entrance
hall. George Hefner and Sonbury,
Cume and built the stone chimney,
a mustapice, six feet at base by
four feet; the upper part 4 feet square.
Stones were brought from the double
chimney of the former Cleudum House
at Delbert, last occupied by the
Veteran George Cleudum, who
died in age of self-inflicted wounds,
year 1904. Also ^{stones} from the old
Price Mansion, and Barn.

~~I~~ We have successfully "wintered"
by this wood fire-place thirty-one
successive seasons.

Mrs. Jean Price, in a letter to
her son Norman, while at school,
wrote: "Do Price loves the Penitine;
and could be happy ^{to live in} a single large
room, filled with his trophies, and
food and garden seed, etc.
thus describing my Native bent,
ancestral and otherwise.

Jean was missed, following her
untimely death, age 48, March 10, 1928.

my only salary for about two years
hard work, building, carrying forward
the household; ~~as~~ a legal fight and
political activity.

"I climbed the treacherous Hill,
I trod the plain;
Counting the mileage, careless of
its beam,
Of days and nights accruing
to my pain."

Because of early religious training, -
a "virgin," almost an anchorite, I
avoided, for the most part the society
of women, other than professionally;
and always the gentlemen, treating all
women with due deference and respect.
All women are beautiful."

"For a man must go with a
~~that~~ woman, ^{can} understand.
~~which~~ no woman ^{can} understand.
There are some who say they
can see it.

But they're not the marrying breed!"

Somewhat to my discomfiture, I was
overlooked by ~~the~~ most lovely women
during this time; good not showing
through, because I had little, although
temperate and industrious; and known
to issue rather large checks in payment

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of debts at cards. After thirty
years in business and professional
activity - 1903-1933 inclusive, the
early years of the fourth decade ^{the century} found
me with little gear and slightly
in debt at the ~~Bank~~ borrowing on
insurance during the "Depression".

Fall of September, 1932, I was
observed and attracted by a graceful
and fearful lady, not too young,
employed in a bank. But that
is another story.

During the following year, 1933,
a fortunate investment (in silver) ~~not~~
~~large~~ helped to ~~help~~ wipe out the
"Deficit," and a financial boost.
(Money is to be made in the fall,
as well as in the rise of empires!)

The false prophet - President Hoover,
reigned disastrously for a term,
and passed into oblivion. Always
too rich, personally, he forgot God
as a Ruler. "If the Lord keep
not the House, the watchmen watch
in vain".

The late William A. Bratton, who in
1924 worked for a time with Hoover
in the food administration in Washington,
and was associated with Mr. Hoover,
once told me that Hoover "was

but the most profane men, in speech, that he had ever met." a plain indication of the mental and moral qualifications of Mr. Hoover at that stage of his development. By training as an operative Mining Engineer, he probably brought the running of a corrupt food administration called for, or required, a good deal of cutting!!

I have in my political archives a form letter, ¹⁹²⁹ written by Franklin D. Roosevelt, but signed in J. M. to All Delegates (and alternate Delegates) to the Convention in Houston, 1928, outlining Party Democratic Party Strategy for 1932; thus early beginning his Campaign, as four-term President, 1932-1944 AD. Far from being an early F.D.R. supporter, ~~but~~ in 1932, still under the spell of National Politics, I ran for District Delegate (6th District) as a supporter of William ("Alfalfa") Bill Murray in his bid for Presidency. My ~~boast~~ boast is that in the Depression year 1932 I carried Greenback and Proletariat Committees for William

Tuesday 10/6/59 13th
3 AM. a mild, Foggy Morning.
No killing frost yet. The endless
flowing of the Main Street by the Road
and Bridge Builders continues. It
will be a relief to see its finish
very intricate wooden frame & for
pouring cement) being built on the
Steel frame & girders of the Bridge.

Mr. Murray "alfalfa Bill" on the Democrat
ticket for President, the Conventions
held that year in Chicago. Kansas,
Lafayette and Logan - the Populists Committee
went for F. D. Roosevelt - who was
nominated for his first term. a brother
President Hoover - in the elections of that year.
Mr. Murray, who habitually wore
a large mustache, hence his sobriquet
"alfalfa", had been Governor of Oklahoma.
at one time in his life he had attempted
founding an American Colony in a portion
of South America, somewhere on the Pacific
Coast. This was a failure, due to
Racial friction and political friction.
An individualist. As he ruled Oklahoma
as Governor with a high hand, using
his State Guard, on occasion, to enforce
his decrees; much in the news.
Evidently, he thought America should
return to the simple agricultural
life, due to wide-spread business

138
Depression, ~~ago~~ and Hunger. His
"Slogan": "Bread, Butter, Bacon, Beans"
will be remembered by older people.
During the Campaign of 1932 I carried
on my spare tire a cover fabric
emblazoned with Alfalfa Bill Murray's
picture and slogan.

With some prestige as a Delegate
in 1928, I was recognized to some
extent, particularly by the Republican
Newspapers the Charleston Mail, as
Mr. Murray's leading supporter
in West Virginia; carrying on an
interesting correspondence by letter.
A supply of literature was sent me,
including the tire cover, and one
Candidate even "meditated a speaking
tour of West Virginia, but did not
arrive as scheduled." The country,
especially the industrial North and
East, was on the verge of a great
expansion of Public works, and in
no humor for the back to the soil
proposal of Mr. Murray.

Governor Murray, of Oklahoma,
with his Delegates and picturesque
band of "Cora girls" attracted attention,
and doubtless had a good time, at
the Chicago Convention, but got
few votes for nomination. I had
thought to attend, but pressing

of business and ¹³⁹lack of time prevented.
The year 1932 marked a turning point
in the lives of many; myself included.
There were signs in the heavens, clouds
and omens, in those days. Quickly,
the market crash was followed by
the Historic Drought of 1930; dust &
bowls, near famine. Unless those
days had been Divinely shortened,
there would have been no life left
on the earth. Grapes of Wrath.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."
- Cæcilia's Hymn.

The ~~fall of~~ Autumn of 1931, Daughter
Jean and I consulted about ~~practical~~
future training ~~in~~ ~~for~~ her; business,
teaching, or other. She ~~selected~~ nursing,
and entered on a three year course
at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore,
entering September, 1931. Norman
in the Army. I was relieved of
heavy ^{financial} "educational" expense. The
first ^{time} in almost ten years. Medical
practice continued as usual, but
over a period of about three years
cash returns almost non-existent.

Only partially relieved. first by the
"Works Progress Administration" (WPA)
and more substantially in 1935, by
the "Department of Public Assistance" (DPA)
(DPA) which even paid some accumulated
arrested bills, at ten dollars per
over a period of one year - ^{case}
~~Politics~~ Practical Politics, local
and National, had run its course,
~~with me~~, and troubled me no more.
Playing at cards, for diversions, had
become more sorted, locally, with
hard times, and too many ~~to~~ 10, 0, 0, 0
~~notes~~, or ~~few~~ ~~one~~, ~~playing~~
~~about~~; also, abruptly terminated.

"No one understands the fever
of gambling, except the men
who has had it, and got over it."
— Andrew Price —

Thursday 10/8/39 - 3.30 AM.
Mild weather - no "chilly frost" -
Garden flowers still blooming. Road
builders still wasting time with their
inter-endless ^{however} construction; time is
running out for the more important
concrete work on Bridge and street.
The river for a quarter mile nearly
dredged clear of stone and gravel,
filling ditches, some twenty feet in
depth; expensive and time consuming.

Having recited leading event of the decade, 1922-1932; the illness and death of Jean (1928); Brother Andrew (1930); Mrs. Laura Price (1926) after a short illness - Pneumonia; ~~together with~~ ^{and} including personal affairs in business, law and politics; at age Fifty-Eight I felt able to meet triumph and disaster and ~~troubled~~ ^{troubled} just the same.

By the time 1932 arrived in the "Depression" years, it gave me pause, because of financial stringency. I had long known that money is a valuable thing; as a matter of fact, since Boyhood; ~~fact~~; but during these very active years I found that Politics, war, the higher education of the son and daughter, not forgetting the doubtful relaxations of gambling, expensive and at long last, ~~in~~ in the Mallows, gave earnest thought to ways and means.

The stock market offered unheard of opportunity on a long range basis; but in my case something concrete was necessary, and desirable.

Although at the time short of money, I continued to aid Sister Susan, who was in difficulties caused by buying a property in Richmond; the "aid," at the time, making several

trips to Williamsbury with Sister Anna
to try to extract her from the "mess".
An unwise attempt was made, even, to
have Sister Lesson ~~and~~ declared ~~technically~~
"insane", - therefore incompetent, ~~failed~~
rather dismally, largely because of failure
to "co-operate" on the part of the "Patient";
the movement ending ~~in~~ a comical
note; two examining Physicians in
Williamsbury remarking that Perhaps,
personally, was the one whose head
should be examined. Sister Lesson
lost several thousands of her fast
dwindling Rockefeller money.

Dr. James W. Price, first vice-President
and principal stockholder of the Bank
of Marlinton, at this time used his money
almost without stint to carry the Bank
over the "Bank Holiday" period,
investing heavily in its vouchers; much
more freely than ~~the~~ Bank's President;
Matthew John McKel, elderly and also
a "Capitalist".

Brother James, six years my
senior, and a widower, was making
a fool of himself (as the say my gosses)
over the beautiful (and graceful) Miss
Alice Dyer, who was employed as a
book-keeper in the Bank.

Dr. Price, elderly, whiskered, and

143
Not wise in Courtship. Probably; when
a judicious expenditure of simple
means could be impressive in such
trivialities as clothing, barbering and
automobile transport; preferably of an
expensive make; ~~there~~ no need to let
the good show through ^{in part.}
~~James had a~~ to impress Miss Alice, Brother
James had a rather comical notion
which he executed; having a sort of
armored "Crows nest", with loopholes
for guns, built high in the banking
room, where armed with a Winchester
rifle and small arms, he often
sat ready to oppose or discourage
a bank hold-up.

Some alarm had been caused by
the recent robbery of the Rural Bank
at Reink, Mrs. Willis Baxter Cashier,
by a local ~~bank~~ hoodlum named
Cook, later captured and sent to
the Rock House for twenty years.
Cook escaped to Oregon; within the
last year or two he was located;
extradition refused by the Governor
of Oregon on the ground that Cook
had married, raised a family and
for many years lived an exemplary
life. The matter allowed to drop,
Cook still lives in Oregon.

144 Excited movement,
The "Crow Nest" proved ~~useless~~
improving to officials and employees
and following Brother James death in 1946,
and when alterations were made to the
banking room it was removed. In
any case, the Association of Bank
Robbers prefer to operate a merry
money changers in and near
larger towns and cities.

also. A widower of three years, I was
interested in the graceful beautiful
and graceful Alice, who had many
admirers; but ~~fully~~ aware that not
being "strong on the Goose" fatal to
success in ~~many~~ courtship.

(My quotation is from Mrs. Mary
Watts "Diary of the Civil War," and
means "possession of money, slaves,
and a plantation.")

A truly graceful woman in all her
movements and postures is a rare animal,
and not often seen. It follows that
a native taste in selection and ability to
wear clothing well is of the essence.
It may be, also, that those so gifted, under
Emerson's Law of Compensation, may be
lacking in more important faculties
of judgment and common sense.
There may well be a corresponding grace
of movement in the Male of the species,

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but subsidiary to the masculine qualities
of strength, brain and endurance
of Miss Alice and older sister and brother
Nathaniel of Highland, Virginia; orphaned in
early life, all three reared in Marlinton,
the sister, Mrs Clyde Bussard unhappily
married to a War Veteran a base life
ended a few years past a patient at
the VA Hospital for incurables at
Greenville, North Carolina. Miss Devere
lived with her sister, and was most
useful in assisting in the care of five
nieces and a nephew, all of whom
were well trained, and are successful.

Miss Devere drove a Ford Sunabout
Car, in the thirties, which she drove
expertly, and gracefully; frequently
seen with her infant niece and nephew.
as nurse and baby sitter.
I do not mean to imply that the rare
gift of gracefulness in posture and movement
in women is all important - for from
it, an inward grace and faithfulness
more precious than Rubies. But it does
appear "Modern Women" put their trust
for ~~attraction~~ especially the younger, put
their trust in tired hair, deforming
footwear and indecent exposure of the
body, including apparel usually
de thought fit for males, only; and
not view under the sun - Queen Dangers

146
Jehel, a King's daughter, at a remote
day, used her hair, painted her face, and
was thrown from her apartment, devoured
by dogs in the Palace Court-yard.
Middle-aged. The Emperor Napoleon
in his "Conversations" an excellent judge
of men and women, pronounced the Empress
Josephine the most graceful of women,
in all her postures and movements.
as recorded in his "Conversations": at
St. Helena. He also said that she
was aged and untruthful; but he loved
her. In giving her age, the Empress
must have been the Prince Eugene must
have been about twelve years old when born.
He believed Josephine could have followed
him in his fortune to St. Helena, which
his second wife Louise of Austria failed
to do. Brother James and I, middle-aged
Nigerians, both in our late fifties were
not demonstrative in the Court-Mist
of Miss Dever. Nonetheless, we were
silent competitors, and it was evident
either could have been had for the taking.
In the end both were discarded by
the graceful Miss Alice
Myself, six years his younger and
better formed; clean shaven, it was
perhaps well - even providential -
as I was soon to receive ~~important~~
backing in a business venture from
Brother James. Ready money has its
uses, and is important.

Monday 10/11/59 147.
Mild and light rains - Garden flowers yet
thriving - *Hasturium* x The New Bridge
tapering shape - a marvel of steel and
concrete - About 11000 thousands feet of
lumber - framing and supports - used in
the bridge including the temporary structure.
Autumn coloring delayed, although many
trees especially Maples - almost bare.
The hunting season for bears, turkeys,
 grouse, etc. - timely rain helps prevent
forest fires.

The ~~fern~~ young female Virginia Deer
with tail moss, gracefully of the wild
animals native to our forests. As a
boy I had unusual opportunity to
observe its habits (1884-1892) in the
temperate deer, *Diana*. Vegetarian in diet.
Superbly adapted to its forest environment
at all seasons and conditions of terrain.
When not alarmed, moving slowly, or might
even say, pensively; stepping high and
noiselessly in fallen leaves. At other
times, moving rapidly, but not leaping,
when in rough ground or crossing a
rocky stream, a swift, single-foot pace;
and, finally, running at speed in great leaps,
up-hill as well. ~~leaps~~ Prepared to
spring in its ~~leap~~ ^{leaps} ~~feet~~ ^{leaps} under, prepared to
spring to its feet and away in a single
movement - Night or day. The deer
at times barks in the sun on its side,
legs extended x

"I think I could turn and live with
animals;
I stand and gaze at them long and
long. — Whitman.
At the time of which I wrote, early thirties, Miss
Alice and her friend ~~the~~ the beautiful
Miss Gladys Hudson, Secretary and
stenographer at the Bank; cultivated
and of an excellent Pioneer family
of Upper Pocahontas County. The two
frequently visited, in summer, the
Riverside Park and ~~River~~ Bathing
Pool at the Fair Grounds. Sometimes
I was also at the Park and joined ~~the~~
picnic them; once sharing Alice's lunch.

September, 1932.
While respectable and even kind, ~~the~~ Miss
Alice made no effort to conceal that I,
personally, was not quite at home.
Before this, she had, it seems, set her
affections and going steady with the
handsome, and "spoiled child," Arden
Killingworth, Veterans of the College
Student Training Corps, in the war of 1914,
therefore no infant. Quoting the village
gossip, Miss Alice had met a humiliating
failure in capturing interesting the young Arden,
with many rings to her bow. She probably from
a spirit of reckless resentment, she flirted
intemperately with several several casual
near-do-wells, single and married, known
as public menaces in the village and
County; among them my friend, Conrad

149
Veteran, also gambler and alcoholic.
Uncle Barlow, whose early ~~contended~~
death, from tuberculosis, followed in 1934.
Uncle, when he chose to work, was a
very good auto salesman employed
by James Baxter Ford dealer, sales
and service. Uncle Barlow was a
personable ~~led~~ of the Pioneer Barlow
family, noted for ~~his~~ common sense
and Business ability; a grandson of
Henry Barlow, Jr. Merchant and Banker.
In a sense, he was a war casualty, being
in service at the front, in Europe. He
knew the worst too young + Laya Condis.

Meeting the attractive and beautiful Miss
Gladys Hudson, at her work in the Bank
and at the Park Riverside Park, I
correctly judged that she did not
intend to spend her life, mindlessly,
in the counting room of a bank;
might, even, be interested in "going steady"
with an honest man and good worker, as
indeed she did shortly thereafter, her
husband, Mr. Friel. At last account she
was the mother of ~~at least~~ two sons,
and living in the state of Ohio.

Gladys Hudson-Friel, beautiful and
faithful by nature, deserved all in life.
I trust her life has been, is, happy
and successful.

Year 1931, I had formed a casual
alliance with the magnificent and beautiful,
Laura Jane Smith (Abdullah), aged about

Forty years, the ~~the~~ ¹⁸⁷² mother of sons, and a
daughter, the latter born in 1931; therefore
in return for her looking with favor on me,
I was bound to give first allegiance
and support to her.

From Laura Jane Smith, one of eleven
Beautiful Daughters, and a son, born
to John Wesley Smith and Elizabeth
Mary Elizabeth Burr-Smith of the
Burr Valley. (1888). Married at
fifteen years, a mother at sixteen.
Which is another story.

For a man, ^{he} must go with a woman,
which women don't understand.
Or the sort that say they can see it.
They ~~can't~~ aren't the marrying kind.

On late summer evening, August, 1932,
at dusk I was sitting near the bath
house, at the Park, in meditation on
ways and means to improve my
fortune, then ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ the ~~very~~ shallows,
in the tide of human affairs. At ca
the Park and beach deserted at that
hour. A car drove up in the
gloom. And the Misses Dever
and Hunter got out, their escorts
Comrades Clarence Smith and
Charles Barlow. Evidently, the ladies
were going to swim, and hurried to
the bath house. I saw the Comrades

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Smith and Barlow the time of day, and
emerged a few minutes before
going out, with no intent of joining
in any social competitions, in
love and war.
Emerging, Miss Dever proceeded
to put on a dramatic act which
startled me beyond measure.
Advancing until near me in an angry,
even threatening manner, with almost
inarticulate speech; also grasping a
thrust or push and shaking it violently.
Thus informing me that my presence
was distasteful to her.* Without
more ado, I got in my Ford and
pulled out.
Later, Charlie told me that as a
practical jest, he had secreted some
of the young ladies' clothing, saying
that I had returned and stolen it.
The girdle, or what was classified
with the Mania of Dormitory
and raiding of young women's
underwear, in the Co-educational
Colleges of a later day.

The incident is related because
my evening Meditations on ways and
means, year 1932, I see Bathing
Beach at the Park - fair & grounds;
Age fifty six, broken in upon and
despoiled by a Bathing Party.
put to flight

* The act of ~~pulling~~ by the auto head light.

Tuesday - 10/13/59 152

2:30 PM

A frosty night, - no fog - Up at 2:30 -
Lit the fire stove in the Bath - soon -
My sitting room and Library. Read the
preface of the "Beeside Bibles" by Arthur
Stanley. Early translations, and printing
by Wycliffe, Tyndale, and others, 15th
and 16th Century. Found an ancient
copy of Andersen's "Fairy Tales" with
hundreds of excellent wood-cut
illustrations. Among some old papers
and books left by Brother James -
The title pages gone; evidently
printed in early 19th Century.
While of interest to babes and children,
Hans Andersen's fables and parables
are suitable reading for the aged.
A valuable find.

Final grading of Main Street begins
and rock course being laid, starting
October 12, 1959.

I have written of the Houston, Texas
tour of June, 1928. More should be told
of the life and death of Charles W.
Orenton, that Democratic Committeeman
who led his cohort in support of
Alfred E. Smith for President that
year. A handsome man of genius,
and successful, he knew poverty
and hard labor in his youth. His
later end was tragic.

Born in Fayette County, W. Va. - about
1874; in early youth and manhood

153
Employed ~~in the~~ as a laborer in
Coal mines and as a brakeman
on the Railway, earning money
to enter Ladd & Chival, and was
soon successful as a Court-room
lawyer; also ~~as~~ in local and
state political office.

Married ~~in~~ when young, he had
grown children, when in the year 1918
he was snared by a client, the Middle-
aged, and wealthy Widow Williamson,
of Scotch ancestry, whose husband,
~~also~~ a Welshman, had been a coal mine
operator. Mrs. Williamson, also with
grown children, had in youth and later
been accounted very beautiful. As
to being rich, while well-to-do, her
wealth was exaggerated; as is
the usual custom.

Mrs. Osenton divorced her husband,
and promptly sued Mrs. Williamson
for alienation, recovering a considerable
sum - about twenty five thousand.
This in addition to a cash settlement
with the Divorce.

Charles Osenton and Mrs. Williamson
married, about 1920; later, with the
onset of age and reverses in the early
years of the Depression, hard up for
ready money.

The second Mrs. Charles Osenton was
at the Conventions in Houston, 1928,
when she was encumbered with an
infant grandson or nephew about ~~th~~ herself.

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She was clearly as her own, attuned
to her cares. Knowing something of
her history, I ~~could~~ I attempted
conversations with her. She appeared
quite old; uninterested in current affairs;
apprehensive ~~with~~ ^{perhaps} at the onset of ~~old~~ ^{old} age;
not content with conscience strikers.
In this she was in contrast to her husband,
second husband, who though quite
gray-haired, still debonair, ~~and~~
handsome and alert. I recall
reading of her sudden death
by stroke, or paralysis, which occurred
a few years after.

In the days of Prosperity, perhaps
using Mrs. Williamson-Osenter's money
Charles had built an elaborate tomb
or mausoleum on top of a high
mountain near the Hawks Nest,
a famous scenic precipice not far
from Austead, Fayette County, an
area of about three acres enclosed
with a massive iron fence. Here
the second Mrs. Osenter lies buried;
and members of her family. Also
my friend Osenter, whose death
was tragic, which occurred about
1935. His body was found at the
base of a high cliff of Rocks near
the mountain-top tomb, where
doubtless he had cast himself down.

And on the mountain

in his sixty-fifth year. Some told
was bad of ill-health and accidental
death, but I believe it was suicide.

His wife of his youth survived her
husband, unforgetting to the end.
As also were the sons and daughters.

With a clear mind, Friend Osenton
had prepared a will disposing of the
remnants of a once considerable
estate, naming a son as administrator.
The son, following his father's death,
refused to qualify as administrator.

It would appear that, under hand of
we must abide under the shadow of
almighty; and satisfied with long life,
~~before~~ we can pray "after this manner":

"And forgive us our debts,

as we forgive our debtors."

The body of Charles W. Osenton rests
in a tomb fit for a leader and
Chieftain, on his mountain top. I
trust, his spirit, ^{though} wandering, ~~but~~ not lost.

"They are purged of Pride,

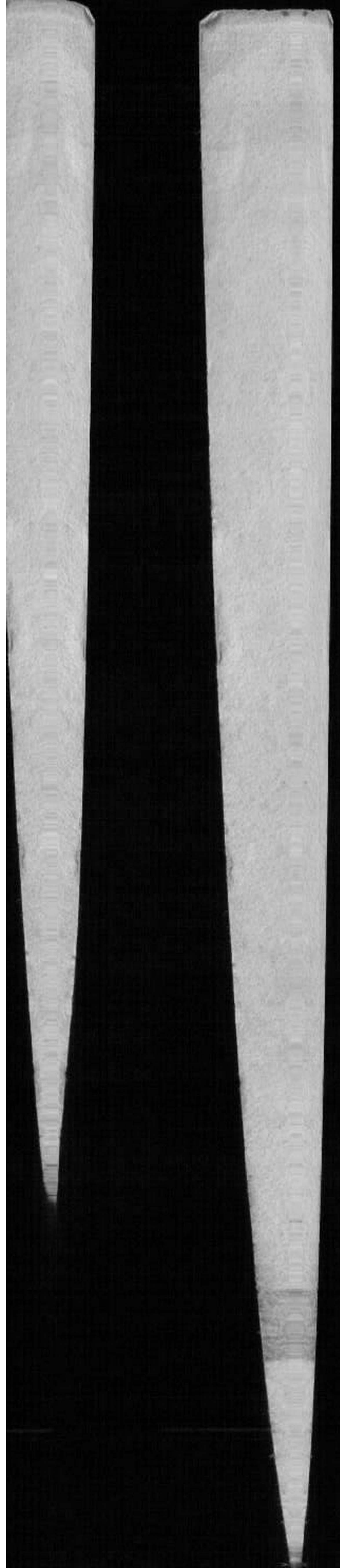
Because they died;

They know the worth of their bays;
And they sit at wine with the

Muses nine

And the gods of the older Days: ~~and~~

They know gods low in plain,
And they wrangle the Devil to make
and ~~there's~~ just that Liss is vain."



[illegible]

97
I gave my personal check for one
Hundred Dollars, as a retainer; the total
fee estimated as three hundred; on which
expense my three paying associates rein-
bursed me to the extent of one hundred-
fifty dollars. the balance paid by me. During
the summer I am told, Judge Rump
visited Marlinton, heard the defense
attorneys Hill and Edgar, in chambers;
Miss Kewyer argued our
case, with the result Judge Rump
declared the case "not" reasonable in
his opinion that as the village had been
reimbursed for the original debt
incurred by the Mayor and Council,
there was no point in continuing litigation;
also, each party to pay its own costs.
all the foregoing is set down as
History of events involving comparatively
large affairs in Public Business, and
over the period 1927 to 1930, Three
years, inclusive. In no sense is it
a personal explanation or apology.
at the time, and for years after, it
was a satisfaction to me and my
"Corporal Guard" remaining of the
petitioners - Andrew having died, that
two Power Line "industries" had been
allowed - even invited - to enter
our County - Senate; also that the
town was rid of a burdensome debt

This freedom from public debt was not
to continue for long, as the city retained
the water and sewage system; when the
city permitted over the local power
house, the water center was moved
elsewhere, about 1927 when the late
Dr. Mark Wilson served a term as Mayor.
This involved ~~to~~ a small bond issue
of ten thousand dollars, and a ~~grand~~ plan
to tunnel Hamilton Field Ridge at
the "low place", in front of Knapp's
Creek at the "Bend", forming a race
or "flume", that served to turn a
water wheel that powered pumps to
convey water to the ~~water~~ tanks
high on the Marlin Mountain. This
as nearly approaches the theory of
"perpetual motion" as is possible under
the laws of gravity, and of water always
rising to its own level, and much
commenced, for a time, still wheels
and pumps deteriorate; water takes
decay; the village, always spacious
in distances, expands further, and with
one thing and another, the bonded
debt also ~~expands~~ now at a figure
of about 100,000 Dollars.

Apparently, for more than fifty
years in planning a supply of water
~~has~~ served thought ~~never~~ given to obtain
water ~~if~~ under gravity, from nearby "cave"
springs, in the limestone to the west,
or from Thermal Springs of great

Palume and purity to the east, the nearest
the Curry Spring near Huntersville, six
miles distant. ~~At one time~~ some objection
was raised by Mr. Ira Brill and others,
to limestone water; others consider
it with a lime content both wholesome
and desirable. Take your choice.

The progress of the species in meeting
his real and fancied needs on this planet
is necessarily slow.

Some incidents in the lives and deaths
of my friends of early days, Frank Lydner
and Ira D. Brill, who have no
memorial that I am aware of, and
both dead in early middle life,
serve to point a moral and adorn a
tale. In 1828, and after becoming
interested in stock market dealings, he
has been known to rise early, probably
after a sleepless night, and dash off at
speed in auto on the earth roads of the
period to ~~the~~ the nearest stock market
line at White Sulphur, distant sixty
miles, to place orders at the opening of
the market. Urged by a very demon
of haste, Frank was accustomed to drive
at speeds then considered dangerous.
An unfortunate accident that cost the
lives of a woman and child, doubtless
preyed on his ~~kind~~ mind and heart.
Returning to Marlinton from Charleston, in
the early thirties, his car driven at speed
on Route 60, struck the two as they

Frank Lydner

Frank Lydner

stepped from behind a parked ^{lot} car. No
special plane was put on Lydnor,
except perhaps driving at speed in
passing a car at rest. On the highways
of Mr. Lydnor, a beautiful and spirited
Virginia lady, whose childhood home
was near Appomattox in Amelia County,
never showing outwardly emotion in
triumph or disaster, during many years
before and following her husband's death.
Their beautiful daughter, Rebecca,
who grew up in Marlinton, is now
the wife of a Manassas, Virginia,
Physician. A strong bond of affections
marked the family life of the three,
the admiration of their friends and
acquaintances. Mrs. Lydnor, serene
and calmly beautiful, remained a widow
for many years following her husband's
early death; he has recently died
a sincere prohibitionist. Free of
Lydnor never drank wine or strong
drink. While at the height of his
business career and speculative "fever",
he "discovered" as he thought, the sedative
medical benefits of the mild mixture
of opium, commonly called Paragoric,
and using it on occasion became a
mild Paragoric addict; so much so
that for a time he found difficulty
in drug regulations to obtain
a needed supply. It is quite evident
he did not properly evaluate the
danger of the alcohol-opium "medicine".

not very ^{fit} 105-
satisfactory, but in due time was
safely returned from the Pecos
County wilds to the Railway Station
at Millboro Springs.

Mrs. Andrew Taylor, mother of seven
beautiful daughters, bore the
daughters of the notable & Rev. James
G. Moore, Pioneer & who was
thrice married, as related in Miles
Biographical History.

Andrew Taylor, Veterans Confederate
tall and lean, who carried a "pound"
of Yankee lead in his body; a
notable Hunter and guide for
hunting and fishing parties from
far places; who subsisted his
family on his ranch edge of the
Wilderness, William River.

"Easy going" and hospitable, in age,
he wasted, in age, to lose his
valuable lands, being "mortgaged"
for a "store" debt.

Oblivion should rule, but it most be
told that in the midties of the 19th Century
Andy Taylor, an old Confederate
Veteran, was "indicted" by the Grand
Jury for a wild misdemeanor, "adultery"

Committed in a brief patch with
a young ~~Harriet~~ named Corn Thump.
The misdemeanor more notable for

~~Early~~ about 1933, the Lydnor family
returned to their old home in Virginia,
and I know little of their life, except for
and occasional visit of Mrs Lydnor
and daughter, Mrs Haden, to old friends
in Marlinton, the last in 1954.

Frank Lydnor's death was tragic. A good
many years ago, his friends in Marlinton
were distressed to learn he had died
by a self-inflicted gun-shot wound.
But truly, he was within the Covenant
by grace. He had a good heart.
Mr D. Brill, Refectment Store Merchant,
died in 1931 (January) after a few days
illness, a small lesion near the eye,
resulting in a blood infection. ~~A man~~
~~of great energy and strong physique,~~
He married Miss Fura Moore, the
mother of three beautiful daughters and
a son. Mrs. Brill also has remained
a widow and for nearly thirty years
has conducted the store. She is a
descendant of the Rev James E. Moore,
prominent in the County History, whose
daughters and grand-daughters always
noted for their beauty and ~~beauty~~ ~~beauty~~
His daughters the late Mrs Andrew Taylor
of Williams River, with seven daughters
Mrs. Marion White (2); Mr. John S
More (4); Mrs "Devil" Sam Tracy.
- Numerous daughters all well
remembered for beauty, in ~~my~~ youth

Friday - Sept 25 - 102
4 AM - 1959 Mary "Septenary Morn"
His autumn, beginning today, Sept 24, 1898,
- 61 years - a letter from Deedly Jean
relates that Jean, age 19, is settled
down to her second year of Vanderbilt.
Intelligent as a child, and promising,
Vaya con Dios.

("But for my study range within
the pleasant field of Holy writ, I
might despair.")

In the early days there were ~~at the~~
least, three "Sams" in the Gay clan,
or family, locally given prefixes to
distinguish one from the other.

Firstly: "Draft" Sam, who lived
and dominated lands head of the
Indian Draft, veteran Confederate
Artilleryman (Driver) tall, lean and
wiry; in old age expert teamster,
four horses.

After the night following
Second Manassas, ¹⁸⁶² he once told
me, lying in deep sleep, exhausted,
across his lying on his back, ~~and across~~
his ~~arms~~, he became so stiff that in the
morning he was unable to move or
rise, ~~for a time~~.

In old age
and weakness, he was accustomed to
pass days and nights on sheep-
skins before his open fire-place.
He had sons and daughters, and in the
third generation noted as handlers
of horses, stalwarts and mountaineers.

They shall renew their strength;

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worthy veterans of a revolutionary war,
he rests in peace, on his farm.

The youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall;
But they that wait upon the Lord
Shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run and not be weary;
They shall walk and not faint."

Next: "Miff" Sam⁴⁰⁴ an adherent of
Union Cause, revolution 1861, and also
during reconstruction and following
the war, was briefly named as
Sheriff of Pocahontas County.

A blacksmith by trade, about the year
1885, his shop north of the Hallors
Jericho road. Then an elderly
man, he directed with his son, Amos,
in a shack near his shop. Miff
Sam also kept Post office, the
first Post Master of Marlins Bottom.
As a lad of ten years, in passing
their door, driving the cows to pasture
in the "hacking", it was my invariable
custom to give father and son greeting;
"Hello, Amos; good morning Mr. Gay."
As they sat in the sun at the door
of their house. 404
Last "Devil" Sam's possibly named
because of ~~an~~ adventure in his youth,
who marked one of the seven beautiful

Daughters of Andrew Taylor, and in the year 1898 were living on the Taylor place at the Meadows of Williams River, ~~the~~ adjacent to Black Mountain, a wilderness last refuge of Deer and Bear. Mrs. ~~H.~~ "Devil" Sam Day had a large family of young children, and forgoing but refusing pay for ^{our} entertainment, a Mr. ~~H. Stoughton~~ of New York, who had visited our County, making the arduous trip, being attracted by Andrews stories in Forest and Stream.

Note I was detailed to accompany Mr. ~~Stout~~, and we camped several days in the old Tom Skyles Cabin.

Photo Months of year Lee Creek, Williams River. ~~Stout~~ was a retired ~~man~~ journeyman printer, who as a fad made his own fishing rods and tackle, and as noted, journeyed from his home in Brooklyn to far places, he has disappeared from history. Vaya Con Dios.

My first attempt at sport writing was a description of this fishing trip, my first in Lee Creek, noted in Trout Stream. with picturesque rapids and falls.

NOTE Mr. ~~Stout~~ was physically "stout" as befit his name; middle-aged

at ~~his~~ home. ~~Unusually~~ He was
 accompanied by a young lady who
 did not appear to be his wife; and
 who, naturally, was not at ease,
 or even in good health. ~~Recall,~~
~~that~~ At an early day travel was
 by rail and over-land horse vehicle
 Moreover, attorney ~~William~~ ^{in effect} was of
 little help, rather the reverse, in a brief
 trial, and Andy Taylor was convicted
 of a ~~Misfeasance~~ ^{misfeasance}. I remember he
 was, in time, given what amounted
 to "Probation" of the period in Court;
 no "time" was served and no fines,
~~if any~~ paid; his two lawyer friends
 and fellow sportsmen forgiving
 any fee for services rendered.

A jurymen in the trial, who later
 asked why he voted for conviction
 replied, in effect, because the
 defendant had been proved guilty
 of committing an adulterous act
 "in daylight, in a blue patch." /
 England the ~~end~~ latter end of Lawyer
~~William~~ was tragic, involving
 murder committed at his estate
 in Maryland, either killing
 or being killed, exact details
 not remembered. So ended the
 life of the son of the author of "Baronet."

wide publicity. ¹⁰⁶ Ground for any unusual
moral turpitude in the community;
"Contributing to delinquency" in the young
may have been a cause. The young
parade belonged to a branch of the ~~North~~
the "Bill Elliott" branch of the ~~Shapfamily~~
Always noted for juvenile delinquency.
I may add, a good many years
after in the early ~~years~~ of ~~practice~~
my medical practice, I attended the
still young Cora in "illegitimate"
child-birth. She later married,
became the mother of a family, still lives,
respectful.

"An odious woman, married, may
bear a child and mend."

Veteran Andy Taylor chose, perhaps
unwisely, to stand trial in the Circuit
Court, thus adding to the publicity.
Andrew Price, attorney. Furthermore,
a sportsman-attorney from Maryland
named ~~William~~ ^{England}, voluntarily came
to assist in his defense. Attorney
~~England~~ ^{England} chiefly notable as a sort
of the author of the famous Poems
~~beginning~~; "Ben Bolt."

"Do you remember Janet Alice,
Ben Bolt."

Janet Alice who was a Brown,
Mr. ~~England~~ ^{England} came, and was entertained

107-A

There was a book, Briefly a "best seller"
entitled: "Ships that Pass in the
Night."

"Ships that pass in the night,
and hail one another in Passing;
only a signal & a horn, and
an answering moan in the
Darkness." "Sengali";

a character in the book, the Parisian
Music Master, ^{and hypnotist} who featured the
song "Ben Bul," ~~becoming~~ ^{becoming}
a vogue in America, ~~for a while~~.
widely ~~being~~ ^{quoted} and sung.
The name "Sengali" ~~became~~ ^{was} a
figure of speech in the language

Saturday - 9/26/59 108

4 PM - 1 PM

"I arise with dreams of thee" (Hulley)
waters at a record low. Still a "trickle"
from the Spring. Tuesday, Sept 24, 1898
the 61st day of the "Marathon"
At age 84 still clapping in early
morning on Jericho Ridge-Forest.

The Book of Wisdom recites four
things by which the earth is disquieted,
and cannot bear: ~~the~~ the woman who
is ~~servant~~ ^{lover} of her mistress; a fool
when he is full of meat; an odious
woman when she is married; and
a servant when he ruleth.
Kipling has paraphrased it in
musical verse:

(Single space) { The servant of her mistress we need
not call upon;
A fool when he is full of meat,
Will fall asleep, anon;
An odious woman married may
bear a child and mend;
But a servant when he ruleth
Is confusion to the end!

It has been written that in the virtue of
charity women may be divided into
two classes: the rich, who do as they
please; and the poor, whom no one
pays ^{any} attention ~~anyway~~.
Again, I repeat, the women of the

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Rev James E. Moore line of descent were
noted for beautiful and ~~charitable~~ ^{charity};
the men ~~for~~ faithful ~~ness~~.

Elizabeth Taylor, or "Betts" as
she was called. I considered the
most interesting and beautiful of the
sisters, at their home edge of the
wilderness on Laurel Creek, not
unobserved by hunters and fishermen
from far places who made the Taylor
house headquarters. Moreover, the
Mrs Taylor and her daughters were
excellent housekeepers and dressed
well, their clothing for the most part
the work of their own hands. I
recall a photo group made at the
Taylor home, in which Betts was
dramatically dressed in hunting
costume, male, the property of some
paying guest. Of a classic type
of beauty, perfect in face and figure.

"A form more fair, a face more
sweet."

Never has it been my lot to meet —
— Wither.

In the year 1898, I had seen the family
occasionally. Betts in particular, but
at the time allowed myself to take
no special interest in her, or any other,
fearing entanglements, that night

(also, my aunt Mary Patterson not yet married)

As an ¹¹⁰obstacle to my vague plans to get an education, or other Spartan ambition ~~to~~ vividly, I recall a cool September Morn. I was on my way for ~~the~~ ^{my} usual dip in the River at the "Rock", neatly dressed in my working white duck trousers, complete with Bath towel. Miss Elizabeth (Bits) Taylor, in her travels, had spent the night with friends at the "Red House" Keel ~~Bay~~ ^{Run}, at foot of Price Hill, and was at the door.

Being, as I supposed, at the time noted for recent athletic exploits, * Miss Taylor looked me over, with more than ordinary interest; her face and figure photographically impressed on memory to this day. We exchanged a few words of greeting, and I passed on to the River. I do not recall seeing Elizabeth again, though not lost to memory; and two years after on entering Medical School I went on to other adventures.

I learned, later, that the Taylor family, having lost their lands on Williams River, ~~for~~ "store" debt, removed to Upper Yumbur Valley

late

* My Recount of Mary Patterson's Race

at Cass, where the Taylor men had
employment in the Lumber Mills.
In early youth denied the "advantages"
of the educational system and the new
freedoms, and employments for women
of the twentieth century; though gifted,
perhaps not fortunate in her settlement
in life - though in due time married;
I have never learned that she bore
children

"Have drunk their cup a round or
two before,
and, one by one, crept silently to rest."

Having wandered in my narrative,
describing affairs and personages ~~of the~~
~~late~~ late nineteenth and early twentieth
Century, I return to more intimate
family affairs, the illness and death
of my wife Jean, occurring in the
third decade of the Century.

My professional career was
at this highest, 1923-1928, ~~with~~
sufficient for all present needs,
including the weekly session ~~at~~ of
~~Partridge~~ ~~at~~ the Village Paper
Gaul, at which diversion and re-
laxation my losses greatly
exceeded wringing. Working at
high speed day and night, Sundays
and holidays, as is of the essence
in the general practice of
Medicine and Surgery. Town and
Country. I was enabled to meet

all financial ¹¹² demands, occasioned
of Jean's illness and costs of serving
Norman, and later, Douglas Jean.
Also to spare time and money to
Public affairs.

I served as Mayor in 1923, the
year the Price Hill Road was built,
the relocation taking my barn and
part of the hillside; again Mayor
1927 - ~~which~~ complicated by the feud
(legal) with Council over "internal
improvements" in water and light
~~utilities~~. Mayor Fred Allen, Recorder
O.H.M. Firmin, and Councilmen Bill
and Sydney, et al., in the matter
of electric utilities.

Autumn of 1927, Jean's health illness
progressively worse, complicated by
dyspeptic symptoms. When hospital
treatment in a hospital was suggested,
she refused; no relief expected by
medical or surgical ~~treatment~~ ^{operation}. Jean's
patience and fortitude has been referred
to before in this narrative. She once
remarked to me, despairingly, that she
"did not want to live any more, but
here"; whether referring to her earthly
home, or future estate, not ~~stated~~ clear.
She retained her fine mentality to the
last breath. Conscious breath; was her
last letter to Norman dated the day
before death came, March 9, 1928.
Dying ~~is~~ is a lonely thing.

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A year or more before, at solicitation of Church friends, she had enlisted in a "Circle" of women of the Church, devoted to good works and study of Holy writ. Jean's "essays" or reading program, which she occasionally prepared, were models of intelligent and careful research, which I, on at least one occasion typed for her, on request.

Jean and her personal orderly young son Preston, frequently held what Jean called "Concerts" on the "graphophone"; a favorite hymn: "I will sing of my Redeemer" (Preserved as a sacred relic).

Norman, entered that year at the presumably Moral Presbyterian College Hampton-Sydney, continued his irrefragable career. His ~~reports~~ ^{requests} were brief and unsatisfactory to her frequent letters, with presents and extra money. Hopeful to the last, despite ~~disasters~~ ^{disasters} plain to her, of choleraic disasters. Norman's twenty-first birthday, Jan. 27, 1928, her present all a pensile watch, soon speedily ~~hoped~~ ^{lost} and lost.

In late January, 1928, Dr. James Price and I did abdominal ^{asites} a "tapping" to relieve the pressure of abdominal fluids, which gave temporary ease; but vital organs were affected.

1914
At school, Norman had early joined,
as I suppose, never having been a "Fraternity"
member. The most disreputable of the
lot, appropriately calling under the
doggy "Rattle of Theta Chi," appropriate
- for the rattle-blained - accessories -
though has been written to prove, of
a son at college who ~~had~~ reached his
majority, was no help, year 1929.
When he, finally, left school in April,
leaving debts and over-drafts. I also
redeemed two trunk lockers hooked
to a cab driver, containing some
books, including a copy of his grand-
father's Biographical History, and Jean's
letters - and little else. These I
was glad to recover. The locks
of both lockers were broken.

~~From~~ Detailed incidents of Norman's
twenty years as a "Member of the Force,"
and after will be ~~repeated~~ ^{repeated} in the
proper context.

Daughter Joan continued at school
winter 1928, and graduated with the
first ten of her class, and with honor,
at ~~the~~ ^{her} sixteen years old.

Throughout the winter I continued
actively at work to meet presumed ^{needs} ~~needs~~
Present and future: not even omitting
daily forestry ~~and~~ wood-chopping,
stunts, a relief to anxieties and
retrospections.

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One morning in March, 1927, while
planting a thrifty Sugar Maple tree in
the yard - it had been uprooted by a
falling tree while chopping North side of
the hill - Jean, watching from her
window, inquired why I had selected
a certain spot to set the tree, I
replied, in effect, I thought it suitable.
Twenty-two seasons ~~had~~ have come since
that March morning, the sapling
grew to a stately and beautifully
proportioned tree, which I regarded as
a memorial.

Near this tree is another land-
mark, and memorial. When the Road
was being relocated and surfaced,
1923, while the workmen were re-
moving a large bowlder, Jean
directed that it be set up in the
yard - that "Dr. Price would like
to have it."

Not long before this I had once
remarked to Jean that I might
build my own private Mausoleum,
or burial place, among the
rocks on the Hillside.

During three years of Jean's illness
~~her~~ her health seemed better in
summer, to decline with the
colds and dampness of winter.

Monday - Sept. 27, 1939¹¹⁶
2:30 AM -

Another "September Morn" - Mild and
Foggy - Yesterday a restful Sabbath,
Drove to the Knappa Creek Bridge
near Haverhill - Compared the
finished work with the December
River Bridge at Marlinton. Appears
to be a handsome structure, and durable -
steel and concrete. Retired at 7,
Arose at 2:30 AM.

In Memoriam

Threw on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of Rue;
In quiet she Reposes,
Would I were gentle, too.

Her life was turning, turning,
In Mazes of heat and sound,
But for peace her heart was yearning,
And now Peter caps her round
The world had need of her mirth,
She battled in the miles of glee;
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.
Her generous, ample spirit
Faltered and faded for death;
Tonight it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death. "

— Arrived

The winter, 1928, wore away, and March, with the 22^d anniversary of our marriage arrived. Jean's health condition was truly desperate, and it seemed a question whether heart or brain would fail first.

About two years before we had quit using tobacco (cigarettes), writing Norman, at the time at Millard's school in Washington, it seemed "too sporting" in a "week" to make it.

at all times careful of toilet and dress, bathing frequently and having her hair washed frequently by her "orderly", Jim Prebbs, (who also bathed the dog) frequently. (The dog was killed by a car two days before Jean's death, and buried in state, by Jim, near the Price River.)

On occasion, Jean and I talked normally; possibly a bit more reticent than usual, and ignoring the present desperate state of her health, for the most part. At night in our room, Jean in the rocking chair, and I sleeping as usual, when sleep was needed. I once remarked to Jean I thought I could sleep the night before I was to be hanged in the morning, if sleep was needed. Jean replied "I thought I could, as I ~~seemed~~ to have "too much nerve, or something" whatever it had ~~was~~.

was that I had ¹¹⁸ and wrote Norman
to the same effect, in commenting
in praise of my activity and work,
and attention ~~to her~~ during her illness.

By chance, I was present when the
Call came. Spring was advancing, the
evening of March 10, 1928; Mild, after
supper, we sat as usual by the open
window in our room up-stairs, talking
awhile before I returned to the office.
I ^{sat} on the bed and Jean in the rocker
by the table, on which lay a deck of
Cards. Casually, Jean said her
Jaw ached, "like the toothache, where
teeth used to be." After a while,
Jean uttered the words: "~~This house~~
"This house!" in a ~~sad~~ tone ^{of voice},
if ~~that~~ referring to some disorder in a
household affairs; to which I replied,
sharply, "What is the matter with
"This house"? ~~To which~~ She made no
reply. Jean may have referred,
preludically, to "The house of this
Cobernall being dissolved; and having
a house, not made with hands, eternal
in the Heavens!"

Followed an ashy fallor, and I
knew Jean's time had come. She
rose, unsteadily, to her feet, and
instantly I guided her on step to



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the best on which the celebration, yet
her last words. A single trial
embrace movement, and she would
still - her eyes closed, and this
at about 7 o'clock. She lay
with eyes closed, face of
death, with 10 pm. When the spirit
departed.
"And all my dear friends and
all my family dream
are wonderful dark eye glasses
and when we get off to bed,
in what a terrible darkness what
the most terrible?"

Relatives and friends came, including
from and about 10 o'clock, several
moments with him from had been
with him, like Anna, who had has
that in ~~and~~ dressing, sitting and
accompanying the dead, ~~and~~ the
wanted to be in a proper place, ~~and~~
extremely an account of his wife
a physician, and another
face of death, perfectly from
and were left to wait, with one
dearly seen in her own room, and
I on my own at guard through
the night, and the night following -
until morning, Monday 12th 1828

Monday - Sept. 21, 1939⁷¹
3 A.M.

Sept. 20, warmer, blazing sun, and Dry.
River and Creeks a record low. The
"Flood Rain," by the Mercy of the Most High
Needed, lest no life remain on the earth.
Our National Guest, "Premier" Niko-
lai Khrushchev, No ordinary ~~dictator~~. In
this person is embodied the power of
a Hundred Czar, early years of the
twentieth century.

The recent death of John Foster Dulles
"Brink of War" Dulles - Immediately
followed by "Orders from London," in
the person of Queen Elizabeth and
a last visit of our Winston Churchill.
President Eisenhower Recognizes
"Orders" When received. The spec-
tacular personal visit to England
and the Continent, August, 1959,
and a new "Foreign Policy" is ~~being~~
After a restful Sabbath and seven
hours sleep, I ~~at~~ rose at 2.30 a.m.
Prepared to resume writing.

"But the woman that God gave him,
every fibre of her frame
Proves her ~~sublimity~~ ^{sublimity} for one sole purpose,
Armed, and unyielding for the same;
~~And to the point that the male~~
~~And the male must fail,~~
The female of the species must be
dearer than the male!"

Let the generalization fail,

Must the male fail?

(Light and ⁷² Water Plant.)
~~Came to Marlinton~~
Early in the Century a prominent Promoter
then resident of Marlinton, Mr. John Alexander
~~who~~ before told of in the story of Oliver
A. Howard, organized the Light
and Water Company, a Corporation.
Local Capital was subscribed and a
Loan from the Bank of Marlinton,
later in default. The Company paid
no dividends in the fifteen years of its
existence, until taken over, in 1918, by
the town of Marlinton, by an issue of
Fifty thousand in City bonds; and finally
sold to a utility; the water plant
and sewage system retained by the town
and thereby hangs a story.

The failure to even consider bringing
in water by pipe line from several
available sources, the history of a water
supply for the city has been one long
painful series of error from the beginning.
At first, water was obtained from
several deep wells, pumped to tanks
on the side of Marlin Mountain.
The first well at the Plant struck a
large flow of salt sulphur water;
also a pocket of gas, ^{utilized} for
for some time to furnish light at
the pump house. This well, about
three hundred feet deep, unsuitable for
use; another well at about two hundred

feet, supplied abundant water, though
with a percentage of Minerals, including
Iron sulphate.

The fundamental economic weakness
was the continuous and expensive, pumping
required to maintain the flow.

It hailed the ~~discovery of the~~ Salt-
Sulphur water as a valuable medical
discovery. drinking large quantities with
relish. too much salt proving bad
for kidney functions, and after a time
discontinued.

Though built under favorable costs
of both labor and material in the year
1907; the rates for both electric light
and water high, the costs of main-
tenance and good pit coal, (as was
complained of by Lucius in Hades, in
the story of "Lomlinsos of Berkeley
square"). The Corporation showed no
profit. In the war year, 1918, it
was bankrupt, its bonds and Bank
loan in default.

A movement was started for the Town
to issue Fifty thousand in City bonds
and purchase and operate as a utility.
The late Frank R. Winder was active in
pushing the purchase by the town, but
not mentioning the trouble the banks
of which he was executive - Vice Pres.
and Cashier, having with the loan.

Mr. Hunter, who was my brother-in-law, did me the honor to write me as to the wisdom of the City buying the water and light plant, I being at Camp Custer. I had already sent a letter to the Times in a general way advising against public ownership of the utility, and that the business be re-organized, if possible, under new and better Management, Mr. Alexander being for long suspect of unreliability and mismanagement.

The motion to purchase, when put to the vote, heavily backed by Business and Banking interests. Carried by a very large Majority.

In this event, I was fated forty years to have no inconsiderable part in the conduct of the city owned utility until finally sold in the year 1928 to the Monongahela and West Penn. Public Service Company - and thereby ~~being a failure~~.

A feature of the utility to show a profit, both under private and City ownership; because, first, undue credit is given certain favored dead-beat and poor pay customers, with consequent loss of revenues. Second, wastage of both water (unmetered) and ~~light~~ electric power

75-
together with leakage from water
pipes, all at the cost of good pit
coal at war-time prices; and, lastly,
worn out plant machinery only held
together by constant repairs.

Except ~~as to~~ for incidents recorded,
~~and nothing~~ and to be related, the years
1919-1926, during which along with the
simple life of working and living, I was
unsuccessfully defeated (1920) for election as
County Commissioner; For State
Senator (1922); For the Legislature
of West Virginia (1924); My successful
opponents, ~~unsuccessfully~~, being
Messrs. E. W. Williams, Frank R.
Hill and Captain Robert D. Kidd.
During this time I served the
one year term, two or three times, as
a member of the City Council.
~~However~~ In the year 1927, having been ~~and~~ I was
~~nominated~~ for Mayor, heading a ticket
nominated in the free and easy
manner of the time, by a "Convention",
called and composed of a few irresponsible
citizens; I ~~succeeded~~ in defeating
my friend Frank R. who was elected Mayor
of Martinsburg; even the name of my
opponent, or opponents, in this
village elections are forgotten
as I had served in the Council

for several terms previous, under the
Administrations of Captain Abner E.
Smith, who in old age and business
adversity, from a leading Logging
Contractor of an early day, and later
sugget and business Man in Marlinton,
during the war period, and later
served as Justice of the Peace and
City Mayor, and Collector of over-
due debt for business firms. Always
from the day of his memorable baptizing
in the Creek, a pillar of the Methodist
Church elect; of the Covenant by Grace
a powerful man, in youth he followed
the occupation of a Maine Logger.
Later, very successful in our County
of Pocahontas as a Contractor, the
first to use a steam engine and track.
In age, influenced by the Christian
Religion, and his good wife and
daughter Mollie Smith-Geary,
always amiable and distinguished
for true piety. A friend of my
youth, he sleeps well.

While Member of Council, later as
Mayor, we struggled ~~heartfully~~ to
hold the nearly worn out plant
together, physically, it being under
the immediate management of
two enterprising young men,

Frank King and Carl Meets, who had
recently founded the now highly
successful Marlinton Electric
Company, also an ^{also} gas distributors
and operators of a chain of gas stations, ^{which}
Both were competent technicians and ~~engineers~~
and with the assistance of the late Preston
Madison, as plant engineer, kept the
machinery going. For many years inter-
ested in ~~internal~~ ^{and} public affairs.
I recognized the utility was approaching
a crisis in operations, what permit would
take could not be foreseen. Operated by
the city for about five years, nothing
paid on the capital debt, other than
carrying charges, the twenty year bond
indebtedness of about fifty thousand dollars.
Obtaining the drivers seat as Mayor
in 1927, almost immediately learned the
Virginia Electric Company had begun
extending its lines up the Greenbrier
Valley, and might be encouraged to
build far as Marlinton. To me, this was
inspiring news, and might prove a good
way out of our difficulty.
It is ~~early~~ recalled the time was one
of great expansion of public service
utilities, in ~~gas~~ ^{and} electric power and
water; the small Empire was at its
height and power lines building
extensive to hitherto remote counties,
such as Pocahontas.

78
The Virginia Utility Co. as far as
Remark that year: a public meeting
was held at Hillsboro, which many
from Marlinton, attended, and as Mayor
I assured the Representative I thought a
friendly and co-operative spirit would be
shown in the matter of a franchise, and
possible sale of the town-owned plant.
Hillsboro, an incorporated village, having no
electric plant, enthusiastically voted a franchise
it seemed inevitable the power line would
in a short time be within reach of Marlinton,
a way out with relief from financial and
operational expense, at a loss, besides the County
acquiring a valuable "industry" in Public
utilities. In this I was encouraged
by the support of a few leading business
men, particularly two banker friends,
My father & Dr. James Price and the late
executive Vice-President and Cashier of
the First National Bank - John Lydensticker,
both of whom shared my views and whole-
heartedly for the proposed franchise - and
sale of the plant - including the water.
A representative of the Utility appeared,
surveyed the plant, its assets and liabilities
and after a time formulated an offer in cash
for the franchise and facilities, about fifty
thousand dollars, or a sum calculated
to clear a burdensome village and
town and village debt of many years standing
~~known~~ had full knowledge of the
operational conditions of the Machinery, which
had long required replacement at a figure

I mean to be far beyond the reasonable
ability of the citizenry to advise, with little
hope of improvement in finances as
Mayor, I proceed to submit the matter, first
to the Council and with its approval,
to the Voters for ratification.
As might be expected, the usual
labels of ~~corruption~~, were noticed that I as
negotiator, was being ~~secretly~~ taken
care of by bribery, to which I paid no
heed, and at this late day state or my
power nothing was offered by the ~~Bro~~
Jules, Broker, a Mr. Horvitt of Charlottesville
Virginia, representing the Utility in the
negotiations, other than a bottle of very
poor quality of Smokey liquor of the
Carroll's Charlottesville Va. brand, which I
as a total abstainer, refused, being
personally sufficiently exhilarated at the
prospect of doing a good piece of work
in the public affairs, as I thought.
More than thirty years have elapsed, and
I am of the opinion still - shared by a few
of our citizens at the time, of whom none
survive, to my knowledge, that the village
was in error in rejecting at the Falls
the offer of the Virginia Electric
Meadowhill, a surprisingly strong
opponent to any proposed sale of the
Electric plant, and water system to a
utility corporation; advocating
continued public ownership. Two
leading Business Men, the late
Mr. Ira Bell and Mr. F. M. Pyder, both of whom

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influential members and leaders, in the
Council of 1928, after the sale project had
been defeated at the polls; and Dr. Norman
Burr also losing to Dr. Fred Allen for
Mayor. Mr. Ira Brill published quite
a spirited pamphlet in opposition to the
Rule of the Eight, and especially opposing
what he referred to as our "Pitchlight,"
"pure" water, winding up with quotations from
"Kipling's" "The Mary Gloster":
~~I will drink of my own cistern waters from~~

~~My own well,~~

~~And the wife of my youth~~

I'll be content with my fountain, I'd
drink from my own well,

And the wife of my youth shall charm

Me - and the rest can go to Hell!"
(Mr. Burr's "Putting the Hell - "See Bank!")

Strong in the faith that "He is" thrice
armed who has his quarrel just," I
called the Council in special session to
submit the plan to a special election
fall in September, 1927; or refuse to do so.

Seeing indifference on the part of
members of Council, I could not believe
there would be strong opposition
to holding the election. Mr. Charles
Levisy, a new comer in Marlinton and
Railway Agent, the City Recorder,
and my son ~~disposed~~ in the business,

Thangely, I can recall at this late date the names of only one member of Council - Five in number - Mr. Charles Sharp, at present President of the Bank of Marlinton, and who led in moving my Project of holding the elections be postponed, and argued long & hard for what amounted to side-stepping the issue. I argued ~~long and as~~ persuasively as possible in favor of an election, that the opportunity to sell a "~~White Elephant~~" was unusual and important, and possibly might not bear delay. ~~The~~ ~~at least~~ the Council remained in session parts of two days, as I insisted the body declare for an election, or till the business there ended. Perhaps in my enthusiasm to ~~lose~~ ~~lose~~ the issue, in the ~~current~~ ^{present} state of public opinion, and by reasonable delay and further negotiations allay public doubt as to its wisdom. History records the danger of unwise delay, for within little more than a year following the crash of the stock market, ¹⁹²⁹ keeping out all expanding of Public utilities for years. ~~following 1929~~

Although Mr. Charles Sharp wished to delay action on a Referendum, he was not able to muster strength to table the business. Lewisay and I standing as year, so a reluctant

52
Council named a date for a Spring election, in four weeks. A certain hysteria was evident on the subject. Many of the women in particular had been convinced the village was in danger of being robbed of its Psalms, water and light facilities. The operators of the plant, Frank King and Carl Meets, ~~opposed~~ with their employees and associates opposed the sale effectually. Perhaps they found it convenient to run the plant in connection with their recently organized electrical firm. Both the partners were skillful technicians and builders; reliable and honest in speech and action, sincerely believing in the practicality of Public Ownership, if carefully managed. Both Meets and King died in early Middle age; Carl Meets of a Diabetic disease, hereditary in his family. He was a skillful aviator, and as a gentleman pilot delighted in making flights. Frank King a boyhood friend, and esteemed as such. The defeat of the ticket I headed for a candidate for reelection early in 1928, by a ticket headed by Dr. Fred Allan with S. A. McFerrin, ~~President~~, and which Council F. M. Lydner and J. D. Brill were leading members of. ~~Council~~
A startling series of events leading to the eventual sale of the utility to

Monongahela West Penn was to follow within
a twelve-month.
Mayor Allen and his Council for the year
1928, quite evidently had the impression
the recent expenditures amounted to a
Mandate to operate the water and light
plant, and, if so, beyond question that
extensive repairs and replacements of
vital Machinery was in order. At any
rate, almost at the first meeting of
the body and under the spell of the
Brill-Hydor enthusiasms, the more
conservative business people of the town
were electrified to learn the Council
had contracted for as a purchase on
credit, and without advertised bids
about thirty thousand dollars of new
machinery for the plant, no thought
of provision for payment by bonds
or new taxes, but a purely credit
operation, the plant already heavily
bonded. As the village operated, as
it had from the first on a mere "Current
Cost Charter", it lacked the broader
powers of a State Legislative Charter
in imposing special taxation, the
treasury of ^{public} finances at time conservative.
Both Brill and Hydor, respected
young men of business. Personally,
were influenced by the speculative mad-
ness of the times. Frank Hydor
who had been station agent and operated
a small insurance business when he
first came to Marlinton, in the past was

He had a rule, enjoying almost a monopoly of brokerage in Coal & Oil, sold to retailers, and made a small fortune in Record Time, 1914-1920. Hydner continued to manage the insurance agency in connection with his profitable Coal Brokerage business. An agreeable man personally, he taught for several years a young ladies Sunday School class at the Methodist Temple, generous, even philanthropic, in all good works, particularly in the building of the New Church in Marlinton, year 1920. Some early advances and buying of stocks in the hectic financial ~~detritus~~ decade of the Century, led to further investment and profit, in a Bull Market. In 1927-28, Mr. Hydner was presumed to be wealthy, as he undoubtedly was, "on paper" through his dealings in stocks and bonds. Doubtless he thought the expanding stock market the perfect opportunity to make legitimate profits as a matter of business. As to its being a gigantic gamble in which by good luck and knowing when to cash in and quit the game, as an amateur gambler, never gave it a thought. "No one knows understand the gambling fever, except the man who has had it, and got over it." (Andrew Price -

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Mr. and D. Brill, while not known to be
interested in the Pull ~~Stock~~ Market, was
expanding his Department store building
and business and a heavy borrower of
the local banks. Both men were
members of the 1928 Town Council, and
leading advocates in rebuilding and
operating the water and light plant as
a city owned utility; with no ~~and~~
thought of granting a franchise to any
power ~~or~~ electric ~~power~~ line,
wherever - at least, not yet.
However, more conservative business
men, and bankers, including the losers
in the move to sell the franchise to a power
line, and knew well the bankruptcy
of the Light and Water plant, showed flight
strangely, Brother Andrew Price, even
then in poor health, due to the cancerous
disease of the liver which caused his death
March 26, 1930; and even in 1928 had
abandoned his forestry work on his
trip of the Perich Land, and other
actual exercise; strangely, I repeat,
because it was ~~and~~ in character for him to
engage in the turmoil and ~~and~~
of local city politics. But Andrew
declared that the Mayor and Council
had grossly and illegally exceeded its
authority in adding to the public debt.
Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Fougler, Bankers and
active members of the Legislature, also
demanded legal action. Whereupon

As a learned ~~friend~~ St in Constitutional
law, drew up papers petitioning that
the Mayor and Council be enjoined
because of the recent purchasing of power
as I had been prominent as Mayor in the
losing fight to sell the franchise and
assets of the water and light company. I
was invited to head the list of signers
by freeholders of the town, and thereby be
Chairman and executive officer of any
action the Petition (enjoinment) might
lead to in the Courts.

(73) In a very short time, seventy-three
freeholders - all honorable men - all
added their names to the petition, thus
perhaps unknowingly, in some cases,
becoming parties to the suit of enjoinment
growing out of it.

Those
The Mayor and Council ~~elect~~ ^{elect} to
fight, engaging as attorneys ~~three~~ ^{three} lawyers
Allen, Edgson and Frank Hill; all
residing in a suit being placed on the
docket of the Circuit Court. Judge
Lumbers H. Sharp.

~~all~~ This required some time; during
which, in 1928, the new plant machinery
was delivered and set up, to be paid
for ~~on~~ ^{on} the installment plan as money
could be earned and made
available.

into nature of a town brawl, or fuss;
"the Battle of the Shepards in the shed," some
gave a number of "Volunteers" free-holders
soon regretted the publicity, as bad for
business, or for social or personal
associations, either church or state.
Regretted, ~~of course~~ that they had signed
the petition. All leaders of revolution
against lawless and tyrannous government
must expect defections of the weak
and infirm of purpose, and not un-
expected by me. Even the warriors
Gideon when on a desperate mission,
deliberately thinned his ranks until
there remained only real fighting men.

The legal injoinment was purely
a matter of law, to be decided by
a Circuit Judge, subject to appeal
to a Higher Court of the Contending
factions & on our part the Sincere of
war - Money (costs) and still had
a will to fight; or, as later developed,
to either fight or run; in ~~that~~ ^{either} case
admirable class of the game.

By the time the Cause was ready
for argument before the Court, Judge
Sumner & I had formally disqualified
myself to sit, for personal and
business reasons, an excellent legal
codge of Politically minded jurists.
- 100 percent of this number ~~travels~~
~~stayed~~; otherwise they would not remain

long in office ~~either~~ as judges ~~and~~
~~of the State~~. Whereupon, the case was
transferred to the Court of his Honor
Judge Kump - of Randolph County,
who had once served as Governor
of the State, and under whom Wiley
Governor, but Frank B. Hill had
been appointed and served a term
as state parole officer. It is under
such inter-loping conditions that
legal affairs of State are compounded.
The word of advice, personal
unless you enjoy a fight in Chancery
Court, and have the means to carry
on as a purely mental exercise -
and therefore enjoyable - Keep out
of Chancery Court!

I believe it or not, the spring of 1929
arrived, and the point of law still
undetermined in Court, involving only
a question of the right under its
charter for a village to incur a
formidable debt. Of course, legal
briefs and arguments must be
prepared, and on ~~the~~ the plaintiffs
side financed. True, while
Andrew lived he acted without
pay, the principal cash item. The
defendants hired lawyers at
public expense. During the year that had
elapsed, and Court clouds gathered,
it was known a difference of
opinion had developed in the Council

89
As to the wisdom of continually
opposing a deal with Power Lines
even the ~~best~~ ^{best} citizens and
business men ~~admitting~~ ^{admitting} that a new
"industry" in the County might have
merit. Along with relief from a
looming, inefficient, debt-ridden
water and light plant. The city
not yet arrived at the stage of
water meters, special rates, and a
new bond issue, a revelation of
recent years, ~~Fifties decade 20th Century~~
Before the "Debate" (financial) of
1929, ~~Power~~ Electric Power Companies
were "compiling for new territory";
not divided by combines and
a greenback, as at present.

Two bright young men, Frank
Hing and Carl Sheets, still in active
charge of the plant, suggested ~~on~~
the Monongahela and West Penn
be invited by Council to submit
a bid for the city franchise, etc.,
their nearest Point of Contact at the
time Webster Springs, in Webster
County, distance about sixty miles;
it being stipulated the bid of West
Penn be for the light franchise,
only, the Village retaining its
vital water supply. This was
a real difference, it is true; but

2390
not forgetting for an instant if the
franchise, including water lines and
installments ~~including~~ sewerage
had been sold to the Virginia Electric
Company, in 1924 along with the
purchase, a wealthy Corporation,
would be legally bound to maintain
an adequate supply of water,
subject to control of the Public
Service Commission.

In 1959 the Town of Marlinton,
under City ownership, has a one
hundred thousand bonded debt,
water meters, and very high water
rates, partly due to ~~the~~ bonded debt,
and a physically run-down
sewage system and pump house
machinery.

On invitation of the Mayor Allen
and Council, West Penn responded
by sending an emissary, a legal
gentleman from Martinsburg,
~~name forgotten~~. The upshot of the
business, the West Penn submitted a
~~and submitted~~ ^{present} the town of bonded in-
debtedness, including the cost of the
new machinery which it took over is
in all about fifty grand. The town,
in my mature opinion over thirty years is
they would have done well to include the water

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mains, pump house and tanks, etc.,
thus ridding the town of its "White
Elephant."

As the city of Marlinton grows, it
is becoming very difficult to persuade
competent men ~~fitly and well~~ ~~available~~ to take over the management
of civic affairs. A new legislative
city charter, and finding new sources
of revenue are in the offing - (1959.)

The offer of West Penn accepted
and an election ordered, early in
1929, sale was ~~settled~~ ^{approved} by a very
large majority of the electorate.
Early the following year (1930) work
as weather conditions permitted and
right of way ~~granted~~ ^{granted}, West Penn began
extending its line up Elk River
and into the Upper Yersabender Valley
from Whites Springs.

Virginia Electric had meanwhile
extended its line up the lower
valley far as Buckeye, four miles
below city of Marlinton. Except
for the precipitate, back door deal
with West Penn, doubtless in a very
short time, Virginia Electric being
~~at~~ almost at Marlinton, would as a
matter of course been given a franchise.

All the foregoing explains the meeting of two great utility systems in the vicinity of Marlinton, in Pocahontas County.

The delays in the Chancery suit, of which I was head man, and executive officer, ~~defying the odds~~ ^{defying the lightning}, as it were, was in part due to the illness, in 1929, of our attorney, Brother Andrew Price, and consequent loss of interest, or ability, to carry on; aside from the usual torpid actions of a Chancery Court, including a change of venue.

Before this, Andrew had ~~at~~ begun to lose enthusiasm for the legal fight, as had many of the Petitioners. As proof I submit an incident -

While at Andrews house, autumn of 1929, ~~he~~ and he ~~was~~ ill in bed, ~~the~~ attorney called by phone, Frank Hill for the Defendant, called by phone on some legal point in connection with change in venue of the case to Judge Lump Court in Randolph County. Brother Andrew arose, a sick man, and in the conversation with Hill, overheard by me, impatiently and unwisely, remarked ~~that~~ in effect that he was tired of the case, and ~~wished~~ ^{that he had regretted} he had ever had

anything to do with it! This was
most inconsiderate on Andrews part, and
could only weaken the will of Petitioners
to carry on. Recall, that while a sale
had been made, in effect rendering the
case " moot," the Mayor and Waters
of the city having, at least in part,
changed their attitude as to city
ownership and public debt; ~~the best~~
~~Penny had not even begun to build,~~
~~its line or actively taken over operation~~
~~of the power house.~~

The suit was in "Chancery" and
must needs be adjured in some
fashion or other. Doubtless, if Andrew
had lived, a compromise would have
been worked out between the
opposing lawyers, the case declared
dead, or "moot," and so ratified
by the presiding Judge, with a saving
of "face" for all concerned; also
a reasonable adjustment of the legal
costs, including those of defense lawyers.

Andrew's illness progressively grew
worse; for a time thought by Brothers
James and I to be infectious in nature,
complicated by pneumonia; winter of
1929-30. at length dropping
symptoms began, and he was taken
to the Hospital, in Ronceverte, where

His death occurred March 26, 1930,
and he sleeps with his father. His
long illness, at ~~affected~~ ^{least} a brilliant
and imaginative intellect some-
what clouded by necessary narcotic
medication; a healthy and vivid
curiosity as to ^{the} future was impossible.
When last seen by me March 25, 1929,
I had hoped he could express
a brotherly dying declaration of good
cheer and hope, he being in extremis.
His only statement was to express a
wish that it would be "soon over",
as a relief from ~~such~~ physical
suffering.

I believe him to be within the Covenant
of Grace, and rest in hope.

Soon after the death of Andrew, thus
depriving me of legal counsel in the
Chambers suit yet to be adjusted,
I ~~was~~ was aware trouble was brewing
for me personally. A cautious canvas
of a few leading "Petitioners" of my
"forces" ~~sever~~ including John M. Mc
Laughlin, revealed that I could
muster only ~~three~~ ^{four}, of seventy-three,
who could be depended ^{on} to help
financially, and morally, wind up
a legal contest, marred by a
good deal of ill-willing personally.

undoubtedly in such contests, and
only quieted by ~~time~~ time and chance.
The Defense, encouraged by relief from
the large bonded and other debt
incurred, disposed to retaliate on the
Detainers by, if possible, imposing
penalties and costs. Mr. Alfred Edgar,
Esq., in my opinion, could be vindictive
personally. ~~was~~ fully expressed him-
self to that effect. Added to this, I
could depend for help, financially,
on only four, and that to a limited
extent, they being Brother James
Pitt, John Lydenstreyer, L. B.
Wallace, and ~~John William~~ Kirschweiler.
As final argument was still to
be made before the Judge, in
Chambers, it appeared to me to be
a ~~case~~ matter of "fight, or ~~win~~ run."
I urgently needed legal help, and
none available ~~local~~ in Marlinton.
The financial "Debacle" of 1929 had
occurred, and the foundations of the
earth appeared to be moved in the
matter of business and banking.
In short, I was on a legal and
financial "Limb"!!

the small

highways

But the movement must end somewhere.

~~Many~~ picture of her frame.

Causes the described face one. All

these answer each improved

for the same; and to serve that thing & alone,

Let the operations fail.

The formula of this species

Much the described them

the male.

- Hopkings

Wed - Sept. 16. 1949

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2.30 AM.

Dry. Only a "trickle" of water from the Spring, but enough. Ranchers say grass - abundant this season - is dry due up. Early feeding of stock probable. The forest leaves withering - although not frosted - seen for returns to Vanderbilt - second year. Having slept enough, rose at 2.30 & worked on Main Street proceeding in quite a leisurely manner. There is something "rotten in the state of Denmark" in this "Internal Improvement Administration"!

Early in the year 1924, the "impetuous years" overtook H. Scott Raper, - age 73. Still presiding at his elaborate Paper table, at times he had to be assisted up stairs. A very formidable pistol of the Colt type, lay openly at his right hand. Soon his health failed utterly, and H. Scott Raper died, November 1924.

His elder brother William R. Raper, also a lawyer, and ex - Congressman, whose home was Kansas City, Mo., was appealed, came and remained some time, until his brother's death; assisted the family, and buried at his brother's first in the newer part of the City Cemetery, he being

first of the family to die. Later his body
deposited to a lot in the older part
of the burying ground. The husbands
of two daughters dying the same year,
Paris D. Yeager (Cancer) and Henry Payne,
(Furicide - Poisoner). Mrs. Yeager's son
lived to be grown, married, and died
and buried some where in Virginia. The
oldest daughter, Willie, married John
Standifer, removed to Baltimore, Md.
became insane; died in a state hospital
for the insane. The Standifers
had a son who became a physician
and is said to have been successful
Congressman William Rucker of
Missouri, seemed a kindly man,
unlike his militant father and three
brother lawyers. He was, I believe,
the grandfather of Vice-President
Alban Parkley's wife, second
marriage.
After seeing his brother buried,
Mr. Rucker returned to Missouri,
and no more heard from.
Mrs. Fizzie Rucker died in 1927;
only Mrs. Juanita Payree survives, her
home Clifton Forge, Virginia.
Mr and Mrs. H.S. Rucker were
related by blood in some degree, Cousin
Mrs. Rucker's brother, attorney and
editor, Sam B. Scott, has been deformed

43
a Moderate Success Through the
years in the Professions, Banker,
an Politics, all four brothers, including
the younger, Calvin, still living in the
thriving City of Marlborough.

Having Divorced Sam Scott, Mrs.
Sally Yeager-Scott removed to the
Denver, Colorado, where the Yeager
family had lived during her childhood,
the Veteran Harry Yeager having
a position with the Land office during
the first Cleveland Administration.
Her eldest brother, Walter, spent his
whole life in Denver.

Sally Yeager was beautiful, and
had dramatic talent. In a play
produced by local talent, as a stunt
Sally recited the whole of the long
poem "Hiawatha" (~~about 1896~~.)
without prompting, or stopping
for breath.

Sally insisted on an elaborate
Church Wedding (in the autumn of
1899) and all of us younger men
and women were busy for days
decorating the church with ever-
greens and rehearsing the wedding
ceremony in costume. At the time
I was aged ~~22~~ 26 years, but not going
steady with any young lady, but

During the festivities attending the wedding I once escorted Sally's older sister, Fannie, to a "Party" at the ⁴⁴Madame's in house.

Of Mrs. Fallie Scott's life in Colorado I know nothing, but quite evidently lived out her life successfully and in character. About 1944 in visiting Marlinton, West Virginia her name, Mrs. Scott, remarkably beautiful, she told me that her main reason in visiting Marlinton here was to marry Norman Price.

Her death occurred, in Denver, several years in 1950. Vaya Con Dios.

Modern Women are successful - aided by the new freedom and high spirits of a more active life, in keeping the appearance of youth, or at least the middle years at their best. Also, like Jezebel, of old, a King's daughter, ~~that~~ they tire their hair and paint their faces. God bless them! How beautiful they are!

"Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed ^{like} one of these."

45
During and following the war, Pa
and Ma continued in residence in their
apartment at the Hunter home, ~~there~~
having attained a great age, and until
the last occupied in reading and
literary work, dutifully attended by
all their children, all of us ready
to minister to their needs, not as being
forges either public or private.
Pa retained title to his property and
lands, disposing of them by will made
several years before his death.
My portion was a strip ^{do.} of the
Jericho Ridge, part of the Walnut
Bottom and his interest in the
ancestral home. His death came
January 24, 1921 - in the 91st year.*
Ma died Jan. 15, 1924, after a few
days' illness, of Pneumonia, Bright
and Compuent to within three days
before death came.

For fifteen years following Marriage
my family had lived as tenants of the
home place and farm. Now with an
inheritance of forest and farm lands, I
began a forty-year term to the
~~present time~~ of landscaping and
forestry work, my principal ^{interests} ~~hobby~~
to which I ascribe good health and
long life ~~in fact~~.

To this inheritance ⁴⁶ I have since added
from time to time other holdings of
realty; but it is a singular fact that
over a period of ~~thirty~~ years, 1903
to 1933, I was more intent on
maintaining a good standard of living
for the family, and engrossed in the
practice of the profession (medicine)
than in acquiring desirable corners
lots or investing in forest and
mineral lands then available. An
early interest in Politics; also forming
the war; ~~also~~ an abhorrence of settling
opportunities in ~~business~~ ^{business} investment;
a few small ~~investments~~ and some
money saved was all I had in
1914 to carry me through the war
adventure.

The Period of Post-war years
1919-1924 were most active of my
whole life, filled by profitable
practice of Medicine. Still, I found
the time to cultivate a large garden,
and forestry, taking first Prizes
in flowers and vegetables at the
County fair for three successive years
1923, 1924, and 1925; also running in
three successive elections, 1920, 1922
and 1924 (unsuccessfully); in 1922
against the old Political Pirate Captain

Robert D. Kild, the same opposed by
brother James many years before. In
1924 I opposed in the Primary the late
Frank R. Hill, a friendly artist in which
my friend Hill won. I was elected
Mayor in 1926 as a consolation Prize
Political Prize.

Some incidents already narrated
concerning the Prohibition era at its
worst during these years state clearly
the unpleasant nature of our family
life, to which I was happily
~~unaccustomed~~ for the most part, obvious.

During this time the children
were being cared for, in the most part,
by the Co-educational Public School,
a most pernicious system of education,
and thus kept from being under-
foot; women "graduating" in 1925
by default, one might say; and
Jean with honors in 1928, the year
of her mother's death.

When Pa died, midwinter 1921, Foster
Anna decided on a night burial; so
long after night fall, January 23, 1921,
a church service was held and
the cortege proceeded to the
burying ground on Cemetery Ridge.
At the time Anna was much interested

in spiritism⁴⁸ Consulting mediums
in distant places. which may have
been a cause for this singular burial.
The ground bare of moss, and lighted
only by auto ~~head~~ lights. Somewhat
"Not a ~~funeral~~ resembling the burial
of Sir John Moore"
"Not a drum was heard
Nor a funeral note,
As our ~~course~~ to the campsite
we hurried;
And we silently gazed on the
Face of the dead,
In the place where a hero
Lies buried."

In 1925 began the long and expensive
and fruitless attempt to Professionally
"educate" Norman, Junior, now
legion, but that is another story.
~~Had~~ In 1925 I was named as Major
M.R.C., and Surgeon 325th Infantry
Regiment, 100th Organized Reserve
Division. Detailed for two-
weeks active duty training. I
reported August 9th at Fort Belvoir,
Near Washington, D.C., where
~~I spent~~ Driving my Model T
Ford I was able to visit many
interesting spots along the Potomac
and in Fairfax County, including

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The City of Washington, Mt Vernon
and the Old Pokeweed Church, where
the Washingtons, Fairfax and other
funt families worshipped. Training
with the 13th Eng. Regiment, as well
as the line officers of the 325th Reserve,
I took my turn in drills and formations.
As officer of the day, once I took
"Retreat" as commanding officer
of the day of a Battalion of the 13th
Engineers Regiment - the only time
in my life I may say that I
Commanded a large body of troops,
the forces.

I was much interested in visiting
the Ruins of Belvoir, the estate
of William Lord Fairfax and
Mrs. Sally Fairfax, the friends
of Washington; now surrounded
by dense second growth forest.
Monuments commemorate the deaths
of the two young sons and heirs
of the Fairfax family, one with
died at Quebec, the other on
the "Commander Coast" in
Africa with the view of the
British Empire in the 18th Century.
Gen. Washington was a friend of Mrs
Sally Fairfax, who often was entertained
at Belvoir.

Thursday 9/16/59

50

For September - Milder - Drier - the water
of the spring dried up - dependent on the
"water table" at Price River, as in the days
of my youth - often times.

(50) Mrs. Sally Fairfax an influence on the
life of General George Washington.
Land Fairfax gave the young Washington
first employment as Surveyor of the
Large Land Grants in the Northern
neck of Virginia Colony; beginning
his career as large land owner,
and together with his wife's wealth,
the richest Man in America -
(W. E. Woodward "Washington.")

Wrote at Fort Belvoir, August 1925.
I frequently rode a dark Bay Mare,
gaited; a beautiful medium sized
saddle horse, with delicate legs
and small feet. Very gentle &
appeared to have Arabian blood;
probably a product of the Army
Democrat Experiment in breeding
Arab horses at the Front Royal
Stables, in Virginia, about 1918.
I would have been pleased to
own this horse, at the time; one of
the most desirable I have ever
seen - at some remote time
horses may again supplant the
machine age, in War and Peace.

"Two things greater than all things are,
women and horses, Power and War."

Arabic Proverb.
While on active duty at Fort Belvoir,
August, 1925, Jean wrote me several
long letters, revelations of her true
and better nature. At age 44, early
symptoms of ill health were apparent;
as heretofore stated, Alcorn at Normans
incipient alcoholism, known to her,
was a factor.

A native of Fairfax County, she
told of incidents of her youth and
heredity, and was interested in my
explorations of the region. These
letters are among my mementoes.

Returning home in late August,
I learned that Congressman J. Alfred
Taylor had been the guest of the
Andrew Prices, and, learning of my
rank in the Army Reserve, and continued
interest in Military affairs, had
voluntarily offered Norman, Jr., an
appointment to the Cadetship at
West Point from the 6th West
Virginia District, a vacancy then
existing. This easily obtained
scholarship at the Military school
was an honor, and a valuable asset,
gratefully accepted by me.
As for Norman Jr., he accepted it
as the due of an idle and untrained

Boy, with remote nations ^{as to} ~~for~~ ~~robust~~
good conduct and diligence qualifying
for the scholarship -

"A boy is the most vicious of animals;
unless he is trained it is better he never
been born." - R.W. Emerson -

The sad story of the West Point experiment
in education of Norman Price, Jr., will be
told a little later, as a warning to
other parents in the matter of training,
to avoid juvenile delinquency.

James Alfred Taylor, of Fayette
County, for several terms - Congressman,
and Publisher of County Newspapers;
a ready writer; Personable and
Popular politically, and an honest
man, he never made political
office profitable. The father of a
large family, and having no Memorial,
other than his work. A daughter
of Mr. Taylor married the son of
Disenit Judge Bennett, ~~and of~~
~~the~~ ~~which~~ ~~at the time~~ included
Locusts County. Young Bennett
brutally murdered his wife, while
in a drunken frenzy, and was
promptly and properly lynched
by the Citizens of Fayette County;
~~by hanging~~, for which action no
penalty was imposed on any one,
Public opinion rather approving the hanging.

5-3
Mr. J. Alfred Taylor died several
years ago, and is gratefully remembered
as a gentleman and friend. He
had a good heart, and is I believe
in the Covenant of Grace. A son
carries on as a Lawyer and Publisher
of papers in Fayette County.

Reference has been made to the
spectacular burial (at night) of our
father, William Thomas Price, January,
1921, on Cemetery Ridge east of
Marlinton. The history of the
family Cemeteries, dating from the
early 19th Century in Marlins Bottom
should be recorded.

First Cemetery on the brow of Hill,
Hamilton Field additions, overlooking
Interstate Highway 39, East Marlinton,
where Major W. L. Poage and Nancy
Warwick - ~~Poe~~ Gatewood - Poage lie
buried; marked by a Monument
and bronze plate, erected, 1937,
by Sister Anna and myself. This
is a burial reservation 56 x 120 feet
in the plan of Hamilton Field Additions.
This burial Place dates from about
1830; the Poages being the first
to be ~~there~~ buried.

Long in disuse as a ~~cemetery~~ burial ground,
the late 19th Century the M^r Laughlin

Cemetery, also a reservation, was opened, where many former citizens of the community ~~are~~ buried.

~~Among the first~~, five infants of Aunt Mary-Price-McLanahan ~~among the first to be buried.~~

When our grand-parents, James Atlee Price and Margaret Poage-Price, died in 1874, they were buried near this home on the terrace in West Marlinton. In due time the wife of Uncle Woods Price - of the Crawford of Randolph County, lies in an unmarried grave; then in order, Uncle Sam Price (1891-1895), Uncle Jesus Henry Price (1896), a grave unmarried, kept by a Confederate Metal Marker; Aunt Caroline McClure-Price (1899); finally Uncle Josiah Woods Price (1918). His grave - stone bears an inscription as a "Soldier, Gentlemen and Scholars."

"A little heap of dust;
a little streak of rust;
a stone without a name;
Lo! here, word and fame
Finally, a word as to the oblivion

55-

Which by a singular chain of circumstances
crowded the beautiful and ample Price
Cemetery at the foot of Price Hill, West
Marlinton; where, otherwise, the Price clan
~~could~~ all sleep in undisturbed repose.
Near-by, also, in a Confederate burial
ground, also reserved, but nearly
obliterated by housing.

The terrace was a camping site for
part of General Lee's Army in the Western
Virginia Campaign of 1861. There remains
of this stone chimney and fire-places
visibly until recently. A fine Sugar-
tree grove occupied the terrace, and
destroyed by the encampment, for fuel;
a single large tree remaining that
for a hundred years has supplied sap,
Uncle Leeus, has boasted to me that
he personally, appealed for and saved
from being cut down, also, a large
fig-tree bearing almond-shaped
nuts; and still living in my Boy-
hood, from 1885 to 1900.

In the soldiers Cemetery once were
seen rudely carved names on stones
of Georgia and Mississippi Volunteers,
who died and were buried here. One such
remembered by me was William Copeland
of a Mississippi Regiment.
When Uncle Leeus Price, in 1846, died,
buried with his father, his estate divided

Among his ⁵⁶ legal heirs, an ample
and dignified one-quarter acre
was reserved as a family cemetery;
surrounding his grave, his parents
and sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Woods Price.
In the year 1903, Sister Anna Virginia
Price, contemplating marriage, decided
to build her house on the ~~old eastern~~
south-eastern promontory of the Plateau,
although the site closely occupied by
the two cemeteries; the land now in
possession of Uncle Woods Price,
who was prevailed upon to part with
the ~~site~~ ^{land}, although in doing so he
conveyed parts of both reserved
lots that did not belong to him.
In doing so, he insisted on lot
lines almost bordering on the
foundations of the projected new house.
All of this was inexcusable on the
part of all concerned; the youth of
the one and the age of the other, a
partial oblivion in the matter of
right and justice in the conveyance,
while these dead were each lying in
his appointed place.
Old English law, on which the
new world jurisprudence is founded, is
strict in the matter of selling a man's

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bed in the bosom of Mother earth, ~~as~~ long
as survivors live and are interested in
protecting the resting place of ancestors.
The final responsibility committed
by Uncle Woods Price, several years later,
edging to a neighbor (Richardson) a
strip in part overlapping and confining
the Cemetery reservation from the
North, wiping out the possibility
of retaining the original quarter acre.
Next result, the abandonment of
the Price Cemetery, and including the
Confederate sacred quarter acre,
as a private burial ground.
True, a few Confederate crosses
and battered field stones remain per-
the war heroes of 1861. True also
a meager 30 x 30 feet, remains of
the lawful quarter acre Price lot.
Surrounded by a fallen wall of loose
stones; two decaying apple trees
and sunken graves. The Myrtle ~~and~~
one also survives.
As stated elsewhere, Uncle Woods
Price's tragic life ended Nov. 1918,
dying intestate, (and incompetent) his
estate divided among next of kin.
Among his effects were found in a bag
~~containing~~ two thousand Dallas M gold
coin, which he had demanded, and
received from J. C. Richardson as payment

for the strip of land, ⁵⁻⁸ in which conveyance
he had sold - perhaps unknowingly let-
ting bones of his ancestors, among whom
he himself was soon to sleep. For a
half century following the war and
the early death of ~~his~~ the wife of his
youth, careless of cleanliness and personal
hygiene, unembarrassed, unshaven and
unshorn, although lean and wiry,
dying of a cancerous affection and
stroke at age 82; that insane, but
personally and mentally "eccentric,"
in a high degree. To almost his
last breath he was able to interpret,
or translate, his beloved classics
in the original Greek and Latin.
As to ~~the~~ the bag of gold received
in the sale of land, it is a fact
that it lay for several years
among the litter of books and papers
in his "library" or living room
at the old Price "venerated" log
house. Where he was found dead
by his house keeper.

Ma wrote me, sadly, in November
1918, that Uncle Woods "looked better"
when dead and lying in state in his
Confederate Cavalryman's jacket. That
he had looked in life for many
years past. (I was at Camp Currier, Miss.)

and active

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Uncle Woods could be - often was -
generous, even, philanthropic, among
his limited circle of friends, usually
tenants and farmers among other
acquaintance. His generosity to me
in the matter of the two hundred loan
for my third year at Medical School
is remembered, with true gratitude.
Let us hope, and believe, that the old
Confederate Warrior is included in
the "Covenant of Grace" not of works!
a point first argued in America
by the remarkable Mrs. Anne
Hitchins and the Clergy of
Plymouth Rock, whose faith was
founded on the "Covenant of Works";
early Twentieth Century.

However distasteful, after the lapse of
thirty-five years, it seems necessary to
chronicle something about the futile
trip at Higher Professional education of
Norman R. Price, Jr.

A graduate of the local High School, and
already well advanced in alcoholism;
and it is indeed a singular thing how
kind, or perhaps hopeful, concerned
parents can be concerning an eighteen
year old son in matters vitally concerning
his future well-being.

Saturday. Sept. 18, 1925 - 3.30 am.

Dry and frosty - Working on a supply
of wood adjacent to Road 219 - Frosty and
dry weather, but no "killing" frost yet
Increasing sharpness in my "good" ear - Right
noted with mild concern - "Heigh ho"
Look out of the windows. Shall be darkened.
Man goes to his long home. - Wisdom

In September, 1925, Norman having
received appointment as alternate Candidate
for a cadetship at West Point, the full
appointment as Principal having been made
prior to Norman's by Congressman Taylor -
The opportunity seemed ideal as to
Norman's schooling, and I decided, with
Jean's full consent, to further his chances
of passing by special Coaching
a Retired Army officer, Colonel
Mallard of Washington was ~~found~~ ^{found} from
as one who received in his home and
Coached appointees. I entered Norman
paying the stiff fees of about one
thousand dollars, besides extras and
allowances.

It developed, later, the Principal
failed of entrance, thus in failing to qualify
Mentally for entrance in March, 1926, my
son registered failure ^{back} also, despite aid,
and wholly due to application and
the spirit of ambition, totally lacking
In retrospect, it appears to me that
Colonel Mallard's school lacked discipline,

or not failing^{to} to observe, correct,
or at least report to parents the trend
of a young alcoholic, and consequent
failure in performance at school,
whether due to destructive habits of study,
or plain lack of wit or mentality -
The facility ^{with which} young Graves have
in deceiving parents and guardians
is remarkable. In Thomas failure, Mr. Taylor

is remarkable. In spite of Thomas's failure, Mr. Taylor gave a full appointment, effective March 4, 1924, and I, still hopeful, again entered him at Millard School.

cillered man at least sobered by
 not in the least sobered by
 future to pass entrance requirements.
 Norman during vacations at times ~~and~~
 worked ~~work~~ on ~~the~~ a road building
 project, spending his earnings in
 riotous living; one feature of a
 rapid progress, acquiring infectious
 Wrethitis (gonorrhea) from an ancient
 prostitute (Gertrude) of ~~Gertrude~~ Wren.
 had infected and infected generations
 of her contemporaries. This required
 long and expulsive treatment by a
 Washington specialist, and before
 more effective antibiotics were known

Norman again journeyed to Washington, ^{boarded} the Company of a ~~car~~ ^{car} load of Washington "sports" attending Championship baseball series. The Party included

Fred McLaughlin, ⁶³ Veteran; and himself
an alcoholic of many years standing;
who reported to me on his return that
Norman ~~had~~ attempted habitually to drink
all the alcohol obtainable.
all that was warning of eventual
failure; but hope died a lingering
death in the heart of parents - especially
mother.

A peculiar chain of circumstances
involving political influence by United
States Senator from Arkansas, Callaway
who was succeeded on his death, in office,
by his wife, U.S. Senator Hattie Callaway.
The two Senators had two sons, both
educated at the West Point, and are
today ~~high~~ high ranking officers of
General grade. The Callaways are
said to have Cherokee Indian blood
on the maternal side; but as the
Princess trace to Pohnatan (Pacalontay)
descent, the true and original Americans
of which descent I am justly Proud.

As the Professional education of
Norman Price Jr. seemed predestined
to failure, at the time, the interference
of the Senator Callaway in favor of the
J. B. ~~Price~~ Jr. of Cass, who held the
alternate appointment, and a classmate
of the Callaway boys at a prep school
near Waynesboro, Virginia. Due to

the entrance system of preferred
schools, the Callawayson and Young
~~William~~ were admitted to West Point
on Physical Examination; only
In due time Mr. ~~Callaway~~ graduated
Class of 1931, served through the grades
as an officer U.S. Army as a Lieutenant-
Colonel died heroically on the Hornet
beach at the head of his Regiment of
Infantry, June 6, 1944 - "Request
in Pace".

By 1944 Norman R. Price Jr. had com-
pleted fourteen years as a Ci-devant
sergeant and enlisted man, Air Force,
U.S. Army, and in January 1942, as
a member of probably the first bombardment
squadron sent overseas in the war
of 1941, embarked on transport from
Hamilton Field, California, to Karachi,
India.

Norman's Progress through the thirty
years, 1929-1959, including a
long story, to which full justice
will be done in future chapters of
this narrative.

As stated heretofore, the seat of the
Parker family, period of the Civil War of
1861, was Alleghany County, Virginia.
W. Scott Parker has related to me many
years ago, that his father, Dr. William P.

66- Physician
Rucker, killed a fellow Caterer, in
Cromington, Virginia, using a long knife
of the bovie pattern, that he habitually
carried in a sheath slung between
his shoulder blades.
Following the war-time division of
the State, and a post-war Republicanism, as
were all of his four younger sons at a
later period, Dr. Rucker removed to
Leesburg, W. Va., as a more congenial
political atmosphere. An oft-repeated
canard regarding Dr. Rucker, heard in
my time, was that for many years
the doctor consumed a quart of
whiskey daily.

After the war of 1877, Captain Truman S.
Martin remained in the Regular U.S. Army
and was commanding a Lt. of Infantry
assigned to the 15th Regiment, ~~and~~
~~immediately~~ then in the Philippines.
Later transferred as Military Officer
to the Embassy at Tokio, his duty in
part to acquire the Japanese language.
He remained in Japan about
five years. If in that time he had
leave in the United States, I am not
aware of it. Thus far removed from
passing entanglement in my family
affairs. This was well - Perhaps
Providential - as I was in no humor

To ensure discipline, there must be no interference
with any office. The no interference
continued for several years
to attend to a few cases of importance;
murder and kidnapping, which could not be
handled after years of delay.
The meeting of the Board, has been held
in the morning here. The committee of
the Board have had a meeting for
the purpose of discussing the
five-annum office, in connection with
my Reserve Officers Training, and with
the other matters of importance, and
which, complete with the best of
them, in the best of ways, demonstrating
might be handy in case of need, and
been suggested me to take to the
office, which of course I did at the
time I was appointed to have a general
view of the formation of the
for the latter time the correspondence
with that of old friends, must have been
though it might have been better for all
concerned if the whole had been left
to the Board.

"The morning paper writes, and bearing
witness on, all your pity and wit,
can call it back to course just a line,
nor all your leave but what a
work of it."

once, Spring of 1926. I handed Jean a
letter bearing a faint post mark and in Captain
Martin's ~~handwritten~~ handwriting. To my
surprise, I noted a slight confusion,
even embarrassment, on Jean's part, but she
proceeded to open the letter, using the "stiletto"
(a Japanese make), which she used to open
mail. With some deliberation, Jean
read to me a few common places, one
being that Martin expected to visit home
on leave during the summer; another
that struck Jean forcibly concerned
Norman's recent disappointing failure to
pass the tests for entry Military School;
implying a real or pretended "Indian"
indifference to the "turmoil" of ordinary
living.

My reaction to the reading was that
of indifference to the letter, or Captain
Martin's opinions of my indifference
to "turmoil".
After Jean's death, reading ~~the~~ letters
to Norman, I learned that she had quoted
Martin to Norman, who in turn took
offense, again surprising Jean as
effluent of criticisms from that quarter.
At least, all of us learn that in
dispite secrecy, there is nothing secret
that shall not be revealed.

In the autumn of 1926, Captain Truman S.
Martin, U.S. Army, visited Washington for a few
days, ostensibly to see old friends,
specially the McCharters. Jean and I

by chance, were on the front porch together when the Captain appeared, in civilian apparel, and advancing across the broad lawn, and cordially received by me, as a war comrade, not seen for six years, and invited to have dinner with us the following day.

Much worn by age and illness, there was much of the old vivacity and charm about Jean, at age 46. Next day she dressed with especial care, and a well appointed meal served, passing pleasantly and without incident. At this time Jean had little more than a year to live.

At the dinner in my house, Captain Martin may well have reflected, being a man of intelligence and education, on the "Vanity of human wishes."

I had occasion to write Captain Martin in Tokyo, following Jean's death, which letters and answers will be noted in its proper sequence. Having attained a full Colonelcy, U.S. Army, Martin died about 1946, aged ~~46~~ 47, and retired; he rests in the National Cemetery at Arlington.

Jean was a reader at an early day of "Smart Set" Magazine, forerunner of the light sexy literature of the later years, and later. ~~A little later~~ She read "Youngs Magazine" and "Snappy Stories", pulps with accent on sex, not illustrated.

Mr. I was error on Jennie's part, and were
knew it better than she: but persisted in
a spirit of perversity. Knowing my
liking for the work of Henry L. Menck, she
subscribed over a period of years to the
American Mercury when first under his
Editorial Publications, as an annual present
paid for from Mr. Personal allowance
in fiction, historical and otherwise, she read
Hergensheim, Ben Ames Williams, Cora Harris
and other brilliant writers first discovered
on the Saturday Evening Post, before the
"Sea Change" that took over the Post
in the fourth decade of the 20th Century,
along with other New York "slicks".
The primary disease morose, Progressive
and incurable; a distressing symptom
anorexia; and sometimes passing most
of the night without sleep. When I
expressed concern for her reason
if she did not sleep more, she seemed
amused, but refused to even attempt
sedative medication, that only increased
her discomfort by adding to toxicity.
In order to meet heavy expenses
I was driving hard, at home only
at short intervals, either day or night,
and then occupied with gardening,
landscaping, building repair and
forestry. Jennie's personal "orderly",
Young James Preston, age 12, colored.

70
Descendant of a long line of House
servants in the Prestons Family of Guilford
County "for the War" - and Freedom -
alarmed and embittered by Norman's continued
failures at school, evidenced by bad reports
and absences from class at that ancient
Sectarian College, Hampton Sydney ~~at that~~
he was entirely useless 1927, Jean in a burst
of uncharacteristic emotions said to me,
"Norman had no sense"! To which
indictment I could only agree, and
under all the circumstances surrounding
us, and in the presence of death in the
family, continued to drift.

The previous summer an indictment
had been returned by the Grand Jury,
the late Alfred P. Edgar, State Attorney
against Norman for alleged Prohibition
Law at a "Minkahua Springs Party"
of several days duration, attended
by many elite of both sides of the
River and County, the younger set
without apology for Norman's conduct
at the encampment, which was bad.
Edgar son, "Buster", another near-do-well
and alcoholic, was equally guilty.
Brother Andrew, then alive, was concerned;
but through him I informed the State Attorney
office that my agents had given me a list
of all present, and all would be summoned
at a time and we would thoroughly air

September Volume 2
1959 Page 1

John and family returned to Pudney, Ky. Wednesday, August 26th, where they arrived, daily, Friday, 28th. The 1959 visit successful, and enjoyed by all of us, whatever the pains and expense of travelling, entertainment, and gifts. Jean for schooling at Vanderbilt University, where she has completed the first year; ~~at~~ ^{and} resuming my financial help. Whatever the outcome of present day higher educational trends, maybe. While here, Jean typed 269 pages ~~of~~ ^{of} my narrative, approximately 100,000 words, (544 page script.)

Today, resume my story, with Page 1, "second volume." Arose at 3 AM the days shortening.

Left off (Page 544) my story at Camp Custer, Michigan; ranked out as Surgeon 10th Infantry by Major J.C. Adams, M.C., but continued with the Regiment as Surgeon 1st Battalion.

Camp Custer, Michigan, ^{is} ~~is~~ a Military Reservation for Troop Training in the recurring Wars of America, located on an elevated sandy plateau. Showing glacial erosion, marked by large and small Ponds, ~~and~~ with numerous Muskrat "houses." The Camp located six miles from the thriving town of Battle Creek (name)

2
because of some forgotten conflict of the
pioneers with the Indian residents of
the Valley. a world center in the
production of cereal foods, typified by
the names Post and Kellogg. There
also is located the famous Seminars
of the Christian Scientists; also
accustoming Vegetarianism in diet.
The Bottoms lands of alluvial soil
produce celery as a principal crop.
Abandoned farm houses marked the
~~land~~ plateau of several thousand
acres; the soil appeared thin and
worn out by unskillful cropping;
adapted to grape growing; each
farm had a small vineyard of
neglected appearance. Prevailing
winds from the west, and ~~and~~ the
trees and shrubbery about the houses
a lean eastward due to constant
gales off Lake Michigan, an inland
sea.

The nature of the country is well
described by Nell Miller, in his
book "I found no Peace"; 1936,
whose boy-hood home was
near Dewey, Michigay;
A famous "War Correspondent" and
"Isolationist" - if not a pacifist, his
writing not approved by the war-
mongers, and Makers, Churchill
and our own F.D. Roosevelt.
Miller was found killed by a "fall"

From a train in ³ the London yards,
in 1942, shortly after the entry of the
United States in the war in Europe.
As Miller had been strongly writing
and opposing the war he had met
the same ostracism by internationalists
as had the ~~Warburgs~~ Colonel Charles
Lindbergh by the Roosevelt-Churchill
faction. It is therefore probable
certain - that Miller was snuffed
by agents in the employ of the
authority in Britain and America;
the cause of death officially written
off as an accident, with the usual
hypocritical "regrets" of the inter-
national Press and Politicians.

W. B. Miller, shortly before his
death in early middle life, had
married an English woman. His
book, little known, and almost
forgotten, may yet be given the
credit that is its due, a clear
and sensible commentary on the
wars of empire in the first years
of the twentieth century, A. D.
His death was timely, perhaps;
as undoubtedly he would have been
"suppressed," as was Lindbergh
and retired, as has the latter, to
comparative obscurity. By good
fortune, Colonel Lindbergh still
survives, though looked on with
suspicion as a divergent.

His life has been happy and successful, though marred by the abduction and murder of his first born son - Mrs. Lindbergh (Carrie Morrow) appears a gifted and elegant woman, though handicapped as a member of a family of great wealth. She is the author of several books; though not brilliant, all sufficient evidence of talent and morality - a good woman, who has done her husband good and not evil all her days. Let her works praise her in the gates.

The fiendish murder of the Lindbergh infant typical of human degeneracy of the larger cities and villages of America - an inheritance from the sophistication of Europe and the East at last corrupting the Americas.

In September, 1918, looking about for quarters to lodge the family, as it appeared we would winter at Camp Custer, while the 1st Infantry Division was being recruited to war strength and processed for "over seas". I had observed a vacant farmhouse near our encampment and drill grounds, on a highway leading to Battle Creek, named "Harmony Road," typical of the Pious and

preparing an ox
and mule

Peaceful rural community was
once inhabited here; the spot now
devoted to the study of War in the
School of Mars.

The house was ~~sound~~ an well
built and sound, though never painted;
an iron cooking stove abandoned by
my former occupant and owner.
The guntermasters agreed to my plan
in ~~lieu of~~ quarters in kind, and
supplied ~~some~~ fuel, a few utensils
and tools and bedding. With the
help of Mr. Gary and Arthur we
contrived a table and benches from
boards salvaged from Camp refuse;
four mattresses spread on the floor.
I met the family in Battle Creek
October first, moving immediately
into our new home on the Harmony
Road, which we occupied grate-
fully until my "honorable"
discharge from the Army the following
February, 1918-1919.

The winter, fortunately, proved
mild with little snow, compared
with the preceding "hard winter"
of 1914, marked by gales blowing
from the Lake and drifted snow
on pleasant days, and of duty, all
of us took walks in the country
with its adjacent woods and small
lakes or ponds. Occasionally we
visited Battle Creek, where for a

Couple of months before attending
Public School. Part of his schooling
formal education until his final
graduation from Marlinton High
School, age 18, in 1925.

Mr. Hobbs, a ~~kindly~~ grocer in
Battle Creek, was ~~personally~~ kind
in delivering food stuff not
obtainable at the Camp Commissary.
I recall that Mr. Hobbs, a family
man, apparently in a good way in
business, as the saying goes, was
quite openly admired for his high
spirit and acceptance of our
Nomadic Army life, with its
inconveniences on the Harmony Road
frequently delivering groceries in
person. At our departure from
~~the army~~, Mr. Hobbs took charge
of two letters and a young dog
the children had taken in. In
connection with the final disposition
of this live stock Mr. Hobbs wrote
before our return to Marlinton.

At Christmas we visited Kalangon
where Lewis Brathel Macer was
employed as a boy-scout executive
for the local Scout Camp.
Taken all together, our winter
with the Army at the house on the
Harmony Road, more than endurable
and routine for both ~~wife~~ & I
and our young children. Perhaps

With my usual matter of factness
spent too many evenings until late
at the card games in Officers mess.
But Jean, as always in our family
life of twenty two years did not
complain of my absence on business
or otherwise, except once when
I staid unusually late and failed
to meet her on return from town
by street car, she and the children
getting "home" as best they could
in the rain and mud. This was
mexcusable, on my part; Deeply
regretted.

I do not mean to say that I was
neglectful of the family comfort;
~~but~~ they, as always, labored hard
and long for this comfort, and
supplied every comfort need;
fortunately, I had other means than
the meager pay of a Captain, U.S. Army,
style 1917. Never incurred a
debt during entire ~~active~~ active service.
Undoubtedly, Jean missed her
accustomed social contacts
during this time, although 35,000
human beings and their camp
followers inhabited the Army Camp.
Captain Lee, Co. B, brought a bride
from the East, and following the
example also set up these
Kupmy in another form.

+ and also comparing

8
Have a quarter mile or the Hermon
road. An exchange of calls
did not lead to cordiality between
the families, particularly on the part
of the Lees fearing us, to the
terrible turn-out of marriage
~~later~~ Pioneerism; and Captain
Lee and wife soon took in apart-
ment in town.

Price Jean gave shelter to a
young woman, Ann follower, &
married to a ~~young~~ sergeant, who
did not remain long. We
learned the young soldier was
Corn had been "Burt" for neglect
of duty; it being evident that
Marriage in his case had not shown
us the way to promotion and pay.
At Thanksgiving Jean prepared
an excellent and elaborate turkey
dinner, and we had in Ft. Hawley
my friends of Rock Island Camp,
Captain Vauter, Surgeon, Vauter,
now with the 40th Regiment, formed
from the 18th. Captain Vauter
in full dress uniform in honor
of the occasion. Moreover, Captain
~~Vauter~~ a native of Albemarle County,
Va. - and a gentleman born, single
and even this approaching middle life
in his thirties. He was living at
last almost, married, a retired officer, in

Saturday
September 5, 1959
3 AM.

9 This day marks my
74th year residence
at Marius Poston.

Sept. 5, 1885, James and Reed and I com-
pleted our trek in the "Carry-all" from
Rockingham County, referred to at length
in a preceding Chapter. I am now
ten years. Both brothers departed,
aged ~~47~~ 77 (1946) and 59 (1930).

Our first night in Piedmont County
at the home in Huntersville of
Dr. S. P. Patterson.

A change in plans and extensive
alterations being made in the Drainage
and Sewerage system under Main
Street - at added cost. As the
whole street is to be paved with 2 feet
of concrete Complanate; the sewer
and water systems under-lying will
have to be good.

The young woman, wife of a soldier,
that I am sheltered in our home
on the Harmony Road; as a Companion;
Perhaps, with her genius for Coaching
~~and Managing~~ young women in
their settling in life, hoped to save
the marriage. However this young
person proved to be "Natty Marrying
brand," and soon disappeared from
our household; perhaps to become
"Common to the Regiment," in ~~the~~
~~the~~ Battle Creek.

On the arrival of the Battalion at Camp
Custer, in August, 1918, we found a
large number of negro draftees running
at large, encamped adjacent to
our Cavalry Regimental Encampment.

The colored recruits were charmed
by the order and discipline of our
Regular troops; many chose to
try the "new doctor" in camp,
and appeared in numbers for treatment
of their many diseases, though having
their own Medical Detachment and
Physicians. I found it necessary
to turn these away to seek their
own medical facilities. One
of their Lieutenants (white) called
for me as Regimental Surgeon
and audaciously threatened to "Report"
me as refusing his men medical
attention. Telling him to "report
and be damned," he did report me
to the Division Surgeon, but I
escaped with a mild reprimand
from Colonel Wright to be more
diplomatic in future in handling
the colored troops.

One day appeared at Burke's ^{Jackson} ~~Head~~
a colored boy who had for a time
worked for me in Marlinton as Porter
and field hand. Burke had been
swept in by the draft, and hearing
of my presence, called to pay respect

Always willing and obedient, but extremely dense mentally, he was found quite unable to learn the rudiments of drill, and consigned to the "Delaware Battalion," the dumping ground of Army misfits, where he was kept for his ninety days. I found him "loyal" to his old boss, or "master," and as a homesick negro, particularly glad to see me. ~~The~~ The family had not yet arrived at Camp Curtis.

After his Army hitch, Burke became a railway track negro, and so continued to his death some years back. On occasional meetings, Burke rarely failed to inquire about "the Boy" (meaning Norman) and "the Girl" (Jennie) their welfare and where living. Totally lacking in money sense, his wages expended for trinkets or lost to his associates.

Not able to read, after his return from the army Burke exhibited with pride his "S.C.D." Discharge - ("Surgical Certificate of Disability")

The cause of Discharge was written "Imbecility". When informed of this ~~his~~ he felt hurt; ~~but~~ ^{and} exhibited the Discharge paper no more.

Burke did not drink, was not vicious, and never in "trouble," only weak mentally. He had a good heart. Peace to his ashes.

The 100th Regiment, recruited to full
was strength, autumn 1918, and the
Fourteenth Division, ~~whose~~ ^{whose} shoulder
insignia, the Wolverine, alerted ~~for~~
"overseas" and routine examinations
made of men and officers for that duty.

At the same time, Colonel C. C. Creighton
M.C., devised two specially irksome
activities for medical officers,
designed to test and improve
whatever physical and mental qualities
we possessed.

The first, "Pep drill," specially
for those assigned "overseas". A
young medical Lieutenant, who appeared
to have recently been a football
player and coach, was assigned
to drill us; of fierce facial expression
and mental clarity typical of his class.

Daily the squad reported on the
athletic field, about forty in number
and in tennis shoes and fatigue dress.
~~and~~ were put through a series
consisting of setting up exercises,
including short runs and leaping
low hurdles. ~~Individuals~~ ^{an officer} who
seemed a bit slow or stiff in the
knees ~~were~~ ^{was} singled out to
run a hundred yards and return
and jump a hurdle.

~~and~~ A middle-aged and dignified

Major, M.C., who ¹³ in civilian life had
probably been a distinguished man in
the community, dared to protest,
with some heat, this ignominy,
destructive to morals; his protest
received in stony silence by our
"Coach." It appeared for the moment
one of those tense moments,
not unknown in the military life;
but we were soon dismissed without
voting. ^{boresome duty}

Another ~~test~~ designed by Colonel
Creighton was a weekly quiz
~~designed~~ to test our professional
fitness and scholasticism. All
Divisional medical officers assembled
and required to recite; ^{some} ~~individuals~~
called on at random by the quizzing
officers. It is readily seen this
could be embarrassing and
destructive of true moral in the
military service.

Once when called on to describe
some intricate detail involving the
blood circulation, I rose and
stated I was not prepared to
recite; ~~but~~ that I held a medical
degree from a University and
had practiced medicine and surgery
for fifteen years just past, including
one and one half years active
military service. This I did

rather than attempt to ~~escape~~ from a
defective memory anatomical details.
Having had my day, I sat down, and
was not called on again by the
"Professor" detailed by Creighton

to quiz as
Ambrose Pare, noted Military
Surgeon of the sixteenth Century,
was largely ignorant of scientific
details; I have not yet described
the circulation of the blood.

Mid-October and premonitory
symptoms of the onset of the great
Influenza epidemic of 1918, and
well as ~~onset~~ of winter, and the
"Armistice" of November 11th, put
a final quietus to the Creightonian
Nagging. His Medical Divisional
Medical Staff.

Alarmed by the increasing
numbers of ~~soldiers~~ reporting with
fevers and catarrhal symptoms
at sick calls, Colonel Creighton
was inclined, at first, to suppress
the percentage of sick in the camp,
even directing the diagnosis

"Influenza" be used sparingly.
However, I continued writing "Influenza"
quarters, where indicated. ~~at the~~

Sunday, Sept. 6, 1919 13-
4 AM.

"September Morn," an
idyllic season; warm sun; cool nights.
Ripening fields; some corn already in shock.
Slept a little late, rising at 4 AM. Some
weed cutting in the lot; Price Run.

"The distemper" spreading, and large
numbers in quarters and Hospital, and
the night cool, the men began to close
the windows in ~~the~~ crowded Barracks,
already full to suffocation with ~~the~~
smoking, coughing sick soldiers. ~~One~~
A duty of the officers of the day to keep
open a certain number of windows
for ventilation.

"Pop" drills and "quiz" classes for
the Divisional Medical Staff heard
of no more in the onset of the epidemic.
Futile efforts made to make the sick
comfortable; more straw provided to
stuff mattresses on the iron cot beds.

The Hospital was crowded and extra
barracks made available for the sick
and partial isolation. A good deal
of confusion as to the number reported
daily as present and fit for duty.
Numbers went to their near-by homes,
or overstay leaves of absence, and
not missed at assembly. ~~Here~~ Others
could have done so, without being
reported absent.

Soon the dying began - as many
as fifty in one day, from pneumonia
and complications, besides the per-
manently disabled by pleurisy and.

16
tubercular infections. (Many a
prisoner is living today - Forty years
after because of early diagnosis tubercular?)
I do not know the exact mortality
at Camp Custer following the "Flu"
epidemic, but many hundreds died.
Mortality in the 10th Reg., alone,
exceeded one hundred.

Influenza extended to civilians
life, and the virus infections deadly.
It is recalled the thousands of fatalities
among ~~the women~~ who bore children, and
among ~~those~~ who gave suck in those days.

A number of men died in barracks
quarters, though the officers of the day
supposed to get the sick to hospitals,
at least, before death came.

Still, there was no panic in camp.
Criminals and armed men have a
certain ~~certain~~ fatalism in the presence of
death disaster and death.

"They also serve who only
stand and wait."

Many appeared to have partial immunity
- did not contract flu. Myself and
family staid well. Possibly due to
having had influenza the winter of
1917, at Fort Harrison.

Following the "Armistice" of Nov. 11,
and due to epidemic disease, there
was a let down in morale and the
movement set in among the men and
officers to "go home," ~~confronted~~
opposed

for a time by higher authority. The
movement extended to "over seas" and
in January Detachment began to arrive
for discharge at the "Base", ~~every~~ very
snooty with their over-seas caps,
serap leggings and "gold" service
stripes. Some name-calling, and
even fights occurred between
individual soldiers on a point of honor.
The soldiers of my old Rock Island
detachment especially beligerant on
the subject; ~~as~~ all young volunteers
at the outbreak of the war. A ~~base~~^{base}
point freely expressed; not every
permitted in general orders of
"stripes" for voluntary service, ~~that~~
~~strip~~ decorations were handed out
freely for every imaginary male
~~other~~ distinction ~~other~~.

Army Bureau crying reacted of
all-time high in stupidity in this
play-up, advertising an unpopular
foreign war.

The disease epidemic subsided
in December, 1918, to break out with
renewed virulence Spring of 1919.

I had early falleronty the
"Armistice" of Nov. 11th, put in an
application for discharge, feeling
the urge to get out of the Army and

back to civilian employment, to
deplete personal finances, much
depleted. This was finally granted
to take effect January 27, 1919. I
had been duly examined in the grade
by a board of Medical officers
and pronounced perfect Physically,
presumably, also, Mentally unmarked
and unscathed by a year, seven
months and twenty-seven days
"Home service" in ~~active~~ was time,
including about eighteen months
"Field service" with the 10th Infantry, 4th Army
Like thousands of other soldiers
and officers, in my anxiety and haste
to get home and ~~into~~ business in
a "War Market" I ignored ~~or~~
concealed injury or illness that
could have been pensionable at
a later date; or even retirement
pay as a Reserve officer; ~~the latter~~
Railroad accident at Blue
Creek, in particular to both legs.
Incidentally, I may add, that
the number of Medical officers
granted "retirement" status after the
war of 1917, became a national
scandal shortly after, due to favors
granted this or that by a Medical
retirement board. (comp. records)

Friday, Sept. 11, 1959 19
Many days of almost continuous heated weather,
around 90 each day; cooler weather and
fall signs. Combining Oct. locality the
average was large x work on the Road
and bridge progressing; but delayed by
extensive ditching for sewerage. Each
day a typical "September Morn." a long
distance call from Mr. Jensen, of Chadstone,
of United Fuel Gas, regarding renewal
of leases Campbell Ry. Mineral. It is
evident they are still interested in
this gas field.

Following my arrival of November 11, 1918,
the 10th Infantry Division was convinced
the war was over, whether the Pentagon or
the Army agreed, and settled down to wait
discharge. There had been no deaths or
serious illness among the officers of the 10th
and 4th Regiments during the influenza
epidemic, and all of us relinquished early
his hope for promotion and pay in the war.
Leaves and the family by this time were well
enough quarters in the old house on the
Farmway Road, with more space and
freedom of movement than most families
in the Army enjoyed. We made visits
to town, saw a show occasionally, and
even in hope of early discharge and relief
to Marlinton. No more Bay drills and
giving classes by Colonel Bright, a
Division Surgeon much distressed by the
heavy mortality during the epidemic.
Morale in the Camp ~~low~~ low; no paper
games were frequent, and playing for cups
was prohibited, resulting in unjustified and

20
Losses to many officers, as prize men, their
losses usually confined to any money
they had in hand; credit of "loan book"
in gambling not popular among the
centurions. Every time the game
continued late at night the Barrack windows
of officers mess covered with blankets and
lights were supposed to be "out". On
such a draft note. The war so far as it
concerned the citizen soldiery, ended.
This passes the glory of the earth.

Having made my financial clearance with
the Quartermaster, the Commissary and the
officers mess, early in February we left
the farmhouse and returned for home.

During the second day in the evening
regaining practice in my profession
after long absence, in my case, was
comparatively easy, as I had retained
and paid out my office in the Bank
during my absence I was able to begin
immediately, and it is a matter of some
pride I earned a dollar the first day.
I also made a deal with Ford Peabody
and friend James Baxter for a Model
T and its war. Influenza was still
rampant and home attendance of cases
of old birds the usual thing. It is
true the mud of late winter was
almost bottomless, but I and
my model T and a horse I purchased
valiently tried to answer all calls.

Just as I had been accustomed to doing
before my tour of the War and its alarms.
It is a serious fact that in Dec. & Jan. of
1919 none of the five Physicians in practice
in Marlinton was equipped with either
horse or auto transportation; ~~or~~ except
myself; the others relying on hired
conveyance or conveyed to the homes
by the clients. I had thus first call
on Country Practice, and kept busy.
Many Physicians returning from the
War not so fortunate as I; some
finding their places filled by claim
jumping Doctors, or otherwise occupied.
"for emulation has a thousand sons,
who stand in line; if one be gone
another takes his place."

It is true I missed my Power and
place as an ~~expected~~ County official,
but hoped to regain that or some other
public office; at this time having, as I
thought, a justifiable belief that the
returning soldiers might be welded
into a voting block of influence in
the election as supporters of former
officers and comrades. The election
of next year, a Presidential year,
together with woman suffrage, pretty
well demonstrated confusion of Veterans
Politically, in a foreign war -
The sad case of my class-mate and

and war ~~communities~~ - Captain George A. McQueen, M.C., is cited as a ~~good~~ to the fertility as a political asset of service in the war - a brilliant student and prominent in the class of 1904, B.M.C. - latter University of Maryland, and a native of Summersville in Nicholas County, Do. McQueen was quickly successful as physician and Surgeon in Charleston, W. Va. & happily married; and before 1917 had served as Mayor of the Capital City. ^{in the county}

After honorable service he aspired to the office of Governor of the State, with ~~respectable~~ Personal and financial backing; his grandiose figure in uniform featuring his campaign posters, as justifiable appeal to the "expected" soldiers vote "expected" in the elections of 1920. This proved a delusion, of the ~~highest~~ magnitude, the "Soldiers" voting as Personal and Political opinions dictating, as heretofore, before and after the war - Dr. McQueen, running as a Democrat, failed of ^{the} nomination, going to some "Civilian" Politician, who was in turn, defeated by the Republicans land-slide of 1920.

The losses of a Political Campaign were heavy and the Doctor lost out in ~~the~~ profession as well. The death of his

23

Beloved wife affected Dr. McQuincy
adversely, as well, and he partially
succeeded to the use of alcohol.
My last meeting with my friend Doctor
George A. McQuincy was at the meeting
of the State Medical Association in
Huntington, W. Va. May, 1921, and
at a Country Club. I observed George
Hunt, under the influence, half tipsy,
shooting dice on a floor of the
card room; as for myself, I was
sitting in a game of stud poker,
one of the participants and on my
left no other than the elderly
first mayor of the town of Huntington
Peter Kline (Buckington) who even in
old age enjoyed the society of
the comparatively young.

A singular incident of the Poker
game. A visiting sharp-shooter had
for some reason singled me out
as a special contestant, and in one
round, the play narrowed down to Mr.
~~Buckington~~ ^{Huntington} the sharper, and me; and as I
held three Kings and no especial
danger in sight, stood several ^{rounds} ~~times~~
on a daily limit. It seems that
Mr. ~~Buckington~~ ^{Huntington}, who was on my left, staid
in deliberately, as he resented what

he considered "telling or bluffing
tactics" of the sharp-shooter directed
at me in several plays previous.
His quite obvious "staying" nettled
and discomprized my opponents, who
dropped out on the next bet. Mr. ~~Stine~~
commented to me after the game, in
which I was a small winner, what
the gentleman had against me.

Because of alcoholism, after
a few years, Dr. McQueen lost
out professionally and politically
and died aged about 40 years.
Unusually gifted and promising
in early life, his end I fear was not
peace. I trust he was in the
Covenant of Grace; though wandering
not last.

The death of a brother, a Doctor
McQueen, Dentist at Summersville a
few years since was tragic. He
fell into an open hearth fire; it may
have been while dozing, and was
fatally burned.

Further, I will record that in the election
of 1920 I was nominated for County
Commissioner, as a Democrat, and
defeated by Mr. Edward C. Williams,
prominent Lumberman and Banker. ~~in~~
~~that~~ I opposed the amendment to the State
Constitution enabling the issue of Road Bonds.

Buttinton

Saturday - Sept. 11, 1939 ²⁵ - Rose at 3.30. The
Mummy Coal; a genuine fire in the Bath room -
very usual "sitting down" in early morning
and eve. Cellars has come - they Whites.

It seemed unreasonable to me - then as
now - that people the Voters - men and
women - under the leadership of tax-
wasters in the Legislature, would
vally at the Polls and vote an amend-
ment enabling the State to borrow
vast sums to be used internal
improvements. The Mothers state
that Virginia, "Reminiscent of the
"Internal Improvement" bonds dating
to a period before the Revolution
of 1861; the West Virginia part of
the "Virginia Debt" until recently
a political issue, in ~~1920~~, finally
settled by payment of fourteen
million Dollars with interest; elected
to "pay as you go" in Road Building.
In the elections the "Good Roads
Amendment," with its borrowing
"Revolving" fund, carried heavily;
particularly popular with the need
women voters; ~~against~~ the ladies
as always, insufficient for progress,
regardless of Public Debt. The
Debt Amendment helped to defeat me
in the elections; besides the trend that

Year was Republican. Wilson Paralytic and Senile, held on to the Presidency to his last gasp for death in the White House.

I was aware of the voting trend - not going my way - My defeat for County Court not unexpected. The Campaign was lifeless - without interest.

Not in the least daunted by defeat, I was soon after elected to the Town Council, and later Mayor of Marlinton. Meanwhile I was practicing to the limit of capacity, enjoyed a good income, sufficiently ample for all present needs.

With the year 1920 began the ten-year onset of the incredible 18th amendment, with moonshine traffic in hard liquors and the home brewing of filthy country wines and liquors. Along with Judicial and Police Tyrannies, graft and Hypocrasies. Our home, like others in Marlinton, was marked as a filthy brewery of Malt liquors and fermented assorted drinks, with women, aged 13 years an enthusiastic helper in distilling operations, thus early acquiring a taste for illicit alcoholic Beverages. With my customary aloofness, I

gave no need. Signs of dangers, even
when, at times, I found at the house
an assorted drinking party of men
and women. I was personally there
and through life a total abstainer.
Always early to rise for a breath of
morning air, and busy with my
practice of Medicine, and Gardening,
Land-Scaping and forestry, I ignored
as did not observe the plain signs
of disaster in the family life.

From early life, I had been
accustomed to social drinking on
occasion; now for a considerable
period - about three years, - excessive
and habitual, until the onset of
ill-health, in 1924, and anxiety
about Norman's alcoholism, put a
final stop to his drinking, until
~~his death four years later.~~

About this time the activities of
Mr. H.S. Ruelas, an attorney, and
for long operator of a part-time
gambling Commercial Paper place
in an apartment over his office; he
was also notable in the Moonshine
and home brew Business, as an
adjunct to his Poker game, and
as a business.

"The Judge," as he was often called
by owners and customers, possessed

28
An ancient auto - a "Peep" or
other extinct brand, the operations of
which required the expert attention
of Henry Hines, and who drove the
car on Judge Ruchers frequent
trips to Anthony's Creek, where resided
one Hoptlett, a lead mine ~~now~~ distiller
of moonshine. Many times Henry
accompanied ~~the~~ Ruchers, ~~also in~~
~~with~~ the expeditions. It was on
returning from a trip to the North Fork
of Anthony with the Ruchers that I
first observed Jean drunk in the
autumn of 1923. The unpleasant
incident is fixed in memory,
because Jean ~~proper~~ exhibited a
long knife, or stiletto, I did not
know she possessed, and stated
fiercely that if I objected to her
conduct I would be killed then
and there.

I was silent; felt no fear, nor
fled or made resistance; she put
away the evil looking stiletto;
and nothing more said of the
incident. Nor was the threat
repeated. Doubtless, I have always
thought of the right of a woman
to kill her husband, if she cannot
live with him, and should not
be penalized. It may be this

Sunday, Sept. 13, 1909 30 30
14 A.M.

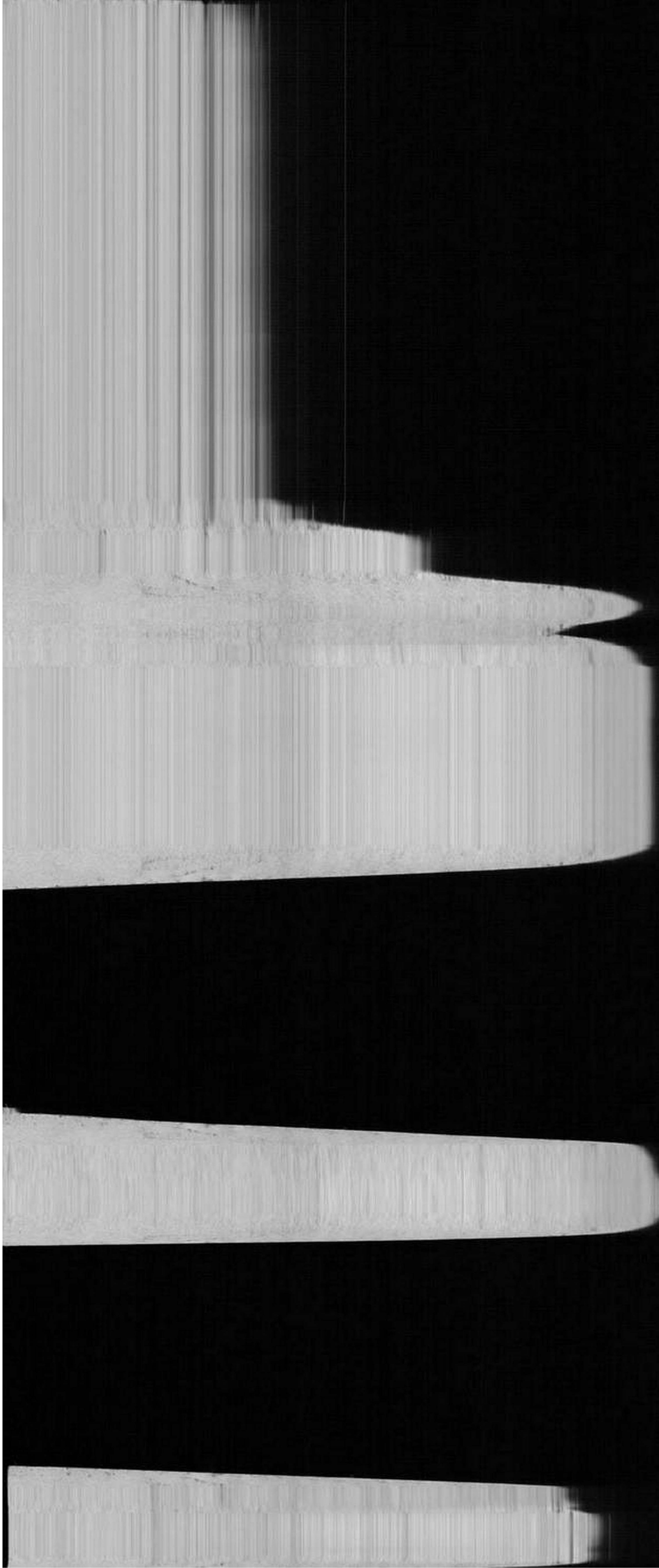
I arose from dreams related to the complexities of modern life, including local, state and inter-national government and political life; the dream even included a complete National election - style of about 1970. Personally, such problems are complicated by the advance of age and weakness.

The youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall;
But they that wait upon the Lord
They shall mount up with wings as Eagles;
They shall run and not be weary;
And they shall walk and not fall.

A recent letter from Amos L. Herold of Austin Texas; two pages written in execrable, almost indecipherable script. I will advise Amos, who is seventy-five, even at this late time to practice round letter writing, with some wrist and forearm action, - "even as you and I."

Once Dr. John Hunter had a call to attend a noble patient in London. He was at the time engaged in some research regarding the body temperatures of men, animals, and even vegetables; but impatiently said: "I will attend him, because if I do not make the damned

(4000) Huntar and Huntar 11/11/11



Further today, I will be sure to
need if tomorrow.
It is evident of the same demerits
that on looking on these
with the present (F. H. H. H. H.)
At once, however, that he is
demonstrate the effect of the
as a cure. he has not the
"Pure sentiment" as a reference to the
great "Masters of the
modern Japanese poetry
admitted in the appendix by the
my 9th to the appendix by the
Jensen (Appendix) to the
A. D. 1860. was one of the
of Dr. William Rogers, of Boston,
Virginia and Kentucky, who was
both physician and leader. all
the day were engaged, one, but
common in Southern U. S., but
with a degree, and it was this
reference as a degree, and it was
My King River, which is
then were, which is
and were the border, that I
just then from Henry, 1805;
Museum.

Mrs Elizabeth Scott Rucker, a
handsome lady of large frame, the
mother of three daughters; a native
of Rockwell County, Virginia and of
excellent family and culture.
Her brother, Samuel B. Scott, attorney
and journalist, practiced law in
our county and edited the Marlinton
Journal for several years. In
1899 he married Miss Lillie Yeager -
daughter of Henry A. Yeager. Mr. Sam
Scott had University Education, was
Literate, even a genius; but was
dissolute, slothful, and alcoholic -
all of which is another story.

During this married life in Huntersville
and Marlinton, over a period of about
forty years, Attorney and Mrs. Rucker
"separated" a number of times, due
principally to ~~the~~ Rucker's frequent
affairs with certain Native Concubines
of the period.

On more than one occasion when
Mrs. Rucker was seen driving at
a fast gait the team of two cross-
gray horses, with her three daughters
in the large family Chariot, the
village would remark that Mrs.
Lizzie Rucker was leaving Scott

Rucker, again
when an attractive woman of middle
age leaves her husband, and does not
find another man of means to take her
up, she is lost.
a lady of high Principal, Mrs.
Rucker, on these recent separations
invariably went to the home of her
father-in-law, Dr. William P. Rucker,
at Lewisburg for refuge. After
a time, a reconciliation would be
patched up, and Mrs. Rucker ~~and~~ and
the children would drive home.
One such incident occurred about
1907, and the old Dr. Rucker having
died, Mr. Rucker took a small hotel
or boarding house in Norfolk,
Virginia, in anticipation of expected
working activity connected with
the Jackson & petition of that
~~year~~. Due to a minor business
recession that year, or to public
indifference, the ~~position~~ proved
a failure, or "flop," and in due
time she returned to her home,
in Marlinton. On another
occasion she removed herself,
(the girls grown, and all teaching or
domestic secretarial work) as far as
Mobile, Alabama, but again
returned, about 1912, to reside

with her wedded ³⁴husband until his death in 1924. Throughout her married life my dear lady in ~~what~~ ^{which} could not bear was Scott Rucker's "infidelity". He did not drink to excess. Provided well for and educated his daughters. His success as a lawyer was principally defending those accused of major crimes, such as murder; also popular in matters of divorce from the bonds of matrimony. In the latter, he was popularly, at times, accused of supplying the necessary grounds for divorce from wrong wives, if other evidence was not to be found or proven.

Incurably affected with the gambling fever, when by reason of advancing years inevitably slowed down law practice, Mr. Rucker converted his Court Room over his office, a building adjoining his residence near the Court House, into a "Poker Palace"; draw Poker preferred. The joint gradually lost its atmosphere of gentility as a resort for all honor & success by fellow attorneys and gentlemen; and at last became known as a "Rake-off" game, resorted to by lumberjacks, even Negroes; with a bit of bootlegging of drinks on the side, as previously referred to.

The County grand-jury over a period of years, would chronically attempt to "indict" Mr. Rucker gambling "front,"

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The Prosecution was usually unsuccessful
for lack of direct evidence. The game favors
not usually cooperation in supporting
"Law and order."

On one occasion, the late William Dearing
was asked by the Grand Jury foreman if he
played Poker, replied he "did not know
how" - in the sense that he was unskillful
and unsuccessful at the game - ~~and~~
and had no luck. This from a
veteran soldier of the 1st Cavalry,
Excelsior Regiment, and no damning
evidence from Bill Dearing -

Another time, my friend and schoolmate
in boyhood, Wallace Lange, who yet
lives a retired and plain life in
Marlinton at an advanced age,
supported for the most part by his
"Social Security." Married late in
life to the Widow Mary - Ellis - Thorne,
who has recently died. For many
years Wallace Lange followed
the life of a woodsman in the Sumner
Quimp, was known as "Pete", and his
luck and proficiency ~~with~~ in cards
games to some extent. Proverbial
when asked by the jury foreman and
Prosecutor, he admitted having played
in Ruckers apartment; interrogated
further if he had seen money pass
commercially in the game, "Pete"
replied he had seen "Donations"
to provide utilities, Cards, light, heat,

Hunter services and other survivors
 surroundings of a gentleman's game -
 The jury returned no indictment.
 So fully appreciate this anecdote
 our needs be familiar with Walter
 Lange, his personality, eagle eye and
 And peaked nose, altogether a hand-
 some man not often seen, even in
 age and adversity; correct in his
 language, although not regularly
 schooled, his education that of a
 man of the world endowed with
 intelligence. I believe, had fate so
 decreed, Wallace Lange could
 have been a leader in war and
 peace. True, a lifetime in the
 lumber camp - like unto soldiering,
 he may have spent too many hours
 studying the ^{ways of} things, and the
 favor of the Goddess of Chance.
 At present friend Lange lives
 alone in his cottage at the base of
 Price Hill in West Marlinton. And
 Providence has granted him length
 of days following an active life in
 the open and forest places. He was
 born on the lofty top of Buck Mountain
 overlooking Marlinton from the west.
 Now he can review life as vanity;
 "the shadow of a dream;" at the same
 time real and earnest. ~~He goes back!~~

In the autumn of 1904 and Jean being detained
at home, our young son being an infant of
eight months, I desired to visit the
exposition at Jamestown, and with Jean's
consent travelled alone by rail, and by
way of Baltimore, having a nostalgic
wish to again ~~see~~ recall student days.
After a four years interval, that had
witnessed my marriage.

In the city I chose to board for two
days in a student's boarding house
West Fayette Street, and mingle
with students assembling at the
University of Maryland Medical
School, where I readily passed
for one of them, with the reserve
of new acquaintances. The Medical
School had recently opened for both
men and women - an innovation -
a woman medical sat near me at
table, who appeared to speak German
by choice. I did not rate her as near
my equal in beauty and charms as
Dr. Alice Steffian of the early days.
I travelled by boat from Baltimore
to Norfolk, part time out of sight of the
shore - an inland sea.

Arriving at night, and before leaving
the boat, who should appear looking
for lodgers at her rooming house
Mrs. Fizz Rucker, who had
recently "left" Scott Rucker as her
wedded husband, again! Mrs. Rucker
either did not recognize me, or a student

appearance of doing so; she may have
felt somewhat near sighted, or ~~her~~
over-sight. As she had seemed to
look directly at me without recognition,
I chose not to introduce myself, and not
long afterwards I heard that she had
given up her logging business and
returned to her home.

After Mr. Ruckers' death in 1924, Mrs.
Rucker went to Alabama for a while.
Before her departure she enlisted Jean
to arrange and dispose of the household
effects, by barter or sale, and otherwise,
including some debts the Ruckers
owed, medical, funeral, etc.

Prenatal symptoms of Jean's
long illness had already appeared
in the fall of 1924, but she labored
long and hard on the Ruckers
disposal of effects, though not
feeling well. This she did from
some feeling of association and
friendship for the family over many
years; although at the time I did
not think she owed them much,
either in association or in
friendship; especially in the matter
before referred to in the automobile
expeditions for ~~the~~ foot-
leggers, wines and home brews
of the early years of Prohibition
beginning in 1930.

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This trafficking by Jean of the Rocher
family, and effects continued for
about a year, because as late as
September, 1925, I paid Mr. Rocher
for books and some furnishings. By
then Jean's liver and pancreas was
failed to function markedly, together with
hardening of the arteries and emaciation.
An abnormal craving for Carminatives -
Cloves, pepper, Cinnamon, was a symptom.
A collection of wines in jugs and some
malted drinks in bottles no longer craved
as nature had revolted against such
abuse of appetite for food and drink.
It was necessary to keep the "wines" under
lock, as by this time Norman was quite
willing and eager to dispose of the lot
in short order.

Next spring, 1926, as a general State
Police had begun raiding private houses
in Marlinton in search of alcoholic
beverages, I persuaded Jean to dispose
of all "Cellar" contents, some gallons
of jug of wine being cached by me
among ~~the~~ rocks on the hill-side.
Some years later when I ^{looking} ~~searched~~
for this treasure I could not find
a single jug - six in number -
but it had exploded, or else
I had not marked the site of
burial ~~treasure~~ sufficiently well.
Anyway, the brew was not of a vintage
exactly improved by "age."